The Toledo Evening Bee.

VOL. XVII. NO. 154. TOLEDO, OHIO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1892. LAST EDITION. TWO CENTS.

IN THE BEE TO-DAY

WEATHER.

U. S. Department of Agriculture,
Weather Bureau.
Toledo, O., Oct. 15, 1892.

The storm central over North Dakota yesterday morning has moved northeastward, and is now over Lake Superior; it will continue its easterly movement and reach the Gulf of St. Lawrence by to-morrow morning. A second area of low pressure is advancing from the extreme northwest, which will probably follow in the track of the one over Lake Superior.

The area of high pressure is advancing southward, and this morning covers the entire country south of the lakes.

During the past 24 hours rains have fallen over the entire Mississippi valley, Michigan and all the western states. Over the east the weather has remained fair.

The temperature has fallen in the west and remained nearly stationary in all other sections. It will rise in the west and fall in the east half of the country.

Local forecast for Toledo and vicinity: On Saturday, fair, followed by showers this afternoon or night, slightly cooler. On Sunday, fair and cooler.

Washington, Oct. 15.—Forecast for Ohio—Light local showers, probably clearing early Sunday; westerly winds; cooler in northern portions Sunday.

For Indiana and Illinois—Light local showers to-day; generally fair Sunday; southerly winds; slightly cooler in northern portions of Indiana and Illinois.

For Michigan—Local showers to-day; generally fair Sunday; westerly winds; probably cooler Sunday evening.

For Wisconsin—Generally fair; westerly winds; cooler Sunday morning, followed by stationary temperature.

LOCAL.

Jail delivery frustrated.
Ohio Yacht club's annual.
Personal and social gossip.
Prisoners arraigned in court.
With the clubs and societies.
Would-be blackmailers suffer.
Corbett puts in an appearance.
Columbian day; lantern parade.
Councilman Daly found guilty.
Naval Reserve to hold a meeting.
Byron Ritchie's challenge declined.
Theatrical attractions for the week.
Yesterday's races at Expo. grounds.
Levying assessments on county officials.
Petitions for Sunday closing of world's fair.

GONE TO HIS LONG HOME.

Norwalk, Oct. 15.—Hugh Peters, fruit grower and stock buyer, well known throughout Northern Ohio, died this morning. His home is east of Milan. Funeral Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock.

MONEY LOANED!

(ON REAL ESTATE ONLY.)

Direct to borrower, on improved city or farm property anywhere in North Western Ohio, at 6, 6 1-2 and 7 per cent., according to amounts. No insurance connected with our loans.

F. C. Thompson & Co.

MORTGAGE LOANS,

331 Superior street, Toledo, Ohio

HELP AT HAND

For those who need it most—the hard-working, honest, laboring man, to such we sell on credit at cash prices. Look at our Bed Room Suits, look at our Dining Room and Kitchen Furniture.

THE CONANT BROS. FURNITURE CO.

Summit, Adams and Water Streets.

JOHN J. BARBER,
DENTIST,
315 Superior Street,
Phone 804.

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES of our own manufacture at lowest prices; Wooden and Willow Ware, Hammocks and Croquet Sets. Baskets of every variety. Toys of every description, Boys' Express Wagons, Velocipedes.

DUNSCOMB & CO., 510 & 512 SUMMIT

Jewelry!

Is all the style again this fall. More is being worn than ever. Having just returned from New York we are able to show the very latest novelties the market affords. Look in and see the pretty things whether you buy or not.

J. J. Freeman.

Columbus Day!

FLAGS, FLAGS, FLAGS.

BROWN, EAGER & HULL.

PUTTY UP

the old house and have it painted in pure lead and linseed oil, by

ALLEN & PARKHURST.

READY TO GO.

Chicago Prepared for a Big Week

At the Columbian Fair Ceremonies.

Services To Be Held in Many Churches.

Grand Decorations in the Windy City.

Telegrams From All Over the Land Showing What the People Are Doing.

Chicago, Oct. 15.—A small army of workmen is busily engaged to-day in providing seating accommodations in the manufactures building upon the world's fair grounds preparatory to the dedication exercises of Friday next. Fifteen thousand seats are being placed upon the main floor of the building immediately in front and on either side of the speaker's platform.

These are being divided into ten sections, and here will be seated the members of the state world's fair boards, the wives of the distinguished guests upon the platform, the staffs of governors and the secretarys and attaches of foreign legations. Surrounding this space and still on the main floor a number of men are working with might and main placing 55,000 thousand chairs. These are for the stockholders and others and will be neither numbered nor reserved. Up in the gallery still another detail of workmen are placing some 15,000 seats. The stage on the east side of the building for distinguished guests is nearly ready for the decorators.

Special attention has been paid to its strength and stability, and the supports have been very carefully examined. Upon this stage will be seated the president and the members of the cabinet, the representatives of foreign nations, the governors of the various states, the members of the senate and house of representatives, the board of lady managers, and the world's fair directors, making a total of about 3,000.

To the right and left of this stage space has been railed off for 750 working newspapermen, and adjacent thereto accommodations have been provided for 1,200 more, making a total of 2,000 representatives of the press. Away in the south end of the building a stage has been erected for the orchestra of 300 pieces and the chorus of 5,000 voices. There will be standing room for 50,000 people, and seating accommodations for 120,000 more, while it is calculated that about 30,000 additional will be able to obtain admission to the grounds over the fences or on one pretext or another. Altogether it is anticipated that the exercises will be witnessed by an audience aggregating over 200,000.

The building has 300 exits, while the narrowest aisle is 12 feet in width, and running from this up to 20 feet. Around the corridors are colonades surrounding the main body of the hall in which United States troops with drawn bayonet will be stationed at a distance of two feet apart in order to inspire confidence in the event of a panic.

At Baltimore.

Baltimore, Md., Oct. 15.—Throughout the United States special Columbian ceremonies including the mass of the Blessed Trinity will be held to-morrow in the churches of the Roman Catholic denomination. This observance will be in response to a proclamation recently issued by Cardinal Gibbons, and which, although addressed only to the clergy and laity of the archdiocese, was intended to apply to the entire country.

The proclamation is as follows: "Attention has already in various ways been called to the approaching Columbian celebration. When it is thus proposed to commemorate the fourth centenary of the discovery of this vast country of ours, no one can well avoid entering heart and soul into these festivities. As patriotic citizens of this most glorious and free of the republics and governments of the new world we can most readily appreciate the benefits that have from this discovery accrued to the civilization and betterment of the human family.

"Here liberty, so long enthralled beyond the seas, has found a congenial home. Here has been afforded the spectacle of a nation which enjoys freedom without license and authority without despotism; the purest democracy allied with a stable government. Peace and happiness, as far perhaps as is attainable on earth, result from most favorable conditions. Climate, soil, vegetation, and mineral products found in almost endless variety and confusion all conspire to make our country the most desirable in the world.

"Nor can we forget to note, with a love for our religion as strong and as true as that for our country, the magnificent expansion God has been pleased to grant the church, and how sturdily, how beautifully this flower of faith has grown, untrammelled under the benign influence of our republican institutions. At the birth of this continent on the world's vision our fathers came bearing the cross of Christ and the torch of enlightenment, waving the banner of liberty and sowing the seeds of commerce and religion.

In the civilization of the country and the perpetuation of its benefits they have taken a prominent and decisive part, and have joined heart and hand with their fellow-citizens, irrespective of creed. They have aided in exploring, in colonizing and developing its resources. They have spent their life's energies toward its prosperity, and many have lost their life's blood in defense of its liberties. Moreover, the glory of the discoverer is our glory. He was born and reared in the Catholic faith, which he illumined by his virtues and ornamented by his indefatigable zeal and conspicuous intellect. As Christians, Europe gave praise to God when this continent was revealed to her, so now it is meet that Christian America, whose children are the chief beneficiaries of the discovery, should commemorate the four-hundredth anniversary of the event by hymns of thanksgiving and public festivities. And as ours is the most favored nation of the American continent, it should be our privilege as well as our duty to set a general example of enthusiasm to our sister commonwealths, and to surpass them as much by our civic and religious demonstrations as we excel them in wealth and material prosperity. Availing ourselves of the option of dates left us by the Holy Father, we do order that on Sunday, October 16, the mass of the Blessed Trinity be solemnly celebrated in the cathedral, with a sermon appropriate to the occasion, the divine service to close with a Te Deum in thanksgiving to God for the blessings which we are to commemorate. We request that on the same day similar services be held as far as practicable in all the churches of the archdiocese.

"Finally, that we may heartily be in accord with the president who appointed the 21st as the national holiday, we desire that each parish do its utmost to have a creditable display in the procession which will take place on the night of this latter date. We are confident that both the reverend clergy and the laity will correspond with our wishes and our hopes, and in a spirit of deep patriotism and heart-felt gratitude to the all-good and all-wise will celebrate the day in a manner worthy of their faith and of their devotion to their beloved country."

The Methodists.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 15.—To-morrow will be Columbian day in every Methodists church throughout the length and breadth of the land, and special sermons will be preached and the services will take on a patriotic character in honor of the occasion.

But for other reasons the day will be a memorable one to the denomination, for in each and every place of worship a collection will be taken for the great Methodist university which is to be established in this city, and for which a site valued at a quarter of a million dollars has already been secured.

Mrs. John A. Logan, the widow of the grand old soldier and patriot, whose fame is linked with that of Grant among the immortelles, has taken to raise a million dollars for the university from the women of the country.

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor will raise a half a million, and it is thought with in a year the whole of the ten million dollars required for the institution will have been secured. A feautre of the university will be a hall to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, and the corner-stone will be laid next Emancipation day.

An attractive face—the one that belongs to a thoroughly healthy woman. That's what you'll have, that's what you'll be—if you'll take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The painful disorders and diseases that afflict womankind make themselves seen as well as felt. Dull eyes, a blotched or sallow face, and a wasted form follow them.

Cure all these ailments and weaknesses, regulate and promote the proper functions, quiet your nerves, build up your health and strength—with the "Favorite Prescription." It does all these things, and more. The system is invigorated, the blood enriched, digestion improved, melancholy and nervousness dispelled.

For ulcerations, displacements, bearing-down sensations, periodical pains, everything that's known as a "female complaint," it's an unfailing remedy—the *only* one, among all medicines for women, that's *guaranteed*. If it fails to benefit or cure, in any case, you have your money back.

Paste this in Your Hat.

You can get better goods, lower prices and easier terms on Furniture, Carpets Stoves and all kinds House furnishings at Draper & Nugent's than elsewhere. Try them once and you will be convinced of the above facts.

DRAPER & NUGENT

MONROE & ST. CLAIR STS.

JAEHNE IS OUT.

He Leaves His Home in Sing Sing.

He Was Let Out Early to Give the Reporters the Slip and Did It.

Sing Sing, N. Y., Oct. 15.—Ex-Alderman Henry W. Jaehne was liberated from Sing Sing prison at 6:30 this morning.

He had breakfast in his cell with the other convicts at an early hour, but did not march out to the shops with his companions as usual.

He was taken to the state shop at 6 o'clock where he was given a new dark suit of clothes, a pair of new shoes, a derby and a white shirt. After he was fitted out he went among his convict friends and bid them good-bye.

As he passed through the yard he shook hands with all the keepers who wished him good luck. He was then taken to the clerk's office in front of the prison.

The clerk gave him his discharge papers, $93 he brought here with him, $23, the amount he earned while in prison, several small articles, his personal property and a ticket to New York. He then bid the officials good-bye and went from the prison with Assistant Clerk Dillon to the Phoenix hotel. None of his friends were on hand to meet him. He took the 7:06 train for New York.

Mr. Jaehne was seen by only a few, but he would not give them any information about his future plans. He said he was feeling good and that while he was confined in prison he was well treated by all of the officials. About 20 reporters from New York came here to see Jaehne, but he had left before they arrived. It was thought that Jaehne would not be released until after 8 o'clock, but it was arranged to get him off early so that he might give the reporters the "slip."

WALL STREET IS ON.

Is the Western Union After the Postal?

Peculiar Significance of the Annual Address of President Green.

New York, Oct. 15.—The Times this morning says: The report that negotiations have about been completed for the transfer of the control of the Postal Telegraph company to the Western Union persists in remaining in circulation in Wall street in spite of the disclaimers of Jay Gould and persons connected with the Postal company.

The current belief is that there is something in the report is due no doubt to the peculiar wording of President Green's official statement submitted at the annual meeting of the Western Union stockholders last Wednesday.

In speaking of the proposed increase of capital stock of the Western Union from $86,200,000 to $100,000,000, Dr. Green said:

"The charter stipulates that the lines shall be extended from the sale of capital stock, and not otherwise." And further along in his report he remarks: 'No definite disposition of the proposed increase of stock has been determined upon. If the stockholders (at the special meeting called for October 25) give the necessary authority the board of directors will determine such disposition of new stock as shall be for the best interests of the company."

Quite naturally Wall street men regard Dr. Green's language as indicating that the Western Union people propose to pay for the Postal company's property with new stock.

DROPPED DEAD.

Sudden Demise of a Well Known New York Man.

Lyons, N. Y., Oct. 15.—Ex-State Committeeman Wm. Van Marter dropped dead yesterday on a train on the New York Central, between Jordan and Port Byron. He experienced some difficulty with his heart some time ago, and has recently fainted twice from heart failure.

Mr. Van Marter was 79 years old, and served on the republican state committee in the seventies. It is remarkable that the only two residents of Lyons thus honored, Mr. Van Marter and Mr. Camp, should have died within four days of each other.

ZIMMERMAN QUITS.

He Will Do No More Racing This Year.

His Physician Says That the Man Has Overexerted Himself in His Races.

Asbury Park, N. J., Oct. 15.—Arthur A. Zimmerman, whose remarkable work on the wheel has been the talk of the bicycling world, will do no more racing this year. It is claimed that he has overexerted himself, and his doctor has declared that further racing will injure him permanently.

Zimmerman was asked to compete in the ten-mile road race of the Asbury Park wheelmen to-day, but he declined to enter. His friends hoped he would go against the records recently made by Windle, and they are disappointed at his retirement. Zimmerman will probably race again next year.

JUPITER.

Prof. Pickering Cables Some Interesting Information.

New York, Oct. 15.—Prof. Pickering, of Harvard, telegraphs to the Herald from Arequipa, Peru, as follows:

"Jupiter's fourth satellite is very dark now. The third satellite is girdled by a very dark belt in the northern hemisphere, inclined 20 degrees to the orbit. It can best be seen during transit.

"The second satellite is probably not spherical. The first satellite is egg-shaped and revolves end over end nearly in the orbital plane. Its period is twelve hours and fifty-five minutes."

CANADIAN AFFAIRS.

Ottawa, Ont., Oct. 15.—A member of the cabinet stated last night that the government had received no reply from Newfoundland as to when they will meet the Canadian delegates at Halifax to discuss commercial relations between the two colonies and that matters are at a standstill. The Dominion ministers are all prepared for this conference, and, it is learned, are ready to make very liberal proposals relative to the extension of trade relations between the two colonies.

COMMITTED SUICIDE.

Washington, Oct. 15.—F. W. Pickell, a clerk in the office of the Evening Star, aged 28 years, shot himself about 7 o'clock this morning in the Star office. The ball entered his left breast just under the heart, causing a wound from which he will probably die. Pickell was unmarried. The cause of the attempted suicide was given by Pickell as "trouble at home."

GILMORE'S SUCCESSOR.

Portland, Oge., Oct. 15.—Bandmaster D. W. Reeves, of the American band of Providence, R. I., now playing here, has accepted the offer to become the leader of Gilmore's band of New York.

KANSAS APPOINTMENT.

Washington, Oct. 15.—The president has appointed C. H. Lenyon of Kansas as alternate member from that state of the world's fair commission.

There is said to be only one sudden death among women to eight among men.

BARTER AND SALE.

The Chinese Minister in a Scandal.

He Put a Price on the Concessions His Government Offers.

New York, Oct. 15.—A special to the Herald from Washington, says: Lawyer Burke, of Brooklyn, has at last prepared a statement, which he says will be filed with the state department to-day and in which he attempts to prove his case against the Chinese minister in connection with the Mitkiewicz affair.

This statement, it is said, was prepared after an interview with Secretary of State Foster in which the latter is reported as saying that if it could be shown that any American citizens had a just claim against the minister the proofs would be forwarded to the Chinese government.

The statement prepared by Mr. Burke is voluminous, but it is doubtful if it in any way directly implicates the Chinese minister.

It does show, however, according to a letter of Millard R. Jones, that Chinese minister demanded that his loss, occasioned by the failure of the North River bank, be made good, either this or the concessions would not be granted.

Mr. Burke also submits what purports to be evidence that Robert J. Horner paid the Chinese minister some $150,00, taking in exchange an assignment of the minister's claim against the North River bank. Then Mr. Burke turns his attention to Elliott F. Shepard and ex-Senator Blair.

FIRED ON A TUG.

She Was Mistaken for an Opium Smuggler.

Seattle, Wash., Oct. 15.—The steam tug Discovery was fired upon yesterday by the U. S. S. Wolcott while both vessels were off Port Angeles.

The Wolcott had been on the lookout for hours for a British opium smuggling steamer. The tug Discovery, which had just dropped the barkentine George C. Perkins outbound for San Francisco, was mistaken for a smuggler and chased by the Wolcott.

The tug kept on her course not knowing that she was being pursued until a shot from a cannon was fired across her bows. She then hove to and was boarded by officers from the Wolcott. After a search of the tug she was allowed to continue on her course to Port Townsend.

MUTUAL ADMIRATION.

Blaine Is the Question of the Hour.

But He Is Not Near as Sound an "Adviser" as a Man Named Dudley.

White Plains, N. Y., Oct. 15.—The guests who were invited by Mr. Whitelaw Reid to dine with Mr. Blaine last night, left for New York on the 8:47 train this morning. Mr. Depew was asked by the reporter of the United Press what he thought the effect of Mr. Blaine's speech would be.

"Its effect," replied Mr. Depew, "will be felt all over the country. It is the greatest thing in the campaign. To have Mr. Blaine come out as he did and speak for the ticket will influence those who are looking to Mr. Blaine as a sound adviser. Mr. Blaine has shown that he is ready to do all he can for the cause, and his utterances always have weight. He has done the next best thing to going on the stump, and only his health prevents that."

"Do you think he will deliver any other speeches?"

"That," said Mr. Depew, "will depend upon his health and strength."

With Mr. Depew were Chairman Brookfield, of the New York county committee; Mr. Hobart, of New Jersey, and the other persons who attended last night's conference and dinner.

THE BIG FOUR.

The Strike Situation Remains Unchanged.

Columbus, O., Oct. 15.—There is no change in the strike situation in the Big Four yards this morning. A large force of police are still in the yards and no attempt is made by the strikers to interfere with the running of trains.

Three men were arrested in the yards last night for disorderly conduct. Frank Bishop, chairman of the strikers' advisory committee, was arrested this morning charged with burglarizing a car at Mount Carmel, Ill.

Although it was reported yesterday that unless the demands of the Big Four switchmen were granted inside of 24 hours the switchmen of other roads would go out, no such action has yet been taken.

FOXY RICE

Suspected of More Crooked Work in Jail.

This Time a Plan to Produce a Jail Delivery Was Perfected, But Nipped in the Bud.

Sheriff Stuart, yesterday afternoon, in a most unexpected manner discovered a deep laid plot to produce a wholesale jail delivery. For several days there has been confined in the jail an insane prisoner named McElroy, who was being held to await the action of the probate court in habeas corpus proceedings pending before that tribunal.

Ever since the incarceration of Henry Wood and Walter Rice, some time ago charged with robbing the Van Hosen residence, Sheriff Stuart has been uneasy, as he had reason to believe that Wood and Rice were a slippery pair and would bear watching. Not long after, Rice set fire to his clothes and tried to smoke himself into eternity and escape in that way. The officials came to the conclusion that their conjectures were well founded, and the vigilant watch on the pair was doubled.

Yesterday when McElroy was putting on his shoes, he thought he heard a suspicious rattle and he forthwith investigated. In the interior of the sock he found a crumpled up bit of paper on which was written in an illegible hand these words, which were accompanied by specific plans, delineating the location of the jail and his cell:

Dear Sir: The bearer tells me that he thought you would do it if he couldn't. So I take the liberty of giving the plan to you, and to trust as a man you will say nothing. And I hope you will see fit to do me this favor. I will give you $5 if you do as the bearer will tell you. Come about 9 o'clock. Be sure and whistle for your dog upon the street and I will hear you and be ready.

P. S.—Don't put it off. Do it now.

Sheriff Stuart suspected Rice at once, and without delay put the gentleman in a cell by himself. The prisoner was apparently aggrieved and wanted to know the reason for the officer's action. He was told that he (Rice) knew well enough Rice then remarked that the sheriff could not blame him for escaping if he could.

SAYS CHAUNCEY.

If You Don't Like It You Know What You Can Do.

New York, Oct. 15.—In regard to the report sent out yesterday that Chauncey Depew had expected to speak at the Columbian banquet on Thursday night and that owing to some irregularity in the invitation extended to him he was not present to participate in the ceremonies. Mr. Depew had this to say when asked by a reporter why he had not attended the banquet: "Doesn't this seem like much ado about nothing? I did not attend the banquet because the Union League club, of which I am president, held an important business meeting on the same night and my duties obliged me to be there. This seems to me to be a very reasonable excuse. If the other guests at the banquet think that I intended to be discourteous they are very much mistaken."

"But," the reporter asked, "was it not intended that you should speak at the dinner?"

"Not to my knowledge," replied the doctor. "I was not invited to speak and never had the least intention of doing so."

STRIKERS ARRESTED.

Another Sensational Report From Homestead.

Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 15.—Three strikers named Dugan, Clemens and Gibson were arrested in the Homestead steel works last night. They are being kept under a strong guard and will be brought to Pittsburg to-day.

Thursday night non-union men were scared by a report that some strikers were in the mill with dynamite. General Superintendent Potter was notified and search begun. He first laughed at the report but later got wind of something that made him keep his eyes open.

Last night one of the under superintendents reported having discovered three men acting suspiciously. Mr. Potter hunted them up and concluded to order their arrest.

One hundred pounds of dynamite were purchased in Pittsburg by strangers some weeks ago, according to the statements of Carnegie company detectives. The bomb used at the Mansion house several nights ago is alleged to be part of this quantity.

HUNTING FOR M'LUCKIE.

Youngstown, O., Oct. 15.—Officers from Pittsburg have been here two days in search of Burgess McLuckie, but his friends have him in hiding. They claim he will surrender at the proper time, but if arrested now he could not furnish bail bond and he does not relish the idea of prison life.

TO MEET IN BERLIN.

Berlin, Oct. 15.—The socialist congress will be held in this city on November 14.

SHOT AT A DANCE.

A Riot with Serious Results Reported.

St. Louis, Oct. 15.—Last night at a dancing academy at Uhrig's Cave corner Jefferson and Washington avenues, Prof. Maurice Adams shot and fatally wounded Wm. J. McKenzie, 22 years of age, and living at 400 Montrose avenue.

The shooting grew out of an alleged insult offered by President Adams to a young lady with whom McKenzie was dancing. The hall was filled with nearly 100 couples, and the pistol shot precipitated a riot. Men shouted and struggled and women screamed and fainted. A mad rush was made for the doors, and soon the young people were converted into a struggling, excited mass of humanity. Women and boys were trampled under foot. Finally a dozen of the more collected of the men succeeded in restoring order. In the meantime Prof. Adams had escaped, but was captured after a sharp run of half a dozen blocks. He was surrounded by a mob of nearly 40 men, and for a few minutes it looked as if he would be lynched. A squad of officers rescued him from the mob and locked him up.

McKenzie is a young man of excellent reputation. His wound is probably fatal.

DOCTORS MEET AT CAREY.

Upper Sandusky, Oct. 15.—The quarterly meeting of the Northwestern Ohio Electric Medical society convened at with a good attendance. Several clinical cases were brought before the society.

The following officers were elected: President, Dr. J. D. Southward, Carey; first vice president, Dr. W. S. Van Horn, Findlay; second vice president, Dr. J. H Hensley, Marion; secretary, Dr. L. E. Cook, Forest; treasurer, Dr. B. K. Jones, Kenton. The next meeting will be held at Kenton, on January 11, 1893.

CHAMPION CORBETT

Holds a Levee at the Boody House.

The Young Boxer Refuses to Meet Any Local Pugilist and Gives Reasons Therefore.

Champion Jim Corbett fooled a large crowd of admirers this morning when he arrived in over the Wheeling instead of the Lake Shore. There was a crowd of 500 people awaiting his arrival at the Union depot, and as many more in and around the Boody, but few if any saw the champion as he modestly stole to his room.

He held a levee in room 115 all the morning, and remembered many of his old admirers here.

He was reclining on the bed, lazily smoking a cigar, when a Bee entered.

"I am glad to meet you," he said, and the reporter was more than surprised as he clasped the soft hand of the boyish, graceful figure outstretched to greet him. "I am fully tired," he said. "I played with my company in Youngston last night and am booked for Lima to-night, so it keeps me busy."

"Is your new play successful?"

"Very much so. I have a good company and I have been on the road every night since the fight."

There was some talk of Corbett sparring a round or two with Joe Fournier.

"No, I cannot afford to meet a local man," Mr. Corbett said. "It is just this way. If I should let him do his best without let or hindrance I would be hissed, and if I hit him hard enough to knock him down I would be hissed. Now, I cannot stand to be hissed. I never have, and I don't want to begin now. It don't pay me. If I went around the country fighting local men I could make a barrel of money, but I would be obliged to hurt some one, and I don't want to do that."

While he was speaking Mr. John Bolan and a party of friends came in.

"John, old boy, how are you?" he said grasping John's hand warmly.

"Can't you stay over to-night, Jim?" John asked.

"Impossible. I'd give anything to stop over and hear you sing once again 'I loved you, Kate, in Ireland, 50 years ago,'" and he laughed at the remembrance of a great night spent here in Toledo a couple of years ago.

Corbett was the recipient of many favors this morning, flowers from well known ladies and cigars from some members of the Produce Exchange, being among the number.

"I want to shake the hand that knocked out Sullivan," one well known banker said, as he entered.

Corbett has nothing but the kindest words to say of Sullivan.

The tickets are selling well, and the Exposition company should make some money out of to-day's exhibition.

Corbett's Victories.

The following is Corbett's professional record:

Defeated Dave Elseman; two rounds.
Defeated James Daily; four rounds.
Defeated Duncan McDonald, of Butte, Mont.
Drew with Jack Burke, the "Irish lad," at San Francisco; eight rounds.
Defeated Joe Choynski at San Francisco; four rounds.
Defeated Mike Brennan, the Porta Costa giant; three rounds.
Defeated Capt. James Daly; two rounds
Defeated Frank Smith, of Salt Lake; three rounds.
Defeated George Atkinson; two rounds.
Defeated Frank Glover; two rounds.
Defeated Joe Choynski, on a barge on the Sacramento river; 27 rounds.
Bested Joe McAuliffe in a point contest; four rounds
Defeated John Donaldson at San Francisco.
Defeated Prof. William Miller, of Australia; three rounds.
Defeated Martin ("Buffalo") Costello; three rounds.
Defeated Dave Campbell, at Portland, Ore.
Defeated Jake Kilrain, at New Orleans, February 17, 1890; six rounds.
Defeated Dominick McCaffrey, at South Brooklyn, April 14, 1890; four rounds.
Drew with Peter Jackson at San Francisco, May 21, 1891; sixty-one rounds.
Has successfully met all comers on his tour throughout the country.
Defeated William Spillings, Bob Coffee and John Lannon in one night at Madison Square Garden.
Defeated John L. Sullivan, New Orleans, $45,000; twenty-one rounds.

DEDICATION ORATION.

Correspondence Between President Palmer and Henry Watterson.

Chicago, Oct. 14.—The following correspondence by telegraph between President Palmer, of the World's fair, and Hon. Henry Watterson:

Chicago, Oct. 14.

To Hon. Henry Watterson:

"Unanimous decision of council of administration that you deliver address at dedicatory ceremony, October 21 in place of Mr. Breckenridge, declined. Your acceptance urgently desired. Please answer.

W. T. PALMER,
"President Commission."

"Louisville, Ky., Oct. 14.

"Hon. W. T. Palmer, President Columbian Exposition:

"The time is exceedingly short and I greatly fear that I can prepare nothing adequate to the occasion; but the invitation with which you honor me comes under the peculiar circumstances surrounding the case as a command and I act upon a sense of duty in accepting it.

"HENRY WATTERSON."

OLD SOLDIERS MEET.

Wapakoneta, Oct. 15.—A regimental reunion of the One Hundred and Eighteenth O. V. I. was held here. About 150 of the regiment were present and participated in the exercises. A parade headed by a band was formed at the depot and marched to the court house, where addresses were made by Colonel Warner, of Chattanooga, Tenn., Captain Holland, of Ada, and others, after wich a sumptuous dinner was served at the G. A. R. hall. After an enjoyable day the visitors departed this evening.

GUILTY, AS CHARGED,

Declared the Jury Which Tried John Daly,

After a Deliberation Which Consumed 13 Minutes.

Scene in the Court Room Attending the Announcement of the Verdict—The Clock Stopped.

John Daly guilty.

Such was the verdict of the jury, after a consultation of just 13 minutes.

Exactly at 9:30 Judge Harmon spoke the last word of his brief but fair and impartial charge, and at 9:43 the doors of the court room swung open and the members of the jury marched single file to their seats in the jury box.

Just as the last juryman took his seat the clock in the court room stopped. This co-incident was noticed by almost every man in the room, notwithstanding the suspense that prevailed.

Was it an omen boding ill to the accused? Did the old clock, after having heard all of the evidence, agree with the jury and take this course, that the hour and minute of a terrible lesson about to be administered by 12 men good and true be handed down to posterity?

This or something akin to a diagnosis of the unusual occurrence no doubt flashed upon the minds of those who noticed it.

Before receiving the verdict, Mr. Barber stated that he accused was not present. The bailiff was sent in quest of him, but returned in about five minutes, and reported his inability to find either the accused or his attorney, but that they had been seen going towards the city together. A messenger was dispatched post haste after them.

In the meantime the word had spread that the jury had reported, and the court room was soon thronged by persons awaiting with marked interest to learn which side of the balance of the sales of justice side of the balance of the scales of justice

The suspense was oppressive. Men stood about in crowds of three and four discussing the situation in whispers. Scarcely a sound broke the stillness of the court room, and every time the door cringed on its hinges to admit another curious spectator, those present to a man, were on tip-toe to ascertain if the accused had arrived.

At 10 o'clock Judge Ritchie walked into the room in his usual cool and dignified manner, followed in a short time by Mr. Brophy, who reported that John Daly had parted from him at the Produce Exchange, and that Daly had announced his intention of going to a barber shop to get shaved. He had sent a man to tell him to report at the court house at once. At 10:10 Mr. Daly stepped into the court room, his heavy and quick breathing indicating that he had been walking rapidly.

No expression appeared on the features to give evidence of the terrible conflict of emotion surging within the inner man. He took his seat and turning his gaze upon the jury, sat there with apparent indifference and listened to the verdict as read by Deputy Clerk Wade. When the words "guilty as charged" were uttered by the clerk, there was a subdued exclamation from the audience, but the expression on the face of the accused never changed.

The bond was then fixed at $1,000 from day to day until judgment be fixed by the court.

The defense gave notice of appeal.

A precept for a struck jury has been filed in the Tanner case, which will be taken up next.

Yesterday Afternoon's Proceedings.

When the Bee went to press yesterday Judge Ritchie was still in the argument.

"The evidence in this case," he said, "shows that Geo. E. Lorenz sent out his brother Henry to bring in these men. Now, I shall call no names, and shall not say anything to condemn anyone, but as to this act I have my own views, and in my way of thinking the men who will deliberately set a trap to draw another man into the commission of a crime is but very little better than the man who commits that crime."

Referring to the breaks which occurred in the stenographic report, Judge Ritchie said:

"You hear the single word God, and not hearing what went before or followed, you do not know whether it was a prayer or an oath."

Mr. Ritchie, on the point that Tanner and Daly were soliciting $5,500 for the boys, held that it was not a solicitation of money for his personal use as charged in the indictment, but for $5,500 for others, which outside of its moral aspect, was not the crime charged in the indictment. He concluded at 3:30.

Prosecutor Barber consumed the remainder of the afternoon in his argument, covering about the same ground gone over by Mr. Tracy, adding many new points. He concluded this morning at 9:15, at which time the court began to charge the jury.

Judge Harmon commenced by reading the law bearing on the offense, and the indictment, after which he gave a brief summary of the evidence as introduced for and against the defendant.

The state preferred the charge, and the defendant denies it, and that is the issue. The state is obliged to prove these charges, and unless it does you must return a verdict of not guilty, and if the state does prove the charges, then you must return a verdict of guilty.

Certain evidence, said the court, has been introduced to prove certain charges. Charges of a conspiracy have been made. It has been claimed that a combination existed, to procure compensation from corporations for legislation. This must be proved, and if you find that there was such a combination, and that the defendant was a member, the only effect it would have would be to fasten on to him the acts of the other members of the combination. Whatever his associates said and did in regard to these solicitations from the Pluto Oil company, he said and did it just as though he was present.

Now as to what was said and done in the office of Mr. Robison. That is only to be received as to show that such a combination existed.

The real question is, did the defendant solicit money from the Pluto Oil company, to influence his vote on this ordinance, on the one occasion set forth by the state? Take all of the evidence and determine the question, and if it convinces you beyond a reasonable doubt, that the defendant did solicit that money with a corrupt intent, it will be your duty to return a verdict of guilty.

On the other hand, if the evidence fails to convince you beyond a doubt, you must return a verdict of not guilty. But you must weigh the evidence carefully. Give such weight to the testimony of the witnesses as you think it merits, no more or no less.

As to the testimony of an accomplice, the court held that if it was not corroborated it would not be well to convict upon it. But this would be left entirely with the jury as to what weight should be given.

The charge was concluded at 9:20.

On request of Judge Ritchie the court charged that if the evidence showed that the conspiracy did exist, and that the defendant had drawn out of it, the action of the other members after that time would not effect him or his case.

THE STORM CONDITIONS.

London, Oct. 15.—The storm which was general throughout England last night continues in most districts to-day and is especially severe in Yorkshire, where rivers have overflowed, and miles of country has been inundated. Several towns have been to a greater or less degree flooded.

BLAINE IS FOR REID,

But Don't Say Anything About Harrison.

Result of the Conference at Ophir Farm.

Big Moguls of the Republican Party Get Together and Jolly Each Other Up.

White Plains, N. Y., Oct. 15.—The five distinguished gentlemen whom Whitelaw Reid invited to Ophir Farm to meet Mr. Blaine at dinner last night, left for New York on the 8:47 train this morning. They were Gen. J. S. Clarkson, Cornelius N. Bliss, Joseph H. Manley, Thomas H. Carter and Lewis N. McComas.

They seemed in excellent spirits and chatted on various topics as they drove through the pretty roads at Westchester to the station.

All were jubilant over the result of this conference with Mr. Blaine last evening. Whether Mr. Blaine will take the platform or not they felt that his active interest in the campaign and his counsels will be of great advantage to the republican cause.

Mr. Blaine, by his earnestness last evening, convinced his hearers that he was never more loyal to the republican cause than at present and placed himself at the disposition of the committee. It is said he will from this time on do everything for the republican national ticket that his physical condition will permit.

It is not yet decided whether he will appear on the platform or not. He is perfectly willing to do so and the republican leaders are anxious to have him.

Chairman Carter, Mr. Bliss and the other members of the party declined to talk about last night's conference.

Mr. Blaine was seen by a representative of the United Press at Mr. Reid's residence this morning. He seemed in excellent spirits and talked pleasantly on several subjects, but refused to speak on the political situation.

When any reference to the campaign or his intentions as to making a public appearance in behalf of the republican ticket was broached, he became perfectly silent and refused to talk.

RACES AT THE EXPO.

Small Crowds Put in Appearance.

Standing of the Base Ball Clubs—Games Played in the Big League.

The racing yesterday at the Toledo park was good, but the crowd was not nearly as large as the events deserved.

The management is putting up a splendid program, and every event is hotly contested.

The unfinished race was one of the most interesting of yesterday's events.

Elrick and Paul M. had each won two heats and the concluding heat was for blood.

The summary shows the closeness of the contest:

Paul M.	1	2	1	3	1
Elrick	2	1	3	1	2
Little Joker	3	3	2	4	4
Jack the Ripper	4	4	4	2	3

Time—2:31, 2:29 1-4, 2:28 1-4, 2:27 1-2, 2:25 1-4.

In the 2-year old trot there were six entries and but three starters. St. Joe was distanced in the first heat and Coraline made it easily in three straights. Summary:

Coraline	1	1	1
Red Flame, jr.	2	2	2
St. Joe	dis		

The 2:45 trot was devoid of much interest, and Jeff Wheeler's bay gelding had it all his own way. Perline was a good second. Summary:

Class 2:45. Purse $200:

Boston	1	1	1
Pearline	2	2	2
Atlantic Bell	4	3	3
Roxie Clay	3	4	4

In the 2:40 pacing the driver of Tommy B. was called sharply to task by the judges and as a result Tommy won in three straights, after losing the first.

Summary. Class 2:40 pace. Purse $200:

Tommy B.	4	1	1	1
Johnny Miller	1	3	3	4
Pacific Slope	3	2	2	3
Rosa R.	2	4	4	2
Lady Vera	5	5	dr	

Time, 2:41 1-2; 2:36 1-4; 2:35 1-4; 2:37 3-4.

The races this afternoon should prove interesting. Lucy B. and Charley P. will again try issues.

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Standing of the clubs in the National league:

	W.	L.	P. ct.
Cleveland	52	22	.703
Boston	48	26	.649
Brooklyn	42	33	.560
Pittsburg	42	33	.560
Philadelphia	41	35	.539
New York	39	37	.513
Chicago	38	37	.507
Cincinnati	37	38	.493
Louisville	33	41	.446
Baltimore	26	46	.361
St. Louis	26	51	.338
Washington	24	49	.329

—::—::—

Games played in the National league resulted as follows:

Clubs.	Pitchers.	R.	H.	E.
Cleveland	Clarkson	16	18	7
Louisville	Stratton	10	11	4
Baltimore	Schmitt	2	10	2
Brooklyn	Stein	2	7	2
Philadelphia	Weyhing	3	7	1
New York	Ruse	1	5	2

THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE

Voyage of the Whaler Mary D. Hume.

Striking Incidents of a Trip Which Will Greatly Aid Historians.

San Francisco, Oct. 15.—Accounts of the arrival of the steam whaler Mary D. Hume, after a two-years' stay in the Arctic, have already appeared in the Recorder, but the vessel continues to be an object of especial interest, and crowds of people visit the dock where she is lying. No one to look at the dirty, ill-used looking steamer of 88 tons would imagine that she had just made the greatest whaling voyage on record, penetrated into hitherto unknown whaling grounds in the Arctic ocean, taking altogether 38 whales, which yielded 104,600 pounds of whalebone valued at $630,000, brought down the last 40,000 pounds of her catch and 400 white and blue and gray fox skins, and came very nearly making the northwest passage without trying to do it.

The foremast hands will not have as much coming to them as they expected, having signed on "a lay" of $1.75 a pound for bone. The lowest man on the list has about $550 coming to him from which he is to deduct $100 advance, $30 insurance and $100 for the slop chest, which leaves about $320 as a net result of the voyage—not a very munificent result of an expedition that will net the projectors $500,000. Others on board will fare better, while the captain will get something like $40,000.

The Hume left here on April 19, 1890. On the way north, while making a stop at Ounalaska, two of the crew, George Paul and John Driscoll, were capsized in a boat and were rescued, but died if exhaustion. During the first winter John Meyers, a colored man, about 60 years old, died from inflammatory rheumatism. It is claimed that he traded the ship's stores to native women, who went on board the whaler while in winter quarters at the lagoon on Herschel Island, and was triced up and given the rope's end for his thieving.

He was then disrated and sent into the forecastle, while Herman Vogel, one of the firemen, was advanced to steward. Several of the crew say that Meyers was made to go three miles with a bucket after fresh water ice, and that on one of these trips, with the mercury over 40 degrees below zero, the man's toes on both feet were frostbitten. Instead of getting better they grew worse, until the soles of both feet were a bleeding mass. Then rheumatism set in, and in time the colored man died and was buried.

Several of those who came down on the Hume are suffering from scurvy. Raymond Lapierre, the cabin boy, a lad of 19 years, whose delicate look would hardly incline one to believe that he had endured the rigidness of two Arctic winters, has scurvy sores on his face and legs. He says that there was plenty of canned vegetables, tinned meat and lime juice in the stores, but the captain refused to give them to the foremast hands except at times, and made them live on raw frozen deer meat, of which there was plenty, and flour bread.

The others are in good health and have no complaint to make against the captain. The quarters which the crew occupied on the whaler are little better than a pigpen, while the officers' accommodations are of the plainest kind. While wintering north the vessel was completely housed in, which gave more room to move about.

The natives at the mouth of the McKenzie river proved very friendly to the whalers, and many made long visits on board. The race is copper-colored, while a few of the tribe are nearly white. Some of the younger women are said to be quite good looking. As a rule they have round, fat faces, very small and sharp eyes and are inclined to be stout.

NO EMPLOYE MAY ESCAPE

All Are Called on to Contribute.

Navy Yard Wage Earners Expected to Hand Up One Day's Pay Each—Indian School Teachers Are Not Exempt.

Washington, Oct. 15.—Teddy Roosevelt will probably be a very busy man between now and election day if he undertakes in good faith to bring to book petty blackmailers of his own party.

No game is too small for these freebooters. They prosecute their work in high places and in low places alike. The scene of their operations is the United States and their latest depredations extend over a strip of country reaching from the Dakotas to the Norfolk navy yard. The workingmen at Norfolk received the following circular yesterday:

Dear Sir—You are respectfully requested to call at Colonel Lamb's office, Main street, immediately, on business of importance. By request of the committee.

The important business referred to is for the recipient to give one day's pay, or as much as he chooses to contribute, to help elect Harrison and Mr. Bowden, the republican nominee for congress from this district. Many of the men say they do not intend to give anything. The circular has been referred to Commodore Weaver of the navy yard and will be sent to Washington.

Colonel Lamb, when seen at the navy department, had very little to say, and what he did say does not redound to the credit of either himself or his department. He begged the question by asserting that the democrats under Mr. Cleveland's administration openly assessed navy yard employes. He may consider this an excuse for a second violation of the law; the country at large will not. Heretofore, under republican rule, the navy yards have been slightly overworked anyhow. It has been the custom ever since the days of Secor Robeson to deploy useless workmen in doubtful districts just before election in order to swell the republican vote. No wonder the employes kick when, in addition to using them in this way, they are expected to contribute of their earnings for campaign purposes. They think that it is sufficient to sell themselves, perhaps, without compelling them to assist in buying others.

There appears no doubt now that the postoffice employes at St. Joseph, Mo., were bunkoed out of a good deal of money just before the death of the late postmaster, and the civil service commission is now making a very searching investigation. The fact that the responsible head of that postoffice is dead and outside of their jurisdiction probably accounts for their activity. If the party can blackmail the living and saddle the responsibility for it onto the dead it will be able to do a thriving business between now and November 8. Employes of the Indian bureaus in the west, even including school teachers, have been asked to walk up to the captain's office and contribute, and now Attorney General Miller has been asked to inquire into the matter. He has turned the papers over to United States Attorney Sterling of the South Dakota district and instructed him, the story goes, to make a thorough investigation and prosecute offenders. It is not probable that anyone will suffer from such prosecution.

ANNUAL MEETING.

John Gunckel Is Commodore of the O. Y. C.

Over One Thousand Dollars Raised—A Grist of New Members—Other Officers Elected—Everything is Lovely.

"Gentlemen, you don't know what you are doing? Do wou want to ruin the club? Why, oh why, will you take such a step!!!"

Thus spake John Gunckel last evening, when his name was placed in nomination for the office of commodore of the Ohio Yacht club.

Mr. Gunckel's protest didn't go, however, and amid cries of:

"Sit down, John!"

"Dry up!"

"Let us do this business."

John sat down, and was unanimously elected to the accompaniment of deafening cheers. The club has a commodore in Mr. Gunckel that would be hard to beat. He has earned the position. It is the highest honor the club can pay any of its members, and Mr. Gunckel honors the club as well by accepting.

After the cheering subsided, the new commodore made a happy speech in which he stated that it was a great height to which to raise a poor fisherman.

J. H. Southard was elected vice commodore; Henry Tracy, rear commodore; Geo. W. Stevens, secretary; F. B. Hartman, treasurer; Dr. J. T. Woods, fleet surgeon; Captain Dennison B. Steele, measurer; George Craig, fleet captain.

Directors were elected as follows: F. N. Quale, George W. Boos, J. V. Sanfleet, and D. W. Stroud.

The following new members were taken in: W. H. Porter, George A. Bassett, A. E. Lang, F. W. Dyer, E. W. Chambers, R. S. Holbrook, H. A. Merrell, Frank Wortsmouth, S. S. Knabenshue, Bery Raitz and F. W. Hillman.

Treasurer Pike made a good report, showing that besides paying the running expenses the club had paid off some $600 of its debt in the past year.

Vice Commodore Southard explained the loan scheme whereby the entire debt of some $1,500 would be wiped out. A committee consisting of Messrs. Pheatt, Hartman, Kelsey and Southard had circulated a paper among the members and had thus far seen about 125 gentlemen and secured $1,020. The rest would be forthcoming in a few days, and the club would be free. "Then," continued Mr. Southard, "we can carry out the purposes of the club in a more satisfactory manner to the members."

Capt. Hubbard said that he would secure the tug and schooner for the Columbus day celebration and 50 members of the club will man it armed with fireworks.

Commodore Klauser steps out of office with the satisfaction that he has been a faithful, hard worker in the interests of the O. Y. C. The members appreciate his efforts. The O. Y. C. was never in better condition. Non-paying members have been fired and new, energetic, healthy ones have filled their places. The coming year will be a brilliant one socially with the club. The ladies are going to be taken good care of. The goose will be hanging high and—

The band will play
Ta-ra-ra boom de aye.

Mrs. Annie W. Jordan

Of 165 Tremont St., Boston, was in very poor health, from bad circulation of the blood, having rush of blood to the head, numb spells, and chills, and the physician said the veins were almost bursting all over her body. A collision with a double runner brought on neuralgia of the liver, causing great suffering. She could not take the doctor's medicine, so took

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and soon fully recovered, and now enjoys perfect health. She says she could praise Hood's Sarsaparilla all day and then not say enough.

HOOD'S PILLS are hand made, and are perfect in composition, proportion and appearance.

CHAUNCEY WAS GAY.

He Would Neither Decline nor Accept.

New York, Oct. 15.—Secretary Wahle, of the Columbian committee of one hundred, when asked by reporter of the United Press to explain the failure on the part of Mr. Chauncey Depew to appear at the Columbian banquet, said that he could not account for it. He was invited, said Mr. Wahle, and it is for him to say why he was not present. As one of the representatives of the state at the world's fair at Chicago, an invitation was sent him, and no letter was received from him either accepting or declining. A seat was of course reserved at the table for him.

DIED IN THE STORM.

Late News From the Severe Weather.

Awful Suffering Reported in Many Parts of the Great West.

Colorado Springs, Col., Oct. 15.—Word was received in this city yesterday by Rock Island trainmen of damage and loss of life along the road between Colorado Springs and the Kansas line.

Near Falcon the track-walker was overcome by the storm and sought refuge in a culvert, where he was frozen to death.

Near Mattison a flock of 300 sheep were found dead, and on further investigation the dead body of the herder was discovered about a hundred yards away. He had evidently endeavored to find a house but had perished in the attempt.

Engineer Leeman, who was running the snow plow, was seriously injured by a piece of the plow breaking off, and, crashing through the cab, striking him in the breast. It is reported that 300 head of cattle were frozen to death between this city and Linon.

FREMONT.

Columbus Day To Be Celebrated—Social Mention.

Fremont, O., Oct. 15.—(Special)—Columbus day will be celebrated in a splendid and fitting manner in this city, and arrangements for that day are being rapidly completed.

The local lodge of Elks will give a grand ball Thursday evening, October 20.

A large but disappointed audience greeted J. K. Emmet in this city Monday night.

Henry Munk spent Thursday at Mansfield.

Philo Moses of Elkhart, Ind., was in the city Thursday.

Miss Cora Dast, of Toledo, spent several days in this city this week.

M. D. Weller and wife have returned from their extended western trip.

Mrs. E. M. Wolf, of Bellevue, spent several days this week in this city.

E. J. McElroy and wife were in Cleveland this week.

J. H. Clauss and wife are spending several days in Cleveland.

N. S. Dryfoos and Miss Dryfoos spent Wednesday in Toledo.

Miss Standish, of Norwalk, was in the city Wednesday.

WATERLOO NOTES.

Waterloo, Oct. 15.—(Special)—George Duncan's barn burned Wednesday night with contents. Loss about $1,500.....Attorney C. M. Philips has built a new cement sidewalk.....A. Duncan has bought and removed the barn from the U. B. church on South Wayne street.....Mrs. W. A. Fisher went to Ft. Wayne Thursday to visit her mother and friends.....Rev. E. F. Albertson removed his household goods this week to Logansport, which city will be their future home for some time.....Mr. Kline, of Kendallville, was in our city Monday.

BACK TO THE PULPIT.

Rev. J. W. Arney Quits the Racing World.

Detroit, Mich., Oct. 15.—Rev. J. W. Arney, who has won $5,000 in racing premiums this season, has sold the last horses in his string of trotters, except a 2:20 roadster and has gone back to preaching. A church in one of Minneapolis' suburbs has given him a call and he is now there candidating. The salary is $1,000, but the racing parson says he believes he likes the pulpit better than the sulky.

To-day Hood's Sarsaparilla stands at the head in the medicine world, admired in prosperity and envied in merit by thousands of would-be competitors. It has a larger sale than any other medicine. Such success could not be won without positive merit.

Hood's Pills cure constipation.

HIGH WINDS.

London, Oct. 15.—High winds swept Durham, Yorkshire, Northumberland, Lincoln and Norfolk last night and early this morning. The schooner Isabella went ashore near Yarmouth and became a wreck. Her crew were rescued by a life-saving corps. Many small crafts are supposed to have been lost in the storm as much wreckage is coming ashore.

RIBBONS! RIBBONS!

We have made a large purchase

1000 Pieces

Satin Edge Ribbons

To be placed on sale

Monday Morning

at the following ridiculously low prices:

All Colors. All Widths. Best Qualities.

NUMBERS 2, 3, 5, 7 at 5c a yard
NUMBERS 9, 12, 16, 22 at 10c yd.

Do not fail to make your purchases for fancy and Christmas work. A great saving to you. LASALLE & KOCH.

212 SUMMIT ST. THE SECOND FLOOR.

HYMAN CO.

WHOLESALE SIDE UP STAIRS.

Bless dat Betsy Jane's heart; she's done took me for better an' for worse, and all bekase I told her when we was married she could go down to Hyman's an' get all de cloak and dress patterns she could wear. You see, de prices are so cheap, and de payments so easy, I kin afford it just as easy as pie.

A WISE MAN

ALWAYS LOOKS OUT FOR THE FUTURE.

Warm to-day, snow to-morrow—perhaps. Are you prepared in the matter of wearing apparel? If not, better buy what you need.

PAY FOR IT AS YOU EARN THE MONEY!

You can't do that Everywhere—Just with Us.

WE SELL

CLOTHING, CLOAKS, DRESS GOODS,

Furs, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Rugs, Curtains, Albums, Etc., Etc.

CASH or EASY PAYMENTS

SOUTH AMERICA.

Affairs Still in a Chaotic Condition.

Pellegrini Looted and Stoned While Delivering His Farewell Address.

New York, Oct. 15.—A special cable to the Herald from Valparaiso says: Ex-President Pellegrini in taking leave of congress was met with a storm of whistling and some stones were thrown.

In his farewell address he said he had done the best he could for his country and to maintain order. This statement was greeted by the radical with ironical cheers.

"The new cabinet is regarded favorably but much anxiety is felt as to their policy.

"Vice President Uriburu proposes to insist on the senate holding a session. Pena and his ministers refuse to talk for publication. General Mitre has been named chief of the army.

"An Argentine warship has been sent to the gold fields in the south, and the Chilean government will also dispatch a vessel and a detachment of soldiers to look after Chilean interests there. Chile will also appoint a governor for the Lennox islands, where the largest amount of gold has been found.

"Bolivia has entered into an agreement with Argentine on the question of limitation.

"The Peruvian-French protocols have been approved by both houses of the Chilean congress and the necessary signatures will be appended early next week.

WAPAKONETA.

Interesting Social and Personal Gossip.

Wapakoneta, Oct. 15.—(Special)—Col. C. A. Layton was in Bellefontaine several days last week.

Will Price, of Toledo, spent Sunday in town.

Henry Bohrer and wife, of Findlay, are visiting the family of Christ Ziegler.

Miss Carrie Setterfield, of Piqua, visited Mrs. Anna Leach this week.

C. B. Shepler, of Findlay, was in town the fore part of this week.

Mrs. Fred Rhine and daughter, of Piqua, visited the family of Caspar Rhine this week.

Miss Ella Mosey, of Toledo, and Mrs. Ed Gibbs, of Dayton, are visiting Mrs. D. Gibbs and family.

Misses Carrie and Minnie Kenthan, of St. Marys, are the guests of the Misses Franke.

Capt. L. K. Stroup's many friends will be glad to learn that he is entirely recovered from his late stroke of paralysis.

Miss Ida Jacobs is visiting the family of C. H. Dickas, at Sidney.

Gen. A. O. Amos, of the Sidney Democrat, was in town Wednesday.

Wm. Doering, of Sidney, is visiting his son J. H. and family.

Mrs. Mehala Jones, of Chicago, and Mrs. Ed Crapsey, of Toledo, are visiting the family of John Lind.

A. M. Linnand and family left here Monday for their future home in Hamilton.

Dr. Alonzo Bryan, of Detroit, was the guest of his brother, Dr. L. D., several days this week.

F. J. McFarland, president of the People's National, accompanied by his daughter, left for New York Sunday for a several weeks' trip.

GAS EXPLOSION.

Fatal Accident in the Indiana Field.

A Tank Explodes and Several People Are Very Seriously Injured.

St. Marys, O., Oct. 15.—(Special)—John Conley, a prominent oil man of this city, returned from the Camden, Ind., oil field this morning and reports a bad accident on the Hyatt farm, which occurred last night.

A large gusher had just been completed and when the crude was turned into the tank there was quite a number of persons on top to watch it.

By some means the gas became ignited and a heavy explosion followed, throwing those on the tank in every direction. Following is a list of those injured:

Jacob Listenfelt, face, hands and arm badly burned.

A. M. Hyatt, seriously burned about the face and arms.

J. C. Graves, slightly burned; hurt about the head.

Charles Wood badly burned on the face and about the entire body, recovery doubtful.

A. B. Wilker, severely burned about face and hands.

The tank was entirely destroyed; loss $300.

SYLVANIA.

Interesting News From a Nearby Town

Sylvania, O., Oct. 15.—(Special)—Mrs. Monroe, of Elyria, spent a few days with T. Allen and family last week.

Mr. F. R. Warren and Mr. G. Young returned from their western trip Tuesday.

Miss Mary Washburn, Miss Addie Lenardson and Mr. Will Washburn Sundayed with Miss Ollie Warren.

Mr. J. C. Jones and family have returned from an extended visit with Licking county friends.

The Y. P. S. C. E. held their convention here last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Pete Ely has returned from the west.

Mrs. Hiram Parker met with a very painful accident this week, by having her arm broken.

The Sons of Veterans held their reunion in Metamora last Wednesday. One thing happened which marred the pleasantness of the occasion. Mr. Dorman Clarke, of Metamora was assaulted by two men by the name of Berry, both of whom Clarke shot in self-defense. At the last report both men were alive.

Hon. J. M. Ashley was in town Friday afternoon to speak to the republicans. The last time he spoke to people here he promised at some future time to tell them "how to build a railroad without money." Undoubtedly that was his subject.

The Willard club met with Mrs. Pease Thursday.

Dining Room Setts | For the mechanic, clerk, merchant or capitalist.

STOLBERG & PARKS.

CLUBSAND SOCIETIES.

The Opening Meetings Are Well Attended.

First Session After the Summer Vacation of the Colloquial Club—Notes and Announcements.

The first meeting of the season of the Toledo Colloquial club was held Friday afternoon with Mrs. E. Bissell, 1861 Summit street.

The guests began to arrive at an early hour and before the chairman, Mrs. Rosa L. Segur, called the meeting to order, the spacious parlors were well filled with members of the club, and their friends.

Routine business was first disposed of and the subject of a permanent meeting place was discussed. The club does not feel able to pay much rent at this time, though willingness to take a room in the woman's building was expressed, in case the price charged was not beyond their means.

It was suggested that the Adams street mission was central and accessible, and the suggestion met with general approval. It was finally decided to refer the matter to a committee, who will see if suitable quarters can be obtained at a reasonable price and report at the next meeting, which will be held in the parlors of Mrs. Rosa L. Segur, 916 Broadway, Friday afternoon, October 28.

The chair appointed Mesdames Murray, Keist, and Eisenhart to act on the committee.

The executive board has decided to have several meetings at which discussions only will be held, and members are requested to suggest topics for these discussions.

The next paper will be read by Mrs. Maud Dutton, in which she will ask and answer the question, 'What Shall We Wear?"

The subject, "Are Clubs Helpful to Women?" was next taken up, every lady present expressing her opinion in favor of clubs.

The ideas brought out, were thoughtful, practical, and witty, the following ladies participating in the discussion: Mesdames Godfrey, Dutton, Cravens, Frank, Elderkin, Truax, Keist, Murray, Beeley, Quigley, Eisenhart Murphy, Bissell, Fuller, Van Wormer, Hallenbeck, and Segur, Mrs. Hutchinson and Mrs. Deal, of New York, and Misses Cora Law, Hackendorn, and Calkins.

The meeting was one of the most pleasant and profitable ever held by the club.

The Ys held their regular meeting yesterday afternoon in the First Congregational church, Mrs. Ellery Eaton presiding. Devotional exercises were conducted by Miss Delia Fox. Miss Marker read the secretary's report, and Miss Claflin read the report of the executive board meeting. Both were approved. It was decided to form a Y choir, and Miss Grace Reasoner was appointed superintendent of same. The president urged that all dues be paid at next meeting by those owing them. Miss Foster then gave an excellent account of the convention at Piqua, Toledo, having the largest Y organization, still possesses the picture of Mrs. Barnes, which they hope to keep for some time to come. Mrs. Barber then told of Y evening at the convention. Miss Jordan was appointed to attend to the subscriptions for the Oak and Ivy Leaf during Miss Kenyon's absence. The next meeting will be held the first Friday in November.

The Political Equality club is holding an important business meeting at the home of Mrs. Judge Bentley, this afternoon.

The Isabella Circle will meet Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock with Mrs. Romeyn Rogers, 920 East Broadway.

The Catholic club will have a Columbian meeting on the evening of October 21.

The Day Nursery company will give a charity ball at Pythian castle on October 22. It promises to be a brilliant affair.

Some of the best vocalists in the city will take part in the musicale, which will precede the oyster supper to be given by the Henrietta L. Monroe W. C. T. U., on the evening of October 26, in memorial hall annex.

The Home Aid association meets Tuesday evening, October 18.

The first lecture in the course of six to be given under the auspices of the Political Equality club occurs Wednesday evening, October 19, and will be delivered by Mrs. Lide Meriwether, of Tennessee, a brilliant woman and talented orator. Her subject will be The Silent Seven.

The Dante club meets with Mrs. Foley Monday evening.

A committee meeting was held at the rooms of the Day Nursery company yesterday for the transaction of business, and this afternoon Mrs. Hubbard will be at the rooms for the purpose of giving out tickets for the charity ball to all who desire them.

MRS. LEASE.

She Creates a Sensation in Kansas Politics.

New York, Oct. 15.—A special to the Times from Topeka, Kas., says: "The sensation of the day in Kansas is the interview with Mrs. Lease, who has been accompanying General Weaver in his tour through the southern states.

"She recites the indignities they were subjected to and then declares that if a vote for Weaver is in reality a vote for Cleveland in this state her desire is that the populists scratch their ticket and vote for the Harrison electors.

"Mrs. Lease is, next to Jerry Simpson, the strongest leader of the Kansas populists and her expressed wishes have caused great consternation not only in her own party, but among the democrats.

"She concedes every southern state to Cleveland, and therefore, at this late day, indicates her preference for Harrison. Her advice will be followed by many, but at this time it is impossible to say to what extent."

Parlor Suits. | You must see to appreciate the vast number in every style and price. STOLBERG & PARKS.

JAGD IS MISSING.

Springfield, Mass., Oct. 15.—Christian K. Jagd, a member of a Danish royal family and a florist in this city, is missing. His partner, Henry C. Henking, charges him with swindling to the extent of $600. His father belongs to the King's court, being secretary of the treasury of Denmark.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE!

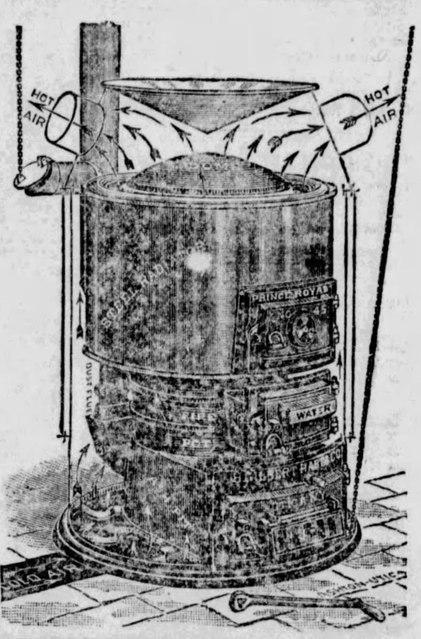
THE CHAPMAN HARDWARE CO.

515-517-521 Adams St.

Do You Wish TO HAVE A

FURNACE

Put Into Your House?



Do not wait until your windows are covered with frost, but have it done now.

The best Furnace and the Perfection Furnace Pipe is what you want.

E. A. EVERSMAN,

CORNER

Broadway and Logan Sts.

Phone 572.

PIANOS

DECKER BROS
HAINES BROTHERS,
C. & J. Fischer and Baldwin.

Oldest and Largest Piano House in the State of Ohio.

229 Summit Street. D. H. BALDWIN & CO

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS

OUR CUSTOMERS ARE INCREASING AND OUR SALES HAVE INCREASED ENORMOUSLY.

WHY

Because—We sell Honest Goods at Honest Prices.
Because—Our goods are never misrepresented.
Because—We give the best value for the least money.
Because—We refund the money when goods are not satisfactory.

We are still doing business at the old stand with a larger and more complete stock than ever to select from. No shoddy stuff, no shelf-worn trash, but new and stylish clothing throughout.

Full Dress Suits from $20 and Upwards Constantly on Hand.

THE MODEL CLOTHING HOUSE, 201, 203, 205 SUMMIT ST. CORNER JEFFERSON.

NELLIS & HATTENBACH, Proprietors.

WHAT SHE SAYS.

Her Testimony and Evidence Clear and Strong.

Ringing Words of Hope and Cheer Which Will Comfort Many Hearts.

The Great Information and Good Advice a Talented Woman Can Give.

One of the most skillful nurses in this country is Mrs. Elizabeth D. Berry, of Hampton, N. H. She is a lady of the widest experience among diseases of all kinds, and has cheered many a sick room by her hopeful and encouraging words.

She has sent a communication to this paper which will be read with great interest by all. Her advice is worthy of the greatest consideration on account of the high reputation she has as a nurse, and her words are especially valuable because of their great encouragement to all classes of sufferers.

"Through trouble and overwork," she writes, "I grew fearfully nervous, weak, dizzy, faint and exhausted from nervous prostration, until I became entirely helpless. Thanks to Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, I am now so well and strong that everyone who sees me is very much surprised. I would like to tell the whole world of women what Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy has done for me, and to recommend all women to use this wonderful medicine.

"I am a nurse, and when nursing my sister I gave her this wonderful medicine. She says she has never felt better than

Mrs. Elizabeth D. Berry.

since using it. I gave it also to a lady suffering from great nervous prostration, who could not get help from three physicians. She is now well, strong and fleshy, and says she should have been in her grave had it not been for Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy.

"I have recommended it to many others with the same wonderful success, and I would especially say that if women between the ages of 40 and 60 years would take it there would not be so many die when they came to the change that takes place. I hear this wonderful medicine named and blessed everywhere, and I am glad to add my testimony to its great value, and truly call it a savior of us women."

We would say that Mrs. Berry's advice as a nurse is indorsed by physicians generally. Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is indeed a wonderful discovery and of incalculable and inestimable valde to the sick everywhere. It has been proved over and over again, in thousands upon thousands of cases, that it does cure, that it makes the sick well.

Physicians know of its great value, for they have seen it perform wonders in restoring health, and they recommend it freely to the sick because it is the discovery and prescription of the famous specialist in the treatment of nervous and chronic diseases, Dr. Greene, of 35 W. 14th street, New York, the well-known physician, who gives consultation to sufferers from any disease free of charge, personally or by letter.

The great remedy costs but $1 of druggists, and we know it will make you well.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

California Champagnes

Made from the best selected California Grapes.

Purity Guaranteed.

Per case of 12 quart bottles	$10.00
Pints	11.00
Single quart bottles	1.00
Pints	.60

For sale by

F. BEHR,
602 and 604 Adams street.

GUILTY.

We have to plead guilty to selling the most elegant diamonds, watches, chains, fine jewelry, opera glasses, gold spectacles, etc., at the lowest prices of any house in the city.

CHAS. B. BARGMAN,
Corner Summit and Cherry streets.

Wm. C. Girty will serve a game dinner at his Edgewater restaurant.

Mlle. C. Compau has just returned from New York with a fine line of dress goods and trimmings. It will pay you to give her a call. 336 Fifteenth street.

PROMPT AND RELIABLE

Service can always be counted on when you call Mr. McGlynn, "the livery man," to your aid in moving your household goods, piano or organ. Fine livery turnouts, moving vans and careful, attentive workmen at reasonable rates.

Our ambulance service is acknowledged to be the best in the city. Always call up 'phone No. 1035.

P. H. McGLYNN,
442 Summit street.

Don't lose your hair. Hays' Hair Health covers bald or thin spots. Druggists, 50c.

THE NAVAL RESERVE

Not Dead Only Sleepeth—A Meeting Soon To Be Held.

The Toledo Naval Reserve is a lively youngster, yet some have thought the organization dead because of its silence. Such is not so. The idea is a new one in Ohio, and the machinery of the civil and military authorities works slow as the mills of the gods grind. The matter of establishing a naval reserve can not be rushed through without the usual red tape and formalities. The members will be pleased to learn that a meeting of the reserve will be called soon after the Columbian day celebration. It was thought wise to put it off, as everyone was busy preparing for the big event.

ALL OVER THE CITY.

Minor Notes of Interest in the Local News Line,

Gathered by the Bee's Corps of Hustlers,

And Put in Shape for Perusal by People Who Are Pressed for Time—Happenings of the Day in a Nutshell

Hoofland's Bitters promote appetite.

The A. O. H. last evening voted unanimously to parade on Columbian day.

Toledo Budweiser and Milwaukee Bohemian on draught at Just's, 622 Adams.

It is expected that about 2,000 Poles of Toledo will take part in the Columbian day celebration.

Mayor Emmick and the balance of the committee which went to Texas returned home last evening.

Battery D. Light Artillery, gives a grand Columbian ball at Memorial hall next Friday evening.

The Ladies' Shakespearean class is holding its meetings with Mrs. Shields. Its present study is "Tempest."

Warm lunch every morning. Cold lunch all day. Hot wiener 4 to 6 p. m., at Just's, 622 Adams street.

Go to Just's restaurant, 622 Adams street, for fried frogs, oysters, black bass, deviled crabs, deviled, eggs, etc.

A meeting of the city evangelization committee of the Methodist church will be held at St. Paul's Monday evening.

Sullivan & Hubbard in common pleas court to-day sued James Reid to recover $2,978.21 alleged to be due on a tug contract.

Eurydice club will meet on Monday evening with Mrs. S. M Jones, 819 Huron street, between Locust and Walnut streets.

Your family might wish some deviled crab, crab salad or shrimp salad, or fried frogs. If so, get them at Just's, 622 Adams.

The Maumee Equality club had its first meeting of the season last week, and will engage in active work during the season.

Rev. John I. Weam will preach at Albany Street M. E. church Sunday night, with a 15-minute song service preceding the sermon.

The Ohio Woman Suffrage association meets at Akron Wednesday morning next, in executive session. Mrs. M. Cullough Everhard, of Stark county, will preside.

The public library will be open every evening until 9:30 o'clock and books can be called for until 8 o'clock. The work of lighting the library has been completed.

"Poses Plastiques" was repeated last night at the Central church before a good audience. The entertainment was even more successful than on its first presentation.

A meeting of union laboring men will be held to-morrow afternoon at the Odd Fellows' temple at 2 o'clock, to discuss matters of interest. Only members of labor organizations will be admitted.

To-morrow morning the first services will be held in the new St. Hedwig's Polish church, at the corner of Lagrange and Dexter streets, and the Poles are arranging extensive preparations for the celebration.

The New Century club meets next Friday (21st), with Miss Law, 1231 Huron street. The program of the occasion is the "Life and Career of Columbus," presented as a written and conversational symposium.

The Western Reserve women hold their district women suffrage convention at the Universalist church at Akron, next Tuesday, under the management of Mrs. Harriet Taylor Upton, of Warren, Ohio's alternate lady manager of the world's Columbian fair.

The Theosophical Reading club held an instructive meeting Thursday evening with Mr. and Mrs. John M. Wheeler. Mrs. E. J. C. Jennings was reader of the occasion, the subject being "The Prism of the Soul," an article read at the late Chicago Theosophical convention.

The Queen Isabella circle meets with Mrs. Romeyn Rogers, 920 East Broadway, next Friday (21st inst.), at 3:30 o'clock p. m. Mrs. E. R. Collins will give a paper on the Incas of Peru, to be followed by a conversational symposium upon the life of Columbus, in which all present are invited to join.

Traveling Men to Meet.

The Toledo Traveling Men's association will hold a meeting this evening to make arrangements to take part in the Columbian day parade and celebration. Something novel will be hit upon.

Insurance Suits Filed

In common pleas court to-day the Fremont Mutual Fire Insurance association commenced a suit to recover $874.90 alleged to be due on a policy, and a similar suit against the Steedman Mutual Fire association to recover a like amount.

Park Hearing on November 7.

In the injunction case of the Ann Arbor railroad against the city to enjoin appropriation of the railroad property for park purposes the circuit court yesterday held that the company should have a temporary order. The case is set for hearing November 7.

The Father Got the Child.

In the habeas corpus proceedings instituted in probate court by William Mapes to get possession of his 5-year-old daughter, who he alleged was in the custody of his wife, Judge Millard gave the child to its father.

Mr. Kirby's Narrow Escape.

George Kirby, mayor's clerk, had a narrow escape this noon. His buggy was run into by an electric car on Monroe street and smashed to splinters. Mr. Kirby was thrown out and somewhat shaken up. Fortunately he escaped serious injury.

For the Toledo Elks.

Miss Florence Bindley, who starred here last week in the Pay Train, is an honorary member and a great pet of the Elks. She has taken a great liking to the Toledo Elks and will send them from Chicago a large picture of herself, mounted on an elk's head, for their club room.

Mr. Selner Speaks.

Chas. W. Selner addressed a large and enthusiastic audience at G. A. R. hall, West Toledo, last evening. Mr. Selner dealt with the temperance and prohibition question and made a stirring talk. His hearers said he never appeared to better advantage. Addresses followed by G. Frederick and others.

Circuit Court Decisions.

The circuit court handed down decisions this morning as follows: Albert J. Ruamell v. Jeremiah Hayes, sustained; John Berdan v. Alexander Brownlee, judgment reversed, the defendant held guilty of contributory negligence; Mathew Bartlett v. Michael Rabbitt, judgment of the lower court affirmed.

Polish Democrats.

The Polish democrats of the Seventh and First wards held an enthusiastic meeting at Grudzinski's hall, on Lagrange street, last night, and several speeches were made in the Polish and English languages by prominent citizens. About 30 new members of the Polish Democratic club will receive their naturalization papers on Monday, for the benefit of Byron Ritchie.

Lecture at Tenth Street Temple.

To-morrow (Sunday) evening, Rev. Dr. E. Schereiver, of Spokane Falls, Wash., will deliver a lecture at the Jewish temple on Tenth street.

Everybody is cordially invited to attend, and they will be well repaid for the effort, as the reverend gentleman is a distinguished and talented orator.

Y. W. C. A. Notes.

Miss Agnes Hill, general secretary of the Toledo Young Women's Christian association, is in attendance at the Michigan state conference of the Y. W. C. A. She will return to Toledo on Tuesday.

On Friday Miss Hill, Miss Alta Smith, Miss Ada Collins and Mrs. J. L. Beeley, will leave for Springfield to be present at the Ohio state convention of the Y. W. C. A. Miss Minnie B. Smith will also attend. She will leave Toledo Tuesday, and spend a few days at her old home, West Liberty, O.

The gospel service to-morrow will be led by Mrs. N. B. Bacon. The subject is, Giving to the Lord. Why? How? When? 2 Cor. 9:6-15.

One week from next Sunday the musical praise service will occur, in which some of the best vocalists in the city will take part.

The Slugging Entertainment.

There was a great time last evening at the Toledo Athletic club rooms on the occasion of the benefit tendered to Frank Kelley and Jack Dempsey, the champion lightweight of California. About 200 sports were present. The first go was between Jim Bolan, of Detroit, and Jack Heath, of Cleveland. They put up a good fight. Wallace and Fletcher, of Toledo, had an amusing bout, disregarding science and slugging and running for all they were worth. The audience had lots of fun. Joe Saultz and Fred Shrine engaged in a good exhibition. King Kelley and Jack Mussal met and Kelley gave his opponent a lively drubbing. Jack Foster and Warren Kelley sparred "lightly for wind," but didn't come together very much. Frank Kelley and Edward Sheridan, of San Francisco, engaged in a pretty bout. The event of the evening was the go between Charlie Brown and Jack Dempsey. Brown made an excellent showing and proved himself a very clever man. Dempsey, of course, is out of sight.

ARRAIGNED IN COURT

And Pleas Are Entered by the Prisoners Indicted.

The prisoners indicted during the recent session of the grand jury, were arraigned before Judge Harmon this morning and plead as follows: Marus Burns, Wm. De Lee, burglary and larceny, not guilty; Henry Wood and Walter Rice, burglary and larceny, not guilty to three indictments; James Mitchell, grand larceny, not guilty; James McHenry, burglary and larceny, not guilty; E. H. Seymour, embezzlement, not guilty; Edward Fitzgerald, Robert Allen, Edward Franklin, grand larceny, not guilty; Charles Taylor, cutting with intent to wound, not guilty; Edward Hawkins, Geo. Glassgow, robbery, not guilty; Geo. Hasty, grand larceny, not guilty; Wm. Loersch, murder in the first degree, not guilty; Albert Smith, house breaking and larceny, not guilty; Wm. Bell, pocket picking, not guilty; John Burk, robbery, not guilty; Martin Kwolskoskie, Stanislaus Haydaez, cutting with intent to kill; J. W. Garden, assault with intent to rob, not guilty; Dolph Pickens, Jack Rusk, horse stealing, not guilty; J. J. Gunn, Bert Benster, Thos. Quigley, not guilty; J. W. Allen, forgery, not guilty; John Baker, grand larceny, not guilty; John W. Allen, forgery, not guilty; Nelson Seymour, robbery, not guilty; J. H. Wilson, forgery, not guilty; Henry C. Huzik, not guilty.

COLUMBUS DAY.

Everything Moving in Excellent Shape for a Good Time.

Col. Bunker and Mr. John Gunckel, of the fireworks committee, went down the river yesterday afternoon to locate a place for the pyrotechnical display, and selected that in front of the Riverside park.

The line of march has been agreed upon and will afford an excellent opportunity for sightseers.

The grand marshall is still anxious for every Toledo organization to participate in the parade.

The Traveling Men's association meets this evening to discuss the affair.

The Toledo Cycling club is to be right in it. The organization have prepared the following program for the event.

Lantern Parade.

Friday evening, October 21.

M. R. Himes, captain.

First division, safeties, club members—B. Rigby, S. L. Chapman, F. Collins, H. M. Bash, L. G. Colton.

Second division, ladies—W. L. Culberson, J. T. Odell, J. T. Smith.

Third division, non-members, safeties—J. H. Hunter, H. L. Brigham, H. T. Pollman, R. Bernhart.

Fourth division, ordinaries—W. L. Clark, A. McMillan.

Fifth division, juveniles—R. Stabler, S. J. Logan, H. Leibius, Ed Clements, D. Bourdette.

Line of march—Madison to Summit, to Walnut to Superior, to Chestnut, to Lower Summit, to Riverside Park.

Fireworks and naval parade will take place upon arrival of parade.

Wheels must have at least one lantern to be allowed in parade.

Vehicles will please keep off the line of march.

First division, F. B. Rigby—form on Ontario street between Madison and Jefferson.

Second division, W. L. Culberson, Form on Michigan between Madison and Adams.

Third division, J. N. Hunter—Form on Michigan between Madison and Adams.

Fourth division—U. L. Clak—Form on Michigan between Madison and Jefferson.

Fifth division, R. Stabler—Form on Madison between Michigan and Tenth.

LATE MARKETS.

The receipts of wheat at Toledo to-day are 22,974 bus. in excess of the corresponding Saturday in 1891.

The receipts of wheat to-day at seven principal western points are 480,178 bus. in excess of Saturday in 1891. The northwest receipts are 152,317 bus. greater, and at five other western points are 330,861 bus. greater than in 1891.

The receipts of wheat to-day at Minneapolis and Duluth are 694,294 bus. and at five other principal western points 875,944 bus., total 1,570,238 bus. On the corresponding Saturday in 1891 the receipts at the same points were 1,087,060 bus., including 541,977 bus. of northwest wheat, leaving as the movement from five other western points 545,083 bus., compared with 875,944 bus. to-day.

The receipts of grain this week at Toledo, Detroit, St. Louis, Chicago, Milwaukee, Duluth, Minneapolis and Peoria have been, wheat 9,297,000 bus., corn 4,144,000 bus., oats 3,442,000 bus. Previous week, wheat 8,530,000 bus., corn 4,319,000 bus., oats 3,875,000 bus.

In the week corresponding to this in 1891, the receipts were: Wheat, 6,926,000 bu; corn, 688,000 bu; oats, 1,741,000 bu, showing an increase in the past week over 1891 of wheat, 2,371,000 bu; corn, 3,426,000 bu; oats, 1,701,000 bu.

The export clearances yesterday at four Atlantic ports were: Wheat 135,597 bu and flour to an aggregate of 285,000.

The exports from the same ports in the week have been: Wheat, 1,284,000 bu; corn, 824,000 bu; oats, 109,000 bu.

Bradstreet's gives the exports from both coasts this week: Flour and wheat equal to 3,600,000 bu; previous week, 4,017,000 bu. In the corresponding week in 1891, 4,093,447 bu.

The markets for wheat to-day would have improved, perhaps, if it were not, as we said yesterday, for this continual enormous outpouring of farmers' surplus; but it is too much to expect better prices without larger foreign demand or a shrinking in receipts. Prices are lower.

Corn had a little spurt, but it was an effervescense, and the markets more than lost the improvement and closed lower.

In New York—At 12 o'clock October wheat closed at 78 5-8c; December at 81 1-8c, a loss of 1-8c on each; May at 87 1-2c, a loss of 1-4c; October corn at 50c, a gain of 3-8c. October oats at 34 3-8c, a loss of 1-4c.

In Chicago—After New York adjourned prices declined. October wheat closed at 72 7-8c, a loss of 5-8c; December at 75 3-8c, a loss of 1-2c; May at 80 1-2c, a loss of 3-4c. October corn closed at 41 1-2c steady; December at 41 7-8c, a loss of 1-2c; ay at 45 1-2c, a loss of 1-4c.

In Toledo it has been dull. Transactions in wheat have been about the same in aggregate as yesterday, but prices have been easier, and close 1-4c lower. On the call December sold at 75 7-8c and May at 82 to 81 7-8c. On the regular board November sold at 74 3-4c and closed at that. December at 76 to 76 1-8c and to 75 7-8c, closing at 76. May at 81 3-4 to 82 1-8c, and closed at 82c.

Cash wheat was in better request. Openprices 1-2c lower, closing at 1-4c loss. No. 2 soft sold at 73 1-4 to 74c, and closed at that. No. 3 soft at 66 3-4c and closed at that. Sales in L. S. at 68 to 67 1-4; No. 4 soft at 60; rejected No. 1 at 64 to 66; No. 2 at 50 to 55; No. 1 white at 74.

Corn on the call No. 2 for May sold at 46; on the regular board No. 2 at 43 1-2; May at 46; No. 4 at 41 1-2.

Clover seed was about steady in price with less business reported. Prime for cash at 6.50; October at 6.50; March at 6.75; No. 2 at 6.35; rejected at 6.00.

New York, Oct. 15.—Money loaned at 4 1-2@5 per cent. this morning, closing at 4 1-2 per cent. Exchange quiet; posted rates, 485 1-2@487; actual rates, 484 3-4 for 60 days and 486 1-4 for demand. Governments steady; currency, 6s, 107 1-4 bid; 4s, coup, 114 3-4 bid; extended 2s, registered, 100 1-2 bid. Stocks were only moderately active during the two hours of business this morning. The sales amounted to 147,600 shares. Prices were strong during the most part. Values advanced from 1-8 to 1 per cent. by 11:30, but about that time the bank statement showing a loss in the reserve made its appearance and the list sold off fractionally.

New York, Oct. 15.—Flour moderately active; city mill extra, $4.25@4.35 for West Indies; fine $1.65@2.10; superfine $1.70@2.20.

Wheat opened 1-8c lower and continued at that range to the close. No. 2 red winter 79 1-2c cash; 79 5-8c November; 81 1-8c December; 82 3-4c January.

Corn opened weak and 1-8c lower but recovered and advanced 3-8c by noon. No. 2 mixed 50 1-2c cash and bid November; 50c October; 51 1-4c bid December.

Oats dull but steady; No. 2 mixed 34 3-4c cash; 34 3-8c October; 35 1-4c November.

Rye and barley neglected.

Molasses dull. Sugar—refined quiet but steady; cut loaf and crushed 5 5-16@5 1-2c; granulated 4 15-16@5c; powdered 4 13-16@5c; mould A 5@5 3-16c. Coffee easier; No. 7 ro 16@16 1-8c. Rice nominal. Pork quiet; old mess $11.75@12.00. Lard steady; October $8.75; November $7.94 bid. Butter quiet but firm; creamery state extra 25@25 1-2c; western extra 25 1-2@26c. Cheese moderately active; state factory full cream fancy white 10 3-8c. Eggs dull; state new choice 24c; western 22 1-2@24c. Turpentine firm; 30 1-4@30 3-4c. Rosin dull; strained to good $1.22 1-2@1.27 1-2. Petroleum nominal. Tallow quiet; prime city 4 1-2c. Freights dull; grain to London, steam, 2d.

Chicago, Oct. 15.—Close—Wheat, October 73 1-8c; December 75 1-2c; May 80c 1-2c. Corn—October 41 1-2c; November 42 1-4c; Dec. 41 7-8@42c; May 45 3-8@45 1-2c. Oats—October 28 5-8c; November 29 1-8c; December 29 7-8c; May 33 1-2c. Pork—October $11.45; November $11.50; January $12.82 1-2. Lard—October $8.37 1-2; November $7.65; January $7.22 1-2. Ribs—October $9.75; November $7.37 1-2; January $6.65.

One hundred and three thousand dollars has been offered and refused for a Hebrew Bible now in the library of the Vatican at Rome. This makes the most valuable book in the world, so far as dollars and cents go.

Extensive Alterations,
Additional Help,
More Room,
New Goods,
In our Curtain Department.
Lasalle & Koch.

The officers, teachers and friends of the Adams Street Mission extend thanks to the president, Mr. S. R. Callaway, and Mr. C. C. Jenkins, general passenger agent of the Toledo, St. Louis & Kansas City R. R., for the free excursion given by them over their road to Grand Rapids, Ohio. They furnished us with first-class coaches enough to accommodate over 400 people, and returned us to the city at 6:30 p. m., without a single accident. The good people of Grand Rapids, who are noted for their generosity, provided hot coffee, milk and sandwiches for the children, and gave us a very cordial reception. The day was beautiful, and all enjoyed the excursion.

Reefer Suits
For Ladies at
Sanborn's,
403 Adams street.

ATTENTION.

All members of the Germania Commandery, No. 12, O. R. C., are requested to meet at our hall on Monroe street at 1 p. m., Sunday, to take part in the funeral of our brother, Fritz J. Stork. All sister lodges also requested to be present. GUSTAVE CUMMEROW, Commander.

If you want a piano, do not fail to hear the Boardman & Gray at The Whitney & Currier Co., 219 Summit street.

There are 13 stars, 13 letters in the scroll held in the eagle's beak, 13 marginal feathers in each wing, 13 tail feathers, 13 parallel lines in the shield, 13 horizontal bars, 13 arrow heads in one foot, and 13 letters in the words "quarter dollar."

The Place
To buy a Jacket is at
Sanborn & Company,
403 Adams street.

LONG NECKED DUELISTS.

Giraffes as Well as Men Fight for Supremacy.

There is a deal of human nature in a giraffe—in his native state. The old fellow insists on ruling his herd as long as possible and never give it up till the young ones whip them out, and as the weak ones are whipped out in the start the result is that each boss giraffe is a polygamist on a large scale. This leads to savage fights, and as hunters penetrate into South Africa they occasionally witness these duels. An English hunter gives the London Graphic this account of such a combat between an old and a young giraffe witnessed by him from an adjacent thicket.

Presently the belligerents came within a few yards of each other. Then commenced a scene that baffled all description. Some people might call it ludicrous, it was far more. It was side-splitting, and but for my desire the end I must have given away to convulsions of laughter. Although the giraffe possesses a certain beauty when at rest it loses its grace when in motion, and the greater its speed the more ungainly does it appear. But when two mature bulls began to waltz and dance violently around each other, each endeavoring to out-do the other in agility, at the same time mumbling their jaws and emitting fearfully discordant roars it is certainly one of the most absurd sights human eye ever looked upon. I have often seen a crane dance—a function common enough north of the Vaal river. It is more than funny—it is ridiculous; but it cannot for an instant be compared to the antics of these two mammoth brutes.

They began rearing as if to bear each other down, their mouths all the time open to grip if opportunity occurred. At length the violent exercise began to tell upon the elder beast; he made some mistake in a parry, and the younger seized with his teeth the foot of the veteran, who in turn laid hold of his opponent's ear. For some moments there was a pause. It was very brief, and then the struggle was renewed. With a gigantic effort the young giraffe threw the old hero upon his haunches. He looked very much as if he had played his last card, but there was pluck in his aged heart yet, though the battle was not for him; years told against him, and victory lay with the youngster, who celebrated it by trying to drag the vanquished after him. This operation must have been painful, for the shrieks that the defeated warrior uttered were heartrending. After a final worry the hero of the hour walked off, mobbed the two harems of ladies together, and, willingly followed by all, took the lead. Not one of the zenana of the fallen chief turned a head for an instant to see what had become of him.

After such a defeat the old fellow usually becomes a "solitary" and lives and dies alone.

A DAKOTA BLIZZARD.

The Worst Thing That a Traveler Can Possibly Encounter in the West.

"The worst thing that a traveler can encounter is a Dakota blizzard," said W. C. Beaver, who was entertaining some friends in the corridors of the Laclede. "A Dakota blizzard is something like a Sahara sandstorm, but with powdered ice instead of sand and the thermometer ranging 30 degrees below instead of 100 degrees above. A traveler may outlive a sandstorm, th eonly danger is that he will be smothered; but woe to the unlucky pilgrim who is caught by the blizzard! The fine, frozen snow, as hard as iron filings, is driven into his face with terrific force; it becomes impossible to distinguish objects at a distance of a dozen yards, and he may flounder about for hours within a stone's throw of his own house without being able to find it. Great drifts are piled up around him, then whisked away, leaving the ground perfectly bare; the wind seems to resolve itself into a thousand whirling cyclones, and every open stretch of snow into a maelstrom. In North Dakota many of the farmers stretch ropes from their houses to their barns, so that they venture out to feed their stock during the blizzards—which frequently last two or three days—without danger of getting lost in the icy storm. In February, 1884, I drove out in a sleigh a few miles from Fargo to close up a land trade. The sky was as clear as a bell, the air just cold enough to be exhilarating, and I enjoyed my ride out immensely. I did not enjoy the return trip, however. A cold, bitter wind came out of the northeast that constantly increased in violence, until the air became filled with fine snow, which glittered like myriads of tiny diamonds in the sun. Then the sky became overcast, the wind began to hurl great banks of snow across the road, and I was soon unable to see my horse's head. I urged him onward, allowing him to pick his own course, for I was hopelessly at sea. I had heard that a horse would find his way home through the darkest night, and I hoped that instinct would serve him as well in a blizzard; but it didn't work. In a little while he stopped, and when I urged him forward he turned squarely about and began to retrace his steps. He was lost as well as I. To sit still meant to freeze. I got out, threw the reins over my arm and started forward, calling at the top of my voice and firing off my revolver. In a minute or two there was an answering shout. I was within 50 yards of a farm-house, where I obtained shelter until the blizzard subsided, two days later. Dakota is a great country—in the summer; but the man who will make a home there and endure the winters when there are thousands of fertile acres awaiting the plow in Missouri must be either an Esquimau or first cousin to a fool."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

At the Western Washington Industrial exposition in Tacoma a "Lumberman's day" has been arranged, which occurred on September 30. On the same day a meeting of the Lumber Manufacturers' association of the Northwest was held.

DO YOU COUGH
DON'T DELAY
TAKE
KEMP'S
BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00.

SITUATION WANTED BY AN ELDERLY lady to do plain sewing. Call at 1219 Summit street, Toledo. Mrs. Miller. 15oct3

WANTED—YOUNG MAN TO SELL books, periodicals, etc., on railroad trains. Apply to Union News Co., Pennsylvania Depot. 15oct3

WANTED—TWO HOUSE PAINTERS immediately at 544 Woodville street, East Toledo. H. Koke. 288

WANTED—A COMPETENT GIRL, GOOD wages, references. 1516 Collingwood ave. 288

FOR SALE—SAFETY BICYCLE, VICTOR or Lovell wheel, as good as new. 1751 Summit street. 15oct6p

FOR SALE—DRESS SUIT; GOOD CONdition, breast 36. Enquire 339 Summit. p

WANTED—DRESSMAKING; WILL GO out by the day or take work home; cut by Merchant Tailor System. Address M. A., care Bee office. 15oct3

GUITAR AND BANJO TEACHER—MRS. R. Thompson, 1849 Erie street, between Ash and Buckeye streets. 15oct6p

WANTED—GIRL TO HELP TAKE CARE of children and housekeeping; no cooking. 1063 Oakwood ave. 15oct3

WANTED—GIRL—MUST BE COMPEtent cook; no washing. Mrs. E. B. Hall, No. 1037 West Woodruff avenue. 15oct3

FOR SALE—CHEAP—A HEATING stove; also sewing machine, at 2273 Union street. F p

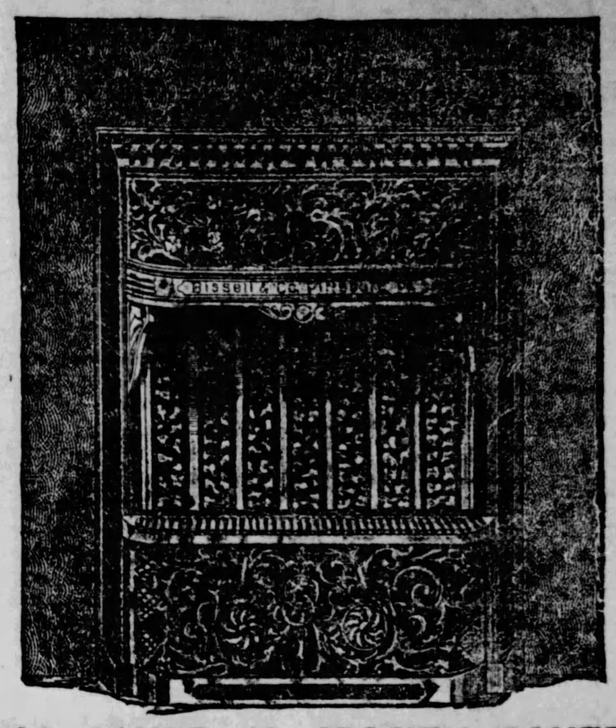
A BURNT CHILD
DREADS THE FIRE.

When customers return regularly and confidently to our house, isn't it good evidence that they are satisfied? Our books show the names of many customers who have been with us since we started. Sentiment has nothing to do with it; it's business, and they like to do business where they get the BEST PHOTOGRAPHS for the least money.

Van Loo & Trost
328 Summit St.

The Star That Leads Them All.

A first-class high arm high grade machine with all attachments, for $60. No money required until you have examined machine. Send for Catalogue and full particulars. Warranted five years. J. M. HAYES, 608 Cherry street, city. Full line of Pianos and Organs, at bottom prices.



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SEE THIS GAS HEATER.
BRIGGS & LEIBIUS, 307 SUMMIT ST.

SEE OUR LINE OF BRIC-A-BRAC.

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OUR $3.00 SHOES
FOR
Ladies and Gentlemen
Are Unsurpassed
In Beauty and Style.

Ladies' Cloth Tops, Front Lace, Square or Opera or Derby Lasts.

Men's—In a dozen styles and perfect in every detail.

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Reinhart & Murphy,
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STEINWAY, CHICKERING, PIANOS Gildemeister & Kroeger Kurtzmann, Stuyvesant,
311 SUPERIOR ST. C. J. WOOLLEY & CO

MISSED HIS FOOTING.

Every man misses his footing who does not bring his foot to our store to be fitted with our excellent men's shoes. He misses an opportunity to be elegantly, comfortably and economically shod with shoes that are guaranteed to wear a long time and give plenty of satisfaction. Many firms are charging a dollar more for the same quality. It's hard to believe this until you have tried ours. Their wear and comfort will soon convince you that we understate the fact. One thing we are certain of. If you try our shoes once we can rely upon your future custom. People who "let well alone" always come to us after the first purchase.

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TOLEDO Business AND Shorthand School.
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ARITHMETIC!
IS THE BASIS OF A PRACTICAL BUSINESS EDUCATION. MR. DAVIS TEACHES THE SUBJECT IN BOTH THE DAY AND EVENING SESSIONS.
Toledo Business College
M. H. DAVIS, Prin.

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We always carry a good assortment of goods suitable for wedding or birthday presents, in China, Glassware, Lamps and Bric-a-Brac, and at all prices.

H. SCHAEFER & CO.
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Phone 614. Second Door from Jefferson.

HADN'T YOU BETTER SEE HILL BROS'.

Line of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Fine Shoes and Party Slippers at 333 SUPERIOR STREET

You Are Always Sure of Getting

A GOOD CIGAR!
. . . AT MY STORE . . .
Special Low Price for Box Trade.
. . . W. K. WEST

The Sun Is Not Brighter
than the woman who buys her
Dishes
of
The Hassenzahl Crockery Co
BLACK AND GOLD FRONT.

The Toledo Bee

BY THE TOLEDO BEE CO

THE DAILY BEE, Five Dollars a year, ten cents a week. Eight pages every day.

THE WEEKLY BEE, One Dollar a year, eight pages, eight columns each.

Home office in New Bee Building, 326 St. Clair Street; New York Office, room 206, Potter Building, opposite postoffice.

Telephones, Editorial 355; Counting Room 102

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For President,
GROVER CLEVELAND.
For Vice-President,
ADLAI E. STEVENSON.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

For Secretary of State,
W. A. TAYLOR, of Franklin.
For Judge of Supreme Court (long term),
JOHN J. DRIGGS, of Monroe.
For Judge of Supreme Court (short term),
THOMAS BEER, of Crawford.
For Clerk of Supreme Court,
WILLIAM H. WOLFE, of Fairfield.
For Member State Board of Public Works,
J. N. MYERS, of Hamilton.

For Congressman,
BYRON F. RITCHIE, Lucas.

For Circuit Judge,
CHARLES H. SCRIBNER.

For Common Pleas Judge,
PRESTON C. HUDSON, of Lucas.

COUNTY TICKET.

Recorder—Jacob Kohn.
Commissioner—Luther C. Gibbs.
Infirmary Director—Joseph Gates.
Surveyor—William G. Root.

Next registration day is Thursday, October 20.

Corbett has had the call in Toledo today. He's a great boy.

Van Loon seems to be puzzling the penitentiary officials as much as he did the jury.

Every candidate on the democratic ticket, from president to infirmary director, is worthy of support.

Toledo has gained considerable of an unenviable record during the past week, as a result of the council bribery trial.

Methodist churches throughout the land will unite in Columbian services to-morrow as a fitting opening of world's fair week.

Just as was thought. Governor Ashley refuses to debate with Byron Ritchie. He thus lets loose of the hot end of the poker.

It is an imperative duty on the part of every democrat to register. The man who fails in this duty injures himself and his party.

Blaine was routed out of his hole at Ophir farm yesterday long enough to make a speech. James G. is evidently wildly enthusastic this time.

The communication from the pen of Thomas Taylor, the well known Toledo mill man, will prove interesting reading to all students of current affairs.

The people of Toledo should take more than ordinary interest in the Columbian exercises next Friday. There are many lessons to be learned from the day.

Under a reform police board, such as Toledo is now supposed to have, crime should be almost completely eradicated, but this does not appear to be the case.

Henry Watterson, true to his nature, has agreed to step in and do the orating at Chicago next week. Watterson is a ready man and is handy to have around.

The races at the Exposition grounds warrant a much larger attendance. More Toledo people go to Vienna and Bowling Green meetings, seemingly, than attend their own.

Organized labor of Toledo and vicinity will gather in Odd Fellows' temple tomorrow afternoon to consider matters of interest. It is more than likely that there will be a large attendance.

The fact that the first day's registration is considered favorable to the democracy should not lessen the efforts of democrats to get their neighbors to register. The larger the majority the better.

The idea of Andrew Carnegie writing a book on the industrial problems of the day is a good one. "Ruined Homestead, or A Tale of Pinkerton Thuggery," would not be an inappropriate title for the effusion.

There is every prospect that M. D. Harter will defeat E. G. Johnson in the Mansfield district. Mr. Harter is a national character, and would make a far better representative in congress than Johnson could hope to be.

Mr. Byron Ritchie will open the campaign at Oak Harbor on Monday evening. There is a treat in store for the good people of Ottawa county. Hon. L. C. Cole, of Bowling Green, will accompany Mr. Ritchie.

In Bandmaster D. W. Reeves, of Providence, R. I., who is to succeed the late P. S. Gilmore, the company has secured a musician of much note, but it will probably take some time before he reaches the fame achieved by the deceased leader.

Judge Scribner has honored the circuit bench for nearly six years. This district has three judges who have the confidence of the people. There ought not to be a change now. Mr. Scribner will be elected, notwithstanding the apparently adverse majority.

The election of Mr. John E. Gunckel as commodore of the Ohio Yacht club will mark a new era in the history of this popular social organization. He has the push and energy requisite to advance every interest connected with it. He will undoubtedly prove the right man in the right place.

The verdict in the Daly trial was reached in short order by the jury. The fact that this end was reached so suddenly is in a measure evidence of the feeling of the community in the matter. The effect of the whole investigation will be to bring about a purer condition in the transaction of public business.

Governor Ashley, notwithstanding his promise to the contrary, has begun the fat-frying process among the office-holders. The county officers have been taxed from $150 upwards, and they are in rebellion against what they term an imposition. Ashley promised before receiving the nomination that he would have no fat-frying in his, but he evidently feels that, notwithstanding his barrel, he will not be able to pull through unless backed by financial assistance from republican office-holders. Manager Southard has demanded a prompt response to his appeal for aid, and the future will have thorny paths for those who refuse to come to time.

THOMAS A. TAYLOR'S VIEWS.

The conversion of Thomas A. Taylor, of this city, to the democratic doctrine of tariff reform is a significant sign of the times. His reasons for supporting Cleveland and Stevenson, as published elsewhere in this issue, are well worthy the careful consideration of every voter. Mr. Taylor is a successful business man, whose practical experience as proprietor of the Manhattan Flouring Mills, places him in position where business judgment reinforces and corroborates the hard-earned experience of a busy and prosperous mercantile life.

Whether it is true or not, as expressed by the French philosopher, that the people are always right, it is a fact that testimony such as that furnished by Mr. Taylor may be taken as a safe and sure guide in matters pertaining to the prosperity and welfare of the country.

CHANGE OF OWNERSHIP.

A change in the stock ownership of the Toledo Bee company went into effect last night, Messrs. F. P. Chapin, one of the owners, and A. Stuart, purchasing the interest formerly held by Messrs. Elmer White and G. G. Hadley.

The policy of the Bee, in accordance with the political faith of its present owners, will be reliably democratic, and will vigorously support the nominees of the party. It will continue its efforts to aid in the election of Grover Cleveland in the present campaign.

On all subjects outside of the political arena it will endeavor to exercise a spirit of independence and fairness, with an eye single to the general welfare of the community.

Mr. White retires from the company with the best wishes of his former associates.

Mr. Stuart is not a stranger to Toledo. He resided here some years ago when a member of the firm of Stuart, Chapin & Co., tobacco manufacturers. Mr. Stuart will shortly remove his family to Toledo, and become actively identified with the business interests of the city.

TOLEDO'S TOM TAYLOR

Writes on the Political Issues of the Day.

He Says Every Miller Should Be a Democrat and Vote for Cleveland.

The Chicago Herald has the following of interest to Toledoans:

Toledo, O., Oct. 12.—Editor of the Herald: I am a republican, but I cannot vote for Harrison and Reid. I am a republican because I believe in the theory that these United States constitute a nation with a big N. I cannot vote for Harrison and Reid because I am bitterly opposed to the high protective policy. This policy not only hinders the progress of the industry in which I am engaged, viz.: the manufacture of wheat flour, but it actually has a tendency to paralyze it.

The milling industry of America has entirely outgrown its present market territory, while it has not outgrown the supply of the raw material. During the past cereal year the exports of wheat and wheat flour from the United States aggregated about 220,000,000 bushels, while only about one-quarter of this vast quantity of wheat was exported in the form of the manufactured article. This was not because there was not ample milling capacity in the United States to manufacture more flour. Reference to the milling journals of each week and month of the past cereal year reveals the fact that trade was dull and unprofitable.

The American millers' market was and is confined to its home market, Great Britain, Holland and South American and West Indies points, while the great buyers of American wheat last year were France and Germany, into whose markets the American miller was not permitted to enter. And why? Simply because high tariff legislation on our part has encouraged retaliatory high tariff legislation by France and Germany whereby the import duty upon American flour into those countries has been made prohibitory. The French miller can and does come without restriction to the American miller's very mill door, and puts a premium upon the raw material, thus tying the hands of the American miller.

This condition of things exists to-day, and will continue to exist so long as these high tariff fences are kept up around us. It seems to me absurd that three-quarters of our wheat exports should go out of the country as raw material when we consider the thousands of men who might be furnished employment in the working up of this vast quantity of raw material into the manufactured article, to say nothing of the other thousands of men who might be indirectly employed in the manufacture of cotton goods with which to furnish the sacks for this vast quantity of flour, the the other thousands who would be needed to make these goods up into sacks, and the other thousands who might be employed to furnish cooperage all the way from the wood in the forest to the cooper-shop inclusive. Talk about protection! The American miller is protected with a minus before the word. He is not only not protected, but he is discriminated against. This is true, because our government's policy operates against him and in favor of the foreign miller, who can come and take the American miller's raw material away from him and put it to advantage, where he cannot put to that same advantage his manufactured product.

I will admit that progress has been made in the milling industry in America during the past 20 years, but it has been in spite of the high protective policy. It has been by the invention of labor-saving machinery; it has been by running our mills 24 hours per day; it has been by employing men at moderate wages and requiring them to work 12 hours per day, and half of them 12 hours at night time. It is by such onerous methods that the American miller has thus far been able to hold his own and make some progress. But of late he has not been able to maintain himself even by resorting to the above mentioned methods, hence he is now working in the direction of combination and consolidation, vide the recent Minneapolis and New York combines.

Protection does not protect the American miller. It discriminates against him in that it limits his territory and does not prevent the foreign buyer from taking away his raw material and putting it where he cannot put his manufactured product. I am not afraid that a democratic administration will endanger the national theory, because we have already had one democratic administration since the war and no such danger attended it. Therefore I propose to vote for Cleveland and Stevenson. I hope all republicans, either directly or indirectly connected with the milling industry, will either vote for Cleveland and Stevenson or at least refrain from voting for Harrison and Reid.

THOMAS A. TAYLOR.

GREAT COMBINATION.

Sheriff Stuart and Ex-Street Commissioner Gribbin

Enter in a Business Partnership—They Buy Out a Large Lumber Interest.

Sheriff John B. Stuart and ex-Street Commissioner James Gribbin have entered into a business partnership.

They have just returned from a trip to Irvine, Ky., where they bought out a large lumber interest, including 1,800 acres of fine timber lands, plaing mills, etc.

"I am out of politics," Mr. Stuart said to a Bee last evening. "It does not pay and I will be glad to get out of this office."

This will be interesting news to many republican aspirants for the sheriff's easy chair.

The Bee wishes Messrs. Stuart & Gribbin the height of success in their new departure.

THE OLD BROTHER ACT.

An Actor and Actress Try to Work It in Toledo.

The Victim Lured to the New York House,

When the Supposed Brother Breaks Into the Room and Makes a Scene—A Detective, Who Happened To Be In the Building, Breaks Up the Game.

Quite a sensation was created on St. Clair street last evening by the attempt of an actor and actress to blackmail or flim-flam a traveling man out of money by working the old brother and sister act, or sometimes called the wayward wife and the injured husband racket. At any rate it is worked the same, no matter what the name or relations of the man and woman are.

It has been worked many times in larger cities, but never before has such a team turned up in Toledo. The modus operandi is as follows:

A woman meets some stranger on the street, forces an acquaintance, entices him to her room, and gets some money out of him. Just then a man rushes in, tears his hair, threatens to kill the frightened victim, bemoans the loss of his wife's honor, despairs at his own disgrace, laments at his injuries, and finally, after chocking the victim into submission, tells him that such and such a sum of money will act as a soothing balm to his lacerated feelings. Nine times out of ten the victim pays up. The more respectable he is the quicker he pays, as he don't care to stand the disgrace of the threatened exposure. Such is the game. It was worked in Toledo as follows:

Kittie Weber, an actress, and Chas. J. Mack, a comedian, are playing at Dixon's theater this week. Their salaries are not princely, perhaps, and they thought to make a little on the outside. So they fix up the scheme. Kittie started out. She is a pretty, vivacious brunette of eighteen summers, with mild child-like eyes, a prettily turned head, clothed in an abundance of dark-brown curling hair, falling just to her shoulders. She wore a neat blue gown, and a Tam O'Shanter hat sat jauntily on one side of her head. She looked innocent enough. Well, she fell in with a traveling man from Pemberville and started a flirtation. They met. The traveling man was infuated—such a sweet innocent confiding girl. She was poor, she said, and needed ten dollars to buy a winter wrap.

"Can't I give you ten dollars?" asked the traveling man, thinking to square himself.

Kittie didn't like to take the money, but did. He was such a kind man, wouldn't he come to her room, and they would have a nice, quiet visit—such a pleasure, you know, to meet such agreeable people, etc., etc.

The couple went to the New York house on St. Clair street and went up in a room. They had been there but a short time when the girl went to the window and gave a low whistle. She had commenced to disrobe when there was a crash, the door of the room was forced open and Comedian Mack rushed excitedly in. He grappled with the traveling man, caught him by the throat and pushed him in the corner.

"You will ruin my little sister, will you? I'll kill you, you — — —"

Whack!!

Whack!!

"What do you mean by carrying off little girls, you brute?"

"I'll put the law on you and send you to the penitentiary, you villain."

My poor sister wronged, ruined, disgraced. Oh! ah! ah! I must have revenge; blood! blood! that's what I want—blood! ! !

Now comes a strange part of the story. Detective Nichter was in the house at the time and happened to go up to the parlor. He heard the crash, swearing and threats, followed the direction from whence they came, and came abruptly upon the scene above described.

He took in the situation at a glance and with Detective Hall arrested all parties before the victim was fleeced further. Mack was given $25 and costs and 10 days in the workhouse, in police court this morning, and the girl, Kittie, was severely lectured by Judge Sala and given some wholesome advice and discharged. She left the court room in tears and promised to sin no more.

ASHLEY FLUNKS.

The Political Acrobat Refuses Ritchie's Challenge.

Southard, in the Name of the Committee, Respectfully Declines—The Correspondence In Full.

The political acrobat is not in it.

He absolutely refuses to meet Byron F. Ritchie in a political discussion.

The following is the correspondence on the subject, and it places Mr. Ashley in a rather weak light before the voters:

Toledo, O., Oct. 10, 1892.

Mr. James H. Southard, Chairman Republican Executive Committee, Lucas County, O.

Dear Sir: A letter, a copy of which is added hereto, was handed me this day. Will you at your earliest convenience, enter into arrangements with me to carry out this request?

Respectfully yours,
D. H. COMMAGER,
Ch'n Dem. Ex. Com., Lucas Co., O.

Toledo, O., Oct. 8, 1892.

Hon. D. H. Commager, Chairman Democratic Executive Committee, Lucas County, O.:

Dear Sir: Will you kindly see if an arrangement can be made with the republican executive committee of this county, whereby Hon. J. M. Ashley, republican candidate for congress, and myself, may be allowed to meet once in each county in this district for a joint discussion of the issues now before the public.

Very respectfully,
BYRON F. RITCHIE.

Toledo, O., Oct. 14, 1892.

Hon. D. H. Commager, Chairman Democratic Executive Committee:

Dear Sir: In answer to yours of the 10th inst., will say that the proposition for a joint political discussion between the candidates for congress in this district is respectfully declined.

J. H. SOUTHARD,
Chairman Campaign Com., Lucas Co.

ARE STILL ALARMED.

Coffeyville Citizens Do Not Forget the Danger.

Coffeyville, Kas., Oct. 15.—A restless spirit still pervades this town, but an attack from survivors of the Dalton gang is no longer expected.

Yesterday a rumor to the effect that another train on the Missouri Pacific road had been robbed near here created considerable excitement.

It arose from the fact that some tramps had broken open a depot and stolen some canned goods. It was reported, too, that a body of armed men was camped in a bunch of scrub oaks about four miles west of town; also that armed men had left a train at Deering Thursday night and were coming this way. All lack confirmation. Robert and William Dalton and their mother are still here and claim to know nothing of these rumors.

DON'T RUB OFF THE ENAMEL

Of the teeth with gritty preparations. The teeth are too valuable to be trifled with. When gone, you must have false ones or "gum" yourself through life. Use SOZODONT, which contains no grit. It cleanses the mouth and vitalizes the secretions.

Bedroom Suits. A mammoth stock of endless varieties at any prices wanted. STOLBERG & PARKS.

COMMISSIONER PLATT

Summarizes the World's Fair Sunday Closing Petitions From Ohio.

Hon. H. P. Platt, of this city, one of Ohio's world's fair commissioners has summarized the petitions received from the various cities and towns in the state asking that the big fair be closed on Sunday and that the sale of intoxicants be prohibited on the grounds. It seems, according to the petition, that 23,000 people in the state are in favor of so doing, as that number of names appears on the 250 petitions received by Mr. Platt.

Commissioner Platt leaves for Chicago Monday to be present at the exercises of next week, and will submit the petitions at the regular meeting of the commissioners.

A CELEBRATION

By the Catholic Club Will be Held Thursday the 20th.

The committee of the Catholic club are preparing a fine program for their meeting next Thursday evening at Friendship hall. The president, Mr. McDonnell, will deliver an oration upon Columbus. Dr. Monroe will favor the occasion with a patriotic recitation. A chorus of mixed voices will sing the national anthems. Some of the finest pianists in the city are to perform duetts, comprising a medley of national airs. Other attractions may be added. Altogether an enjoyable time is expected. Members have the privilege of inviting their friends for that evening.

FAT FRYING.

Ashley Demands Boodle or Blood.

The County and City Officials Refuse To Be Bled—Some Newsy Political Notes.

Jim Southard is personally making a canvas for money among the republican city and county officials.

The following is said to be the assessment levied:

County clerk	$250
Sheriff	200
County treasurer	450
County recorder	150
County commissioners, each	100
Common pleas judge	150
County auditor	150

With two exceptions the calls have failed to elicit a response and will get none.

"Mr. Ashley said before his nomination that he wanted no financial backing," one of the victims said to a Bee this morning. "It is a h—l of a note that Ashley with his barrel and a majority of 1,800 can't pull through without us. I'll be d—d if I stand it."

"What is the cause for the call, do you know?"

"Southard says it is going to be hard sledding. Ashley is going to lose 300 votes in Fulton, and here in Lucas the railroad men are making a red-hot fight on him, so Southard is scared."

Yesterday a well-known young business man called upon Jim Ashley, jr., with a letter of introduction from a Summit street merchant.

"I don't want to see your letter," Jim said, in his usually emphatic, but not very explicit way. "It's money you're after."

Jim Ashley' sr., won't get that man's vote.

Mr. Thomas Taylor was seen by a Bee this morning in relation to his letter renouncing republicanism printed elsewhere in this paper.

"The letter is correct," Mr. Taylor said. "I wrote what I meant. The present tariff undoubtedly helps some industries, but it does so at the expense of others. The miller and the farmer is the chief victim."

CRESPO RECOGNIZED.

The United States Government Takes Action.

New York, Oct. 15.—A cable to the Herald from Caracas, Venezuela, says: "United States Minister Scruggs has received a cable dispatch from Secretary of State Foster at Washington, authorizing him to recognize the government of Gen. Crespo if he deems it stable and acceptable to the people of Venezuela.

THE TRUSTEES

Of the Toledo Boys' Home Held The Regular Meeting.

The regular meeting of the trustees of the Toledo Boys' Home was held at the home on Illinois street, Friday afternoon.

The visiting committee appointed for the ensuing week is as follows: Monday, Mrs. Parmelee; Tuesday, Mrs. T. C. Le Baron; Wednesday, Miss Ella Ford; Thursday, Mrs. T. C. Pheatt; Friday, Mrs. C. M. Whitaker; Saturday, Mrs. Parsons.

The trustees are exceedingly grateful for donations received, and hope for others, as more clothing is needed.

Such a very small gift of money or clothing from the well-to-do families of Toledo would keep these orphan boys warm and comfortable.

AFTER INSURANCE MONEY.

New York, Oct. 15.—An attempt was made this morning to burn the large tenement, 130 Attorney street, for the sake of insurance money, and the lives of a number of human beings were thereby jeopardized. The fire started in the barber shop of Abraham Katz, on the ground floor, but was extinguished before any serious loss had been done. The 19 families that had apartments in the building had been aroused by the cry of fire and fled into the street, making their escape by means of the fire escapes and stairways. An investigation by the fire marshal revealed unmistakable evidence that the fire was of incendiary origin. In some of the drawers of the barber shop were found a quantity of rags saturated with kerosene. Katz has not been arrested, but it is thought he will be.

TERRIBLE DISASTER PREDICTED.

Chicago, Oct. 15.—Rev. Andrew Jones, a stalwart looking colored preacher, is drawing crowded audiences of colored people to the African Methodist Episcopal church by a series of startling prophesies. He predicts chiefly a terrible disaster to Chicago, involving the crumbling of tall buildings and a sanguinary flood. In an interview he claimed to have been arrested in Pittsburg as crazy when three months in advance foreshadowing the Johnstown calamity.

GAS AND OIL NEAR CHICAGO.

Chicago, Oct. 15.—The suburb of Glencoe is excited over the discovery of gas and oil in the vicinity. An artesian well at a depth of 150 feet disclosed oil which shot up to a height of 30 feet above the surface. When the flow subsided gas was emitted, which burned for two days and nights. The price of land from $500 an acre has advanced to $3,000. Ossian Guthrie, a well-known geologist, thinks the find only a small pocket, which has now exhausted itself.

CASE OF T. W. MANN.

Nyack, N. Y., Oct. 15.—Judge Dykman has granted a stay in the case of Thomas W. Mann, who was to be tried next Monday for the murder of Frank Reynhardt, at Suffern, last month, in the Rockland county court. The stay is granted pending argument of the motion by the prisoner's attorney, S. Tompkins, to have the case removed to the circuit court on the ground that the court of sessions is not competent to decide the intricate questions of law which might arise during the trial.

FOUND DEAD.

Providence, R. I., Oct. 15.—Wm. A. Barker, a wealthy and aged citizen of this place, was found on the railroad track near East Greenwich early this morning mutilated and dead. He was last seen at 5 o'clock yesterday at Davisville, walking toward East Greenwich, and is supposed to have been run over by a train during the night. He was 83 years of age, unmarried, and worth about $100,000.

ELLIOTT PENDLETON DEAD.

Cincinnati, Oct. 15.—Elliott Hunt Pendleton, brother of ex-United States Minister to Germany Pendleton, died at his residence here last night. He was a prominent and wealthy citizen.

IN A SOCIAL WAY.

Personal Gossip Relative to Toledoans

And Their Guests, Besides the Coming and Goin of People in Whom Bee Readers Have an Interest.

Col. Bunker is out of the city.

T. H. Feible, of New York, is in the city.

Miss Wales spent Friday in Bowling Green.

Mrs. S. W. Nettleton has returned from Detroit.

Mrs. Morgan, of Segur avenue, is among the sick.

Mrs. James Myers has returned from Cleveland.

Mrs. J. S. Eck is entertaining friends from Hillsdale.

The Ys attended the asylum dance in a body last evening.

Miss Claire Irvine spent a few days of this week in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome H. Russell leave for Chicago next week.

B. H. Whitney returned home Wednesday after a week's absence.

Mrs. C. Auchard is expected home from a sojourn in Michigan next week.

Judge Rouse has returned from a pleasant visit in Hudson and Ravenna.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Stewart entertained at 5 o'clock dinner this afternoon.

Mr. M. G. Bloch is home from a three-weeks' visit in the south and west.

Mrs. W. H. Whitaker and Miss Kate Whitaker leave for Cleveland to-day.

The marriage of Miss Cobb, of Broadway, to Mr. Barton ocurrs next week.

Mrs. Riddle and Mrs. Green, of North Baltimore, are visiting Toledo friends.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Shaw go to Chicago to enjoy the Columbian festivities.

Mrs. Halleran, of Madison street, leaves for a California tour the coming week.

Miss Gertrude Gifford will visit her sister, Miss Electa Gifford, of Chicago, next week.

Mrs. A. E. Rood has so far recovered from her injury as to be able to be out again.

The marriage of Miss Cora Peck and Mr. Frank Heyer will occur next Wednesday evening.

Mr. Chas. E. Spayd contemplates building a modern and elegant home on Parkwood avenue.

Mrs. T. F. Randolph will visit her father at Panama, N. Y., before returning to Toledo.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hadley have issued invitations for a reception on the 20th of this month.

Mrs. Miller, of Twelfth street, is in Philadelphia, after a pleasant visit with Harrisburg friends.

Miss Hattie Levy, of Jackson, and Mrs. Wkenhein and daughters, of Bay City, are guests at Mr. A. Cohen's.

Invitations are out announcing the marriage of Miss Bessie Cummings and Mr. Cornell Walbridge for October 27.

Miss Zora Wheeler leaves for Racine, Wis., this evening, where she will be a bridesmaid at the Milburn wedding.

Mrs. Judge Lemmon was visitor of the free kindergarten of Adams Mission, conducted by the Unitarian ladies, the past week.

Miss Emma L. Boice has issued invitations for a musical "At Home" next Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Eugenia Baldwin.

Mrs. T. H. DeVeaux, of Hotel Niagara, is entertaining Mrs. Simmeon Inman, of Upper Sandusky, and Mrs. H. G. Lea, of Nevada.

Mrs. Van Renselar, of Maumee, of the board of visitors of Lucas County Children's home, visited Toledo friends the past week.

Prof. Wells, a teacher of long and successful experience in Syracuse, N. Y., is giving instruction in penmanship in Toledo schools.

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln will be among the Chicago visitors next week; also Mrs. Tom Cone, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bonner, and Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Irvine.

Invitations are out announcing the wedding of Miss Mary Kennedy and Mr. Michael Driscoll. Their many friends will wish for them much happiness.

Miss Manness, of Toronto, who has been the guest of the Mesdames Eck, has gone to Cleveland expecting to again visit Toledo friends before her return home.

Mrs. Nogal, a graduate of the training school of the Law kindergarten, has accepted the position of teacher at the Protestant Episcopal Mission church, East Toledo.

Mr. C. E. Case, so long connected as train dispatcher with the telegraph industries, has changed his business, having connected himself with the Blade Printing and Paper company.

Prof. Kibbe gave his second social hop at the academy last evening. There was a large attendance and a merry evening was enjoyed. The Harvard, a new and artistic dance, was introduced.

Mrs. E. S. Fray, Mrs. T. S. Bissell and Mrs. M. Kline, visiting board of Lucas County Charity and Correctional institutions, were summoned to police court several days last week to hear cases of alleged cruelty and theft, which children were accused of having committed. Their report to the superior courts will soon be presented.

An artistic and enjoyable reception was given at the First Congregational church last evening by the working band of the church. Long tables were spread with snowy linen and laden with dainty refreshments. During the evening Miss Rose Clouse and Miss Nina Price rendered some excellent instrumental and vocal music which was greatly appreciated.

The Young Ladies' Sewing circle was entertained by Miss Marguerite Jones, of Nebraska avenue, last evening, the occasion being a pleasant one. Among the guests were the Misses Susie Chandler, Anna Ladan, Mayme Fournier, Marguerite O'Connor, Nora Sugrah, Nora Fitzgerald, Sarah Van Buren, Libbie McOllan, Anna Heinl, Lizzie Doran, Mayme McGrath, Frances Heinl and others.

Miss Alta Beard was tendered a pleasant surprise Thursday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Alvah Hooper, of Oakwood avenue. Among the guests were Rev. and Mrs. O. D. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Ven Hellen, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Eckhardt, Mr. and Mrs. Sprague, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. France, Mr. and Mrs. Roshong, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H Lovekin, and the Misses Anna Van Etten, Bertha Henline, Jessie Haskins, Louise King, Florence Hooper, and Messrs. Will Schuerman, George C. Stuhl, and Edwin Armstrong.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Smith, Sylvania, occurred the marriage of their daughter, Rena, to Dallas Southard, of West Toledo. Rev. A. L. Hopkins tied the nuptial knot. The wedding was a quiet but pretty one, the relatives and intimate friends only, being present. The bride was becomingly attired in steel colored silk with lace and ribbon garniture and carried bride's roses. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. George Morris and Miss Morris, of Caledonia, Ont., and Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Smith and family, of Maumee. The happy couple have the best wishes of a host of friends.

PRAIRIE FIRES.

Much Damage Is Reported to Have Been Done.

Winnipeg, Man., Oct. 15.—Calgary advices state that the prairie fires have done an immense amount of damage in that neighborhood during the past few days. The country has been fire swept from the Bow river to Red Deer, in the north, and from Dog Pond, in the west, to Calgary and Edmonton railway in the east.

Thousands of tons of hay, many buildings, cattle, and probably a number of lives have been lost in the flames. Owing to the high winds the flames spread with great rapidity. Men hauling hay had to unhitch their horses and ride for their lives. The best hay districts in the northwest have been burned over. The conflagration is supposed to have originated in a hunters' camp.

DIDN'T GET $30,000.

Canton, Oct. 15.—The jury in the Snyder-Albright retrusal a verdict for the defendant. The attorney for the plaintiff immediately filed notice for a new trial, and commenced arguing it to-day.

Comparative Tests.

Royal Baking Powder
Purest and Strongest.

Dr. PETER COLLIER, late Chemist-in-Chief of the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., having analyzed the chief brands of baking powder,

Reports the Royal Baking Powder the greatest in leavening strength,

Yielding over 27 per cent. more gas than the average of the others tested. Dr. Collier adds: "I have made many analyses of various brands of baking powders and

"I have always found the Royal composed of pure and wholesome ingredients.

"Peter Collier, M. D., Ph. D."

'April 2, 1892."

LAKE MARINE.

TOLEDO PORT LIST.

Arrivals.

Stmr. Messenger, Monroe, light.
Stmr. United Lumberman, Byng Inlet, lumber.
Schr. Dolly Worden, Byng Inlet, lumber.
Schr. West Side, Oswego, coal.
Prop. Transfer, Monore, light.
Stmr. Laura D., Detroit, light.
Schr. Tosca, Detroit, light.

Clearances.

Schr. Dolly Worden, Byng Inlet, light.
Stmr. United Lumberman, Byng Inlet, light.
Prop. Transfer, Oscoda, coal.
Br. Tug W. F. McRae, Point Edward, light.
Schr. Tosca, St. Ignace, coal.
Schr C. B. Benson, Buffalo, wheat.
Stmr. Arundell, Detroit, pass, mdse.

Sault Ste. Marie, Oct. 15.—Up—Iron Duke, Iron State, 8:30 last night; Germanic, Hutchinson, 6:30 a. m.

Down—Pathfinder, 11:30 last night; V. H. Ketcham, Mecosta, 11; Prentice, Middlesex, Halstead, midnight; Majestic, 12:30 a. m.; Tom Adams, Ceylon, 2:30; Rogert, Holland, Stephenson, Parana, Northern King, Alberta, 5; Spinner, Shawnee, Godfrey, 6:30; Bulgaria, Northwest, 7:30; Northerner, 104, 9:30.

Mackinaw, Oct. 15.—Down—Danforth, Henry Packer, Tacoma, 11:30 last night; Hinchman, 11:40; Isabella, Boyce and consort, 12:15 a. m.; Elgin, 12:40; Conestoga, 4; Philip Minch, 6:20; Spry and consort, 7:30; Harlem, 8:30; Buffalo, 9:20.

Up—North Cape, Andaste, 11 last night; Robert Mills, 1:15 a. m.; Pilsbury, 10:20. At anchor—Saveland. Wind southwest; foggy.

Lime Kilns, Oct. 15.—Down—Swallow, 10:30 last night; Olympia, 11:40; Missoula, 12:30 a. m.; Corsica, 1 a. m.; Moran, 1:20; Fitzgerald, Aztec and consort, 2:20; Wissahickon, 2:30; Hodge, 4:30; Germanic and barges, 5:50; Saxon, Stewart and barges, 7:40; Benton and barges, 8; Iron Age and consort, Hackett, Brown, 9:50; Curtis and consort, 10:30; Marina, 11.

Up—Juniata, 10:30 last night; Topeka, Vail, Baltic, 11; John Clark, Red, White, Blue, 1 a. m.; Manola, 5; Servia, consort, 5:30; Mineral Rock, barges, 5:40; Iron Chief, consort, 6; Forbes, Gealette, 8; Raleigh, Tokio, Galatea, Hudson, 8:40; West, Smith and Post, Charlton, Agnes Reid, Keith, Selkirk, China, Egyptian, Winslow, 10:10; Caba, 10:20; North Wind, Hoboken, 10:50.

Grain Freights.

Chicago, Oct. 15.—Grain freights are in the rut with 2 1-2 cents for wheat to Buffalo, with no change in sight. The supply of boats to-day is somewhat limited.

Trunk Lines Blocked.

Buffalo, Oct. 15.—The trunk lines in both grain and package freight are nearly blocked. The Union Line has stopped receiving grain at Chicago altogether. Cars are extremely scarce. Chicago coal rate has advanced to 75 cents, and the Lyon, Hiawatha, Foster and several more boats were put in advance.

Getting Through the Canal.

Sault Ste. Marie, Oct. 15.—Ninety-six boats locked through yesterday, being the largest on record. All American boats report at the custom house before locking. The water has raised to 14 feet 7 inches, allowing loaded boats to lock through. The steamer Onoko is still lightering.

The Street Sold.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 15.—The steamer Charles A. Street was sold by W. A. Loutit and others to H. M. Loud & Sons of Oscoda, for $40,000. The steamer E. C. Pipe loaded 120,000 bushels of wheat at South Chicago on a clean draft of 15 feet 11 inches.

Port Huron, Oct. 15.—Down—Curtis and consort, Saxon, 11 last night; Starke Arnold, Anderson, Hackett, Clark and barges, 3 a. m.; Pilgrim, Marina, 4; Mt. Clemens, Mariska, Monarch, 5; Japan, Root, 6; Kirby, Wallace and consort 7; John Mitchell, Fryer, 8; Britain and barges, 10.

Up—Chamberlain, Chicago, 11 last night; Wilson, Watchtown, Paris, Huron City, midnight; Drake, 1 a. m.; George Williams, Boston, Avon, 2; Pueblo, Pasagena and consort, 3; Yakima and consort, 5; Shrigley and consort, Canton, Rice, 6; Flora, Bielman, 7; Tokio, 8; Kersaw, Moonlight, Ironton, Gettysburg, Stevens, Volunteer, 9:30; Iroquois, Law, 10. Wind west, light.

Ore From Ashland.

Cleveland, Oct. 15.—The high Duluth grain rate has caused brokers to refuse $1.30 on ore from Ashland. Other rates unchanged.

Duluth, Oct. 15.—Steamer Neshto, recently wrecked on Keweenaw point, came out of dry dock to-day and is loading wheat for Buffalo.

Health Commissioners Enjoined.

Judge Lemmon in common pleas court to-day granted a temporary injunction restraining the police commissioners from tearing down the old building on the corner of Ottawa and Bridge streets known as Hotel Montreal. The injunction was granted on a suit filed by M. W. Williams, owner of the building, through his attorney, John F. Kumler. The defense alleges that the police board have no authority to demolish the building without paying for it.

MAVERICK BANK.

Boston, Oct. 15.—The receiver of the Maverick bank recently deposited $20,000 more at the sub-treasury on account of the bank's creditors, making in all $6,219,367 realized from the assets since the bank failed. The amount on balance now after payment of the 80 per cent. declared in dividends is over $300,000. This is more than enough to pay a four per cent. dividend.

HEAVY FAILURE.

Detroit, Mich., Oct. 15.—Charles Bobzein & Co., dealers in pianos, organs, and general musical merchandise, assigned to-day. Liabilities $100,000.

There are nearly 200,000 miles of railroad in the United States.

New York, Oct. 15.—George Jones, 28 years of age, the patrolman attached to the East Twenty-second street police station, who shot himself in the abdomen last night at his sister's residence in Brooklyn, died this morning in the eastern district hospital. The cause of the shooting was the death of the young woman to whom he was engaged.

The loss of flesh is a trifle. You think you need not mind it.

But, if you go on losing for some time or lose a good deal in a short time, you are running down. Is that a trifle?

Get back to your healthy weight and generally you get back to health.

A book on CAREFUL LIVING will tell you what it is to get there, and when Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is useful. Free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.
Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. 91.

Whoop! Whoop! Whoop!
DR. ROWSEY'S
Whooping Cough Remedy will surely stop it. For sale by all druggists, 30c per bottle.

MERCHANTS' AND CLERKS' SAVINGS BANK
338 SUMMIT ST., NEAR ADAMS.
Pays Interest Semi-Annually on Deposits. Safe Deposit Boxes to Rent in Burglar Proof Vault.
OLIVER S. BOND, Pres. J. E. BAILEY, Vice Pres.
E. LOUIS SCHOMBURG, Cashier.

"A woman best understands a woman's ills."

"To what recognition is a woman entitled whose sole ambition in life was to do good to others, and the fruit of whose labors has proved a blessing to the civilized world?"

"ONE BOTTLE BROUGHT ME OUT OF BED."

DEAR MADAM: BALTIMORE, OCT. 30, 1890.

Having seen your advertisement in Tuesday's paper, I have concluded to send for your book (entitled "Guide to Health and Etiquette"); inclosed find two 2-cent stamps. I have used your vegetable compound, and without mistake I believe it to be the best medicine ever used. I was prostrate; one bottle brought me out of bed, and three got me up so that I could do the housework. May you be as successful in the future as you have been in the past, for everybody gives praise to your medicine. Yours truly,

JOSEPHINE SCHOENBORN,

WORST FORM ECZEMA

Baffled Best Medical Skill for Eight Months. Cured in Two Months by Cuticura Remedies.

This is to certify that a child of mine had Eczema in its worst form, and which baffled the best medical skill that could be employed here. The little sufferer was wrapped in agony for at least eight months. Six months of that time its suffering was simply untold, then I began the use of the CUTICURA REMEDIES, in two months the awful disease had ceased its vengeance, and my darling boy had rest, and to all appearance the disease had yielded, but I continued the medicine for several months after no trace could be seen of it on any part of his body. The doctors here watched the disease with much interest, and could only say "Well done!" The case was known far and wide, and everybody was much surprised. But thanks to CUTICURA REMEDIES. Could there be anything on earth that would cause a father to rejoice it surely would be when the little innocent one could have such a remedy at hand. (See portrait herewith.)
J. A. NICOLES, Bunker Hill, Ind.

A child was brought to me with chronic eczema that had defied splendid treatment from many good doctors. As a regular M. D., should have continued similar treatment, but thought it useless. So put it on CUTICURAS. The child is well.
C. L. GURNEY, M. D., Doon, Ia.

Cuticura Resolvent

The new Blood and Skin Purifier, internally, and CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, the exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, instantly relieve and speedily cure every disease and humor of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to age, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c; SOAP, 35c; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.
Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases." 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S skin and scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

WEAK, PAINFUL BACKS, Kidney and Uterine Pains and Weaknesses, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the only instantaneous pain-killing plaster.

Every lady who has worn the "Onyx Dye" Hose knows the comfort of a perfect fitting, stainless stocking. In buying your hosiery of us you are sure to get only first-class qualities, qualities that represent every cent of your purchase money, colors that are absolutely fast, and blacks that are guaranteed stainless. We keep the celebrated "Onyx Dye" Hosiery and there are none made that are better.

Ladies' "Onyx Dye" Hose, medium weight, all sizes, only 25c.

Ladies' "Onyx Dye," heavy weight hose, all sizes, 25c.

Ladies' "Onyx Dye," fleece-lined hose, all sizes, 25c.

Ladies' Onyx Dye, heavy ribbed all wool hose, all sizes, 25c.

Children's medium weight, small ribbed hose, all sizes, 25c.

Children's heavy ribbed cotton hose, all sizes, 25c.

Children's all wool heavy weight hose, all sizes, 25c.

Boys' and Girls' heavy and medium weight bicycle hose, all sizes, only 25c.

These are Extra Good Values.

KIBBEY & DAVIES,

Between Transfer Stations. 318 Summit St.

Palace Furniture Store

M. BARTLETT,

618 JEFFERSON ST.

Holiday Goods

ARRIVING EVERY DAY.

Fancy Chairs,
Couches,
Boot Boxes,
Folding Tables

AND MANY OTHER NOVELTIES.

As we have no rent to pay, we will make prices much lower on that account. We ask you to inspect our goods and prices.

ELEGANT ETCHINGS

(NEW SUBJECTS.)

CHOICE WATER COLORS!

(FROM BEST ARTISTS.)

FRAMES TO ORDER

E. P. LELAND,

327 Superior St.

B. A. STEVENS

Cor. Erie, Lafayette and Lucas Streets.
Phone, - - 400.

Manufacturer of the Celebrated

KEDZIE WALTER FILTER

PRICES.

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
$5.50	$6.50	$7.75	$9.00	$10.00

Old Filters Repacked and Made as Good as New

Monday, September 5,

SCHOOL BEGINS.

We have added to our stock a complete assortment of School Books, Slates, Tablets, School Bags, Pencil Boxes, and other School Supplies.

Ernest Reeves & Co.

Successors to Nicholas & Buchanan.
Phone 1271. 223 SUMMIT ST.

PIANO, HARMONY, THEORY.

Miss Mary B. Hollister

Pupil of Martin Krause, Leipzig, Germany. Graduate of New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, under Otto Bendix, Carl Faelton, Louis Elson, Stephen Emory.
STUDIO NO. 20, HURON BLOCK.

At Freidman's

Music and Art Department

Can be found a complete line of Florentine Statuary Music Books, Music Rolls and a full line of standard Vocal and Instrumental sheet music, at 5c per copy. Catalogue free to any address. 506 Adams street, opposite Masonic Temple.

ROUND THE OPIUM LAMP

Jim Tells the Tragedy That Darkened His Life.

How He Came to Get Fourteen Years.

Had He Behaved Right to Ida "He'd Never Have Done That Long Bit" —A Story of the Days When "Good People Were Up Against the Dope in Mott Street."

"You haven't forgotten how to handle the yen-hok, Jim," said Frank the Kid, as he watched the cook deftly "chy" the pill above the tiny flame of the opium. "By the way, how did they ever nail you? I never got the rights of that story. I was out in Denver and nearly dropped dead when Jimmy Hannon wrote me you'd gone away for 14 years. There was some woman in it, wasn't there?"

"Yes," said Jim, slowly, as he passed over the pipe, "there was a woman in it. But she wasn't as much to blame as my own pig-headedness. If I'd treated her right I'd never done that long bit."

"That's right," said Jennie, as she playfully pulled the Kid's ear. "Some people want to put the blame of everything on the women."

"And they call the turn nine times out of ten," retorted the Kid. "But let's hear the story, Jim. Nobody seems to have it quite straight. I know you went away wrong on some job of Pete Reagan's, but where did the woman come in on the game?"

"Well," said Jim, "it's all of ten years ago now. I was working for Barney Maguire at the time, and I tell you they were great old times. There's as much difference between the sawdust business then and the game going on now as there is between night and day. We were in a basement on Sixth street, near Second avenue, and we'd run as high as ten suckers a day. It was a great grafting, and the gang was in clover. Maguire was making so much money he didn't know what to do with it. We were all up against the dope, and it was a great crowd that smoked at 4, 11 and 17 Mott street in those days. Almost any night you'd see Barney Maguire, Frank Maguire, his cousin; big George Butler, California Jack, Dick Cronin, Billy Ferguson, Fitz the Kid, 'Pretty Pinkie' and lots of other good people.

"Actors and actresses came down to Mott street then to go against the pipe, for there were no up-town joints. One night a young girl who played a small part in Steven's 'Unknown' came down. She was a nice little thing, white skin, reddish hair and big blue eyes. We cottoned to each other at once, and when the company went out on the road she wasn't with it. We got along splendidly for awhile. She got to hitting the pipe heavily—I never see a woman, or man either, for that matter, take to the dope the way she did. She was at it day and night. She'd be down in Sing's at 17 Mott street every afternoon. I'd meet her there at night and we'd never go home till daylight.

"After some time I noticed that whenever I'd get to Sing's I'd find Ida—that was her name—smoking with George Appo. You know him, don't you, a Chinese half-breed, son of Quimbo Appo, the Chinese murderer there was so much fuss over some 15 years ago? Well, Georgie was a petty-larceny grafter, and I had no use for him. I didn't like him to be smoking with Ida, but didn't think he was enough account to fuss about. But pretty soon the gang got kidding me on the steady company Ida was keeping. I didn't believe Ida would do me dirt, especially with a Chiok, but the jollying got me off and one morning when we got home I said to Ida:

"'George Appo is no friend of mine, Ida, and I'd sooner you'd smoke with any of the other boys when I'm not around.'

"Well, like all red-headed girls, she had a devil of a temper, and she just ripped out:

"'But I prefer to smoke with him.'

"I was only a kid in those days and knew nothing about women or handling them, and her answer just set me wild. So I said:

"'Let me catch you smoking with that Chink again and I'll smash that baby-face of yours and have nothing more to do with you.'

"She turned around with a proud look she could always put on, and said: 'You may do as you please about having anything to do with me, but don't ever lay a hand on me or you'll regret it.'

"'Just let me see you laying on the same bunk with him again,' was all I answered.

"George Butler and I had to meet a sucker in Philadelphia that day and it was late the following morning when I got to the joint. Ida had gone home. I smoked a few pills and then asked Tommy Wilson.

"'Who was Ida smoking with last night?'

"'She and George Appo had a lay-out between them,' he answered.

"'The gang kept kidding her that you were pinched and she went home early.

"I never said a word, but got my fill of dope and then went to the flat. Ida had just undressed and as she opened the door for me she threw her arms around me and said:

"'Oh, Jim, where have you been? The boys wouldn't tell me and I've been awful anxious.'

"I pushed her away and asked: 'What did I tell you about smoking with that Chink?'

"She put on that proud look of hers again, and said something about her right to smoke with anybody she liked as long as they treated her right. Well, it was the first time I ever struck a woman, but she set me crazy, and, getting hold of her long hair, I pounded her face until she was a sight. Then I let her sink to the floor, gave her a few kicks for good measure, and said: 'Get your traps out of here, you Chinese ——. I'm done with you.'

"She just lay on the floor with the blood flowing over her nightgown, and the carpet, and kept moaning: 'Oh, Jim! and I loved you so much. Oh, Jim!'

"I left her laying there and went to bed. When I got up in the afternoon she was gone. I went to the damper to see if she had taken the roll, but there wasn't a cent gone. I felt sorry for what I'd done and would have given a good many dollars to undo it. I had just got dressed when there came a knock at the door. 'There she is now.' I said to myself. I opened the door and my lady, with three Central Office people, came in. She raised her veil—you should have seen how her pretty face was bunged up—and said: 'You'll find what you want in the fireplace there.'

"Well, I tell you, I was paralyzed, for I knew I was done. Pete Reagan and Kid Carroll had turned off some big nabob and, getting leary, had given me the stuff to keep until the thing blew over. There was a lot of diamonds and jewelry, and Ida, seeing me bury the stuff, thought it was my job. She had hurried off to headquarters while I was asleep to get square for the punching.

"'I told you I'd make you regret it if you laid your hand on me,' she said, as the flatties closed in on me to put on the nippers before looking up the stuff. I managed to let a vase fly at her before they got me, just missing her nut by an inch. Well, they found the stuff all right, and were taking me out, when suddenly my lady went down on her knees, begging them to take the stuff and let me go. And, by —! they had to fight her to get me away.

"Well, to cut the story short, the gang spent a barrel, but it was money thrown away. The sucker and his wife had been chloroformed and one of the servants knocked over the head and the thing couldn't be fixed. I was game and didn't open my mouth on Reagan and the Kid. Ida couldn't be found by the flatties when they went to get her as a witness, but it didn't make any difference. The fellow who had his nut opened swore positively I was the man he met in the hall and who had hit him with a billy. It was a clear case against me, and I got soaked for 14 years and two months. I was just getting into the hearse after being sentenced when Ida ran up and before I knew what was what had her arms around me and was kissing me with a 'Good-by, dear Jim! God forgive me.' Well, if she'd got the kick I made at her she might have been done for then and there.

"I had been up about a year when Georgie Appo was brought along for snatching a 'yellow bird' on Park row. I wouldn't have anything to do with him, for although nobody knew anything about it I blamed him for the trouble I was in. However, I was anxious to hear something about the boys, for nobody had come to see me. It's queer how soon you are forgot when you're put away. I'd got so that I might have forgiven Ida if she'd come or written to me, but I never heard of her and I supposed she was with somebody else, which didn't make me feel any too good towards Appo. But I wanted news, and one day I spoke to him. One thing led to another, and it wasn't long before I learned that Ida had been all straight with Appo; that she had smoked with Appo because the boys were constantly making play for her and she wouldn't listen to them. On the last night she had smoked with Appo she had told him that I didn't like her to smoke with him and that she was not coming down to the joint any more. She would smoke at home alone and try and give up the habit altogether.

"'So you see,' concluded Jim, 'that while there was a woman in my going away she wasn't so very much to blame, although her pride had something to do with it. But I blame myself only for the nine years I done.'

"'But,' asked Jennie, 'didn't she ever write or care to see you in all that time?'

Jim was slowly kneading a pill with a far-away look in his eyes and simply shook his head.

"'That's just like a woman,' said the Kid warmly.

"'No, it isn't,' flashed Jennie, with tears in her eyes. 'I think it's cruel of her. Of course Jim treated her dreadfully, but if she loved him she'd forgotten all when he was in prison. I can overlook her rushing to the police in a passion. But not the other. I'm sure she never really loved you, Jim.'

"I think she did, Jen,' said Jim in a low tone, 'for the morning after I was sentenced they found her dead in bed with the gas turned on.'—N. Y. World.

TRAVELING AMERICANS' WOES.

He Soon Learns How to Retort on Those Who Criticise His Accent.

The American on going abroad is at peace with all mankind. After a time his hair begins to rise; presently he finds his hands clenched; shortly he go s and buys him a gun; to this he adds a bowie knife and pistol and stalks about like a walking armory, ready to draw a trigger at sight. When this is understood he has peace. This, according to the New York Evening Sun, is the experience of every American who has spent any time in one of those international caravansaries on the continent. If the air is frigid, he is an icicle; if bullying is in question, he outbullies bully. This deterioration of his manners, he regrets to find, is the only way to preserve his self-respect. He starts out on apparent terms of friendliness, and presently is astounded by some such remark as "How very peculiar you Americans pronounce. Really it sounds very queer."

Or perhaps it happens as to a well-known woman in town who was stopping at a quiet London hotel. While eating breakfast she suddenly heard herself addressed: "You Americans think you speak English better than we do." The voice came from a woman at another table whose back was turned toward her, whom she had never seen before. She could only answer in her astonishment: "Really, I have never thought of the matter."

But in time the American is on guard. Every attack on language, country, manners, is met on the spot. Some one interjects into a friendly conversation:

"Really your American accent is extremely diverting," and the American promptly replies:

"Why, we don't think it nearly so amusing as your accent."

"What do you mean? We have no accent," is the reply.

"Yes you have. I could tell you or your accent if you were in Jericho. Your French even, is full of it."

These are not graceful passages in conversation, but they are necessary for the sake of peace. They may even promote subsequent friendliness. "After we had wiped the floor up with that rector and his wife we became great friends, and when we went to the station they carried our bags," were the descriptive phrases in which an American woman related the terms of a pleasant friendship at Cannes.

A GREAT FROZEN LAKE.

One Sheet of Clear Crystal That Is Many Thousand Feet Deep.

On the road from Irkutsk to Kiachta, the frontier town of the Chinese Empire is Lake Baikal, says the Manchester Times. It is frozen for nine months in the year. Mr. J. M. Price, in "From the Arctic Ocean to the Yellow Sea," says that its origin is undoubtedly volcanic. It contains 12,000 square miles, and has an average depth of over 5,000 feet. The cold is so terrible that when a hurricane stirs the waters the waves often freeze as waves, remaining in hammocks above the surface. At the time of the author's crossing, however, the cold had caught the earth asleep, and the ice was perfectly smooth. He had 30 miles to drive on the solidified ice.

He says: "Owing to the marvelous transparency of the water, the ice presented the appearance of polished crystal, and although of undoubtedly great thickness, was so colorless that it was like passing over space. It gave me quite an uncanny feeling at first to look over the sides of the sledge down into the black abyss beneath. This feeling, however, gradually changed to one of fascination, till at last I found it difficult to withdraw my gaze from the awful depths, nothing but this sheet of crystal between me and eternity. About half-way across I stopped to make a sketch and take some photographs. It was no easy matter, for the ice was so slippery that in spite of my felt-snow-boots I could hardly stand. The lake was marvelously still, yet the silence was occasionally broken by curious sounds, as though big guns were being fired at some little distance. They were caused by the cracking of the ice here and there.

"I was told that in some parts of the lake there were huge fissures through which the water could be seen. For this reason it is always advisable to make the journey by daylight. We reached Moufshkaya, on the opposite shore, in four hours and a half after leaving Listvenitz, the horses having done the whole distance of over 30 miles with only two stoppages of a few minutes each. It was evidently an easy bit of work for them, as they seemed as fresh when we drew up in the post yard as when they started in the morning."

IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.

I want to write to you my dear girl;
But my head is dizzy, my brain's in a whirl,
My nerves are shaking,
And my jaws are aching
From tackling the Aztec and Spanish names,
Whose spelling the worst of Sanscrit shames.
My guide was a gem,
Straight out of "Belem,"
A scholarly darling, and a daisy indeed,
He'd rattle off names, as you'd your creed.
Tongue and lips never tangle,
While sounding his jangle
Of vowels and consonants, O! so awful;
Although all was proper, and all lawful.
"Senor what do you say,
Shall we buy things to-day?
oSme cotton cloth, 'la manza,' or cotton shawl, 'rebosa,'
Warm woolen blanket, 'zarepa,' or coarse pottery, 'la loza?'
Dark green of Guanajuato,
Rare iridescent of Patzcuato,
Ashes of roses of Guadalajara, or Zacatacas glaze?
While we listen mouths wide open in great amaze.
No! Senors will you drink
Something nice I think!
Pulque, tequilla, mezcal, each a liquid fire,
Or do you 'uno Americano forty-el-rod' desire?
No! Then Senors a car
Will take you afar,
From Tenochtitllan, the Capitol city—
To call it 'Ciudad Mexico' is a pity—
To where Tetlepanquetzaltzin by Cortes was hanged;
Or to Atzcapotzalco 'ant hill' where cannons banged;
Or place where Cortes wept,
When from the city swept,
In 'dismal night' to 'place of brooms,' Popotla;
Or grave of Atzcapotzalco's cruel King Maxtla.
Si Senors! Then all kings!
Now dead all! Got wings!
At least all good kings like Totoquiyauhtzin;
Maybe not bad kings like Tetlepanquetzaltin.
What you say? Go light!
Not to-day! S'mother night!
I do not El Cabbellero understand. Such funny ways,
Although I do the English study nights and days.
Esta bueno! Something literary?
Let us visit then the library,
And read the poet Netzahaulcoyotl, or historian Ixtillxochitl
No! Then the museum and see the idol Huitzilopochitl.
What! You leave the city?
Help! Senor, have pity!
Give me time to pray to my idol Teoyaomiqui,
Or Quetzalcoatl! This child of Thaurimaurqui!
Help! Murder! Fire!"
Alas, he'd raised my ire;
Escaped that time. The next I'll kill him!
With bullet holes I'll surely fill him!
Send him "whoppee, whoppee!"
To the virgin Guadalupe!
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A LAKE GEORGE ROMANCE.

I.

A calm, clear summer evening on Lake George!

The moon seems to shine with an added luster as she sees herself reflected in the limpid waters of the lake.

Little puffing launches start hither and thither (generally thither), raising small billows, which slide with a melodious swish over against the rocky shores. Rowboats move slowly over the smooth surface of the lake, occupied for the most part by pairs of people, usually one of each sex.

A Lake George rowboat is a small affair and can be easily overcrowded.

In fact, two is about all that can be comfortably carried in one; that is, if the young man is smart enough to prove to the girl's mother that rowing on the lake, or rather being rowed on the lake, after dark, is dangerous for people of more or less middle age.

Very often mothers refuse to be bluffed in this way; that is why we sometimes see a boat with three people in it, one being a young man with a sad, weary expression on his face as though life had lost all charm for him.

If we listen intently we can hear him singing under his breath the words of that sweet old song, "Two's Company; Three's none."

This was not the case, however, with Beryl Claremont and Claire McFudd.

Beryl is a sweet Brooklyn girl who resides on Clinton avenue during the winter months and lies herself to Lake George in June, where, for three months, she leads the careless, free-from-worry life of a summer girl.

Her mother always goes with her, but Beryl is quite well able to take care of herself and Mrs. Claremont ornaments the piazza, while Beryl wanders whithersoever her fancy leads her.

One day in the middle of August the boat landed at the hotel pier as usual, and a young man with brown hair and a corn-colored mustache stepped ashore and walked up to the hotel.

He registered and was assigned to a room. When he had gone upstairs Beryl and the other girls rushed into the office and examined the register. This is what they saw:

Claire McFudd, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Then they went out on the piazza to await developments.

They did not have long to wait; in about fifteen minutes Mr. McFudd reappeared, clad in a killing suit of white flannel.

Just then the supper bell rang.

Everybody, including the new arrival, went in to eat.

Joy of joys! Bulge of bulges for Beryl! Mr. McFudd was placed sitting right next her at table.

During the meal McFudd had a wish for some sliced tomatoes which were on the other side of Beryl.

"Will you be kind enough to pass them?"

"With pleasure," said Beryl.

Thus, through the medium of a plate of sliced tomatoes, was an introduction effected.

Happy Beryl!
Thrice happy Claire!!!

II.

Nice young men were scarce in Lake George this summer, and Beryl made up her mind to try and monopolize Mr. McFudd.

This made the other girls mad.

But the more angry they became the more seraphic was Beryl's smile.

She was enjoying what is known in Gowanus as a "lead-pipe cinch."

Every morning after breakfast Claire and Beryl would trip down where the boats were kept, and, after placing Beryl carefully in the stern of one of the frail crafts Claire would row right across the lake to a certain lonely little island, where he would beach the boat, and then he and Beryl would seek a certain little shady spot, where they would sit and talk and hold each other's hands, and so on and so forth, until the sound of the hotel dinner bell awoke them to a realization of the fact that life was not all a dream. Then Claire would row back to the hotel, and he and Beryl would do away with the landlady's profits by eating everything that was down on the bill of fare, including four kinds of dessert.

In the afternoon Claire would read to Beryl, who usually lolled in a hammock under the shade of the pine trees which surrounded the hotel.

He read selections from Tennyson in a deep, I'm-doing-this-in-great-shape sort of a voice, while Beryl sighed at frequent intervals.

In the evening, unless there was a hop at one of the hotels, Claire and Beryl would embark in the rowboat, and when night had closed in around the lake Claire would stop rowing and shipping the oars move over to Beryl's side.

On those occasions there was a perfect illustration of the line from Ingomar:

"Two souls but with a single thought,
One seat that did for two."

Perhaps I quote incorrectly, but it doesn't matter.

Truth is stranger than quotations.

Things went on like this until the night before Claire was to return to Brooklyn.

On that eventful evening he and Beryl went down the lake, as usual, in the rowboat.

Claire rowed until the boat entered the loveliest of all spots on the lake—Paradise bay.

The overhanging trees, the eerie shadows they cast upon the water, the intense stillness of the place, which was only broken once in awhile by the suppressed scream, or the "Now, stop!" of some maiden who was possibly being kissed, against her will, by some rude summer man, impressed Beryl and Claire wonderfully.

I will draw a curtain over the entrance to Paradise bay, and shut out from the inquisitive reader the last leave-taking between Claire and Beryl.

Suffice it to say that Claire's rowboat did not reach the dock until almost midnight, and that Beryl's face had a sad, I'm-done-for-now expression that was very touching.

The next morning Claire took his departure on the early boat, and as the steamer left the pier he kissed his hand to a sweet-faced girl who stood at her bedroom window on the second floor.

N. B.—The sweet-faced girl was Beryl.

III.

Busy Brooklyn.

The rumble of the street cars and the elevated, the dust made by the building of the trolley, everything seemed so different to Beryl Claremont as she walked along Fulton street that she sighed more than once for lovely Lake George and the days and nights with Claire.

She wandered into a large dry goods store, and going to the glove counter sat down.

"Five and one-eighth, white, of the $3 grade," she said in a far-away voice, as she noticed something like a salesman standing over her.

In a few seconds, as the gloves were being tried on, Beryl felt a strange thrill through every fiber of her 5 feet 6 system.

The pressure of that glove salesman's hand had a strangely familiar feel.

For the first time since she sat down Beryl looked up.

Her heart seemed to stop beating, her hand trembled nervously, as she looked the glove salesman square in the eye.

It was he, Claire?

They looked into each other's faces, but neither spoke. In a moment Beryl recovered her composure and glancing over the top of the salesman's head, gave her address in a cold, change-these-to-pay voice, and taking up her $48 parasol swept out of the store.

Claire now realizes that a Clinton avenue girl in Lake George and the same girl in Brooklyn are two very separate, distinct and different individuals.—Brooklyn Eagle.

AN INTERESTING REPLY.

Miss Sears—What prompted you to propose, you good-for-nothing?

Charley—Well, I thought no one else would if I didn't.—Truth.

THE REASON.

Babkin—I think Kirke Bockran must have been born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

Dadkin—Why so?

Babkin—His speeches are always stirring.—Truth.

IMPOSSIBLE TO INJURE.

Wool—You must use a safety razor on Van Pelt; you don't gash him as you do me.

Barber—Van Pelt has a safety face.—Truth.

Do not go traveling without a bottle of Salvation Oil. It cures a bruise at once. 25 cents.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the old reliable, will cure every case of cough or cold.

Jim Knowles, late of Rochester, has been secured to play third base for New York. Knowles is an old player.

BEESWAX.

Textiles are first in Prussian industries.

Railroads in Russia run 22 miles an hour.

New York makes 55,000 watches a week.

The velocipede was invented by Drais in 1817.

Workers in wheat fields in India receive $2 a month.

Whenever the devil makes a lion God makes a Daniel.

The moment a man does anything wrong he hates the light.

New York city claims to get away with 300,000 pounds of fish every day.

Twenty-five thousand people are employed in the Chicago cattle yards.

Living for self is the smallest business any one can be engaged in in this life.

Thirteen millions sterling have already been spent on the Manchester Ship canal.

The catapult was invented in Syracuse 406 B. C., in the reign of Dionysius the Elder.

The sword of Henry the Pious, Duke of Silesia, was six feet long and weighed 30 pounds.

The legion was formed by Romulus, B. C. 720. It originally consisted of 3,000 foot and 300 horses.

A long face in church and a short measure in trade are two things that never help the cause of God a bit.

A Rhode Island court has decided that the father can name the baby if both the parents can't agree on a name.

The devil will not waste much powder on the man who believes that he can get to heaven without joining church.

While you are waiting to take hold of duty, that duty is getting out of your reach never to come back again.

The Turks, in the final siege of Constantinople, employed catapults and ballistas side by side with cannon.

The first theatre in the United States was built in Williamsburg, Va., in 1752.

Peakin boasts of 80,000 beggars.

The lasso is an invention of the South American Indians and was in use when the country was discovered by Spaniards.

There are in America 119,000,000 of the big old copper pennies lying unused somewhere. Few pennies get back to the mint.

Ouida has written 27 novels, and they have paid her more than any history published within the last quarter of a century.

The deepest bore-hole in the world is at Schladebach, near Kethan, Germany. It is 5,735 feet in depth, and is for geological research only.

Captain Francis Moore, who has recently been promoted, has commanded the same troop in the Ninth cavalry, U. S. A., for 20 years.

There are 15,000,000 adult male inhabitants of the United States and 2,000,000 colored, Chinese and Indian inhabitants above the age of 21.

A postal card was recently sold in Paris for $50. It had gone around the world after the person to whom it was addressed and bore 72 postmarks.

Though the venerable Dr. Newman Hall retired from the ministry recently, after a service of 50 years, he lately preached seven sermons within one week.

Rev. Dr. Milburn, the blind preacher and ex-chaplain of the house of representatives, has completed a work on the early history of the Mississippi valley.

In the siege of Syracuse, B. C. 212, Archimedes burned Roman ships in the harbor by concentrating the sun's rays on them by means of an arrangement of mirrors.

The longest day in the year has 19 hours at St. Petersburg, 17 hours at Hamburg, 16 1-4 hours at London, 15 hours at New York and 3 1-2 months at Spitzbergen.

George Otto Trevelyan, one of Gladstone's new cabinet ministers, says in his biography of Macaulay that that distinguished writer once on a wager made 200 puns in two hours.

The first coins minted in North America were produced in Mexico in 1535, and the coinage of the colonies that afterward became the United States used the Mexican dollar as the standard of value.

A Russian physician declares that the electric light is a very effective anaesthetic, relieving pain in many cases almost instantaneously. Neuralgia and other local pains succumb usually to a beam reflected from a bright arc light.

Samuel J. Tilden's famous and favorite saddle horse, Blackstone, is dead at the age of 32 years. The horse had a national fame at one time, his name having figured in the cipher dispatches sent during the exciting presidential contest of 1876.

Henry B. Cleaves, the new governor of Maine, came out of the war a lieutenant, and at once secured work as an ordinary hand in a sash factory, but after a two-years' trial of the job, he thought it wasn't a promising one, so he struck out in other lines.

Black, the novelist, aims at writing two novels a year, and is never so happy as when he is on the sea or near the sea. When at work he loves intense quiet, and cannot bear the slightest noise. For this reason he always selects a room at the top of the house as his study.

It is estimated that in the United States the annual expenditure for public charitable institutions is fully $125,000,000, and not less than $500,000,000 is invested in buildings and equipments for carrying on the work of these institutions. In this estimate no account is taken of penitentiaries and jails.

An infinitely thin coating of zinc is applied electrically to a copper wire by Prof. Silvanus Thomson, when the wire is held in the air until the zinc gradually disappears by sinking into the copper. The operation may be repeated several times. The copper wire will then be heavier than at first, but a much poorer conductor of electricity.

There is a curious group of rocks near Milan which form the oft-described "Nature's City." An irregular mass of rocks some 200 feet high resembles a citadel. Below are five depressions, of which one is a gigantic amphitheater, and the second a necropolis, a third a parade and the fourth a regularly laid out city quarters, with public monuments, gates, streets, etc.

A cause of delay in submarine telegraphy is the necessity for retransmitting land messages, which require strong currents instead of the very weak ones that work cable receivers. M. Willot has overcome the difficulty by a new relay, automatically weakening or strengthening the current. Messages may be sent from Paris to Algiers in half an hour instead of two and one-half hours, as hitherto.

In the school for the training of military nurses established by the Princess Hohenlohe, in Strassburg, the princess shares alike with all members of the class in everything they are called on to do, from binding a broken leg to answering the test questions of the examining corps of physicians. The princess is a woman of 60, of strong nerves and splendid health, an excellent shot, being especially fond of a bear hunt, and a fine horse-woman.

The Germans are now making a collection of the languages spoken in their colonies—that is, their agents are preparing dictionaries of these languages as rapidly as possible. The task is no small one. In East Africa, the languages number 50; in Southwest Africa, 12; in Cameroons, 20; in Togo, 5 or 6; and in the German South Sea possessions, at least 50. In addition are many dialects which are almost entitled to rank as distinct languages.

A musical writer states that fine vocalists are rare in countries where fish and meat diet prevail and that the voice depreciates as families grow rich and increase the amount of meat consumed. Naples and Genoa, where much fish is eaten, give few of Italy's singers; and the sweet voices of Ireland are found in the country but not in the towns. In Norway too much fish is eaten for the production of singers, but Sweden is a land of grain and song. The carnivorous birds croak; grain-eating birds sing.

Lack of irrigation is regarded by Mr. A. Podolsky as the principal cause of last year's famine in southern Russia. In this region ordinary irrigation works are impracticable, and snow irrigation as practiced in parts of Siberia, is advised. In winter, the inhabitants pile up snow on suitable hillsides, covering it with pine branches, straw, dung or even earth and sand, and the water from these banks is led in summer by ditches to the cultivated fields. For southern Russia—where rain supplies about half the necessary moisture—it is estimated that an acre of wheat would be irrigated by 6,000 cubic feet of the compressed snow.

WONDERLAND

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, OCTOBER 17.

HONEST ADVICE IF YOU HAVE NOT YET VISITED WONDERLAND THIS IS THE WEEK TO **COME**

WATER

QUEEN

EVALEEN!

EATS, SLEEPS AND READS IN REAL WATER.

A GENUINE COUNTRY GOAT CIRCUS.

Prof. Mathews' Circus of Smart Educated Acting Goats

Five in Number Every Goat a Good Actor

THE SALAMBOS STARTING ELECTRICAL **WONDERS**

MAN WITH IRON SKULL

BREAKS ROCKS

MR. BILLY WELLS
YOU CANNOT BREAK HIS HEAD.

BREAKS BOARDS

FAMILY DAMM Orchestra BEST IN The World.

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10 CENTS SEES EVERYTHING 10

THEATER SEATS 5 AND 10 CTS.

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Interest paid on savings deposits. Safe Deposit Boxes for rent—Burglar and Fire Proof.

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Perfect Work Guaranteed. Lace Curtains a specialty.

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THE CAMPAIGN IS ON.

WILL IT BE

CLEVELAND, or HARRISON?

We are not prepared to say, BUT we are prepared to furnish you with

GRANDFATHER'S HAT and TARIFF REFORM CAKES

WORTS-KIRK-BIGELOW BRANCH. TOLEDO OHIO

AMUSEMENT.

PEOPLE'S ONE WEEK

Opening Monday, Oct. 17th.
Matinees—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday
Extra Matinee, Friday, "Columbus Day."

Lincoln J. Carter's Grand Scenic Production **The Fast Mail**

10 Sets of Special Scenery. Flight of the Fast Mail. Niagara Falls by Moonlight, with Boiling Mist. Practical Working Engine and 14 Freight Cars, with Illuminated Caboose. The Dago Dive. Realistic River Scene and Steam boat Explosion, and One Hundred other Startling Effects.

Tuesday, Oct. 18th, 1500th performance of "Fast Mail," and Souvenir Night. Each Lady will receive a Silver Spoon.

PRICES | Evenings—15, 25, 35, 50 and 75 cents. Matinees—15, 25 and 35 cents.

WHEELER OPERA HOUSE.

Friday and Saturday, Oct. 14 and 15, Saturday Matinee.

COMEDY EVENT OF THE SEASON

Hoyt's Best and Most Successful Comedy,

A TEXAS STEER!

With Tim Murphy, Flora Walsh, and Original Company.

PRICES—25, 50, 75c and $1. Sale opens Wednesday.

Oct. 19th, HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS.

WHEELER OPERA HOUSE.

To-Night Last Time.

STANDING ROOM, AN OVATION TO THE AUTHOR. CHEERS FOR THE COMPANY.

HOYT'S A TEXAS STEER

TIM MURPHY
FLORA WALSH
—AND THE—
ORIGINAL COMPANY.

October 19th, HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS

PACIFIC GARDEN!

21 and 23 South Erie Street.

GRAND OPENING,

Under the management of Mr. B. H. White, of Fort Wayne, Ind.

First-Class Vaudeville Theater.

General Admission 10c
Balcony 25c
Matinees—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

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BIDS FOR FURNISHING OFFICIAL BALLOTS.

Sealed proposals for printing, binding and enclosing the official ballots for use in Lucas county at the general election, November 8, 1892, will be received by the Board of Elections at this office, Room 113 "Nasby," Huron street, Toledo, Ohio, until noon, Wednesday, October 26th, 1892.

All bids must conform to specifications on file at said office. The board reserve a right to reject any or all bids.

By order of Board of Elections.

G. F. CURTIS, President.

Attest: H. E. King, Secretary. 14oct3

WANTED — GIRL FOR GENERAL housework; no objection to middle-aged woman. Enquire Maumee House, Maumee, O. 14oct6

JACK HAVERLY ON EARTH

Columbus Day and Souvenir Night at the People's.

The Charity Ball and The Wife Coming.

A Woman Who Lives in a Tank of Water at the Wonderland—Performing Goats—The Fast Mail All Week.

The coming week promises to be a lively one theatrically. There will be two strong attractions in the Charity Ball and The Wife. Haverly, who brought out Primrose, West, Barlow, Wilson, Rice, Hall, Emerson, Johnson and scores of other minstrel stars of to-day, has reached the top again and will be here with his minstrels. The Fast Mail will pull into the People's and a woman, who can eat and drink in a big tank of water and a big bill will be on at the Wonderland.

The new national holiday "Columbus day," which will be celebrated Friday next, throughout the land, will be recognized at the People's by an extra matinee of the Fast Mail. Souvenirs are to be presented to every lady in the People's theater next Tuesday evening on the occasion of the 1,500th performance of Lincoln J. Carter's great success, The Fast Mail. It is to be a beautiful Utah silver spoon. Every lady in the theater that evening will receive one. The Fast Mail will doubtless draw big.

Charity Ball and The Wife.

Two attractions of more than usual interest to theatergoers will be presented at Wheeri's opera house on Thursday and Friday, October 20 and 21, when Mr. Daniel Frohman's company of players from the New York Lyceum theater will appear in the charming society play, "The Charity Ball" and "The Wife." The success of the Lyceum since it came under the sagacious management of Mr. Frohman six years ago is now a matter of theatrical history and the triumphs achieved by the Kendals, E. H. Sothern and "The Wife," as well as by "The Charity Ball," are a guarantee of high quality as to both company and play.

In this day of lurid melodrama and farce comedy it is refreshing to witness a play of human life and every day character which appeals to the emotions of every class of people and which interests and attracts from its lack of that highly wrought artificiality which too many dramatists deem so essential to the success of the products of their pens. To this quality is due the the success of "The Charity Ball." From the first to the last it moves along in the rut of everyday life, telling simply a simple story, and therein lies its charm.

The company presenting the play has had the advantage of the most careful rehearsals at the Lyceum theater under the personal supervision of Manager Frohman and is equipped with entirely new and elaborate scenery, so that no care has been omitted to make the production here as complete as when it was originally given in New York city, where it ran for upwards of a year. Mr. Frohman has recently returned from abroad, bringing with him several of the latest European successes, all of which, after production at the Lyceum, will in due time be seen throughout the country.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal who made a tour of the United States last year under the management of Mr. Frohman and who played in Toledo, are reported to have been so deligated at witnessing the performances of "The Charity Ball," that special arrangements have been made by them for the production at an early date in London of the play with themselves in the principal roles.

The Charity Ball will be the opening bill, and on Friday "The Wife" will be given. Both plays are by H. C. De Mille and David Belasco, and are accounted the greatest successes of the Lyceum theater.

Prominent among the actors appearing here in the play are Messrs. Arthur Elliot, Lincoln Wagenhals, W. A. Sands, Homer Granville, Fred Conger, H. A. Sheldon and the Misses Frances Drake, Ethel Greybrooke, Blanche Weaver and Coye.

If Here Ain't Jack Again.

Jack, Jack, Jack,
Has come back, back, back,
And all the other minstrels
Go quack, quack, quack.

This is the song that Jack Haverly is singing just now. He is on top once more and his friends in Toledo will be glad to say howdy and give him an old time house.

In the famous company of minstrels which appear at Wheeler's on Wednesday evening are to be found the names of such old-time western favorites as Billy Rice, E. M. Hall, Fred Boudell, Chas. Sully, Bobert and O'Brien, Delmore and Wilson, E. M. Kayne and many others who have appeared in this city with Col. Haverly's Mastadon minstrels on former visits. In conjunction with these old favorites are more than two score additional, all equal in point of merit in their several lines. A. M. Thatcher is beyond doubt one of the most wonderful basso profundos before the American people; his songs are new, though some old favorites are sung by request as encores, to the great delight of his old friends. Banks Winter has made his name famous throughout the entire country by his beautiful ballads, and is greeted everywhere with enthusiasm. Every man is worthy a column notice, to say nothing of the manager, who has more friends to-day in and out of the show business, than any public benefactor in the land since the days of P. T. Barnum. Indeed, what Barnum was to the circus world, Haverly is to the world of minstrelsy. In point of merit, though, Haverly does not depend on street parades or glitter of tinsel. "Let the glitter be in the eyes of the audience rather than on the back of the actor," is his motto. Let the worth of the show advertise itself. The herald of immense business is andvance courier enough for Haverly's minstrels.

At the Wonderland.

The latest addition to the ranks of performing animals is the troupe of performing goats that will be shown at the Wonderland next week by Prof. Matthews. A goat does not strike the casual observer as likely to lend itself readily to educational purposes, its chief uses in everyday life being to yield milk, to draw children's carriages, and to keep tramps out of the front garden. But the goats of this particular troupe show a great deal of intelligence and much capability for receiving instruction. Under the tuition of Mr. Matthews they have learned to sit, and walk, and jump, in ways presumably not contemplated by the Providence that arranged the principles of goat congruction, and play at see saw, and walking on rolling baskets quite as if they liked it. But there is something particularly funny about the melancholy and reflective demeanor of the bearded patriarchs as they go about their performance. The mental outfit of a goat may not include a sense of humor, or pride of race may prevent them from seeing any fun in their playing the buffoon for the amusement of grinning humans, but it is certain that however hearty the audience laughs, not a single goat ever permits the sombre gravity of his visage to relax into a smile. Yet there is a practical joker in the troupe, who buts his master when the latter has his back turned with a relish that seems to imply a latent capacity for developing into a knockabout comedian.

Besides the wonderful goats, Curio Hall will have Billy Wells, the young man with long black hair and who also wears a fierce expression. This is not all that the gentleman does, however. He is said to have an iron skull, and the skeptical will be invited to break great rocks on his head to satisfy themselves that he is all that he claims to be. Evalcene, who is called the Water Queen, will also be seen. Evalcene will daily enter a huge crystal tank filled with Maumee river water and while submerged will eat, sleep, read, write and drink—a feat that very few young ladies can accomplish. On the menagerie floor will be found on exhibition next week the largest zoological collection known in this country. Mr. Moore has just secured the collection from the musee at Buffalo, N. Y., where it has been on exhibition for the past year. It required two large box cars to transport the exhibition to this city. The attraction in the theater will be The Mildred Novelty company, with Mildred and Rouclere at the head. The Salambos famous electrical wonders. Lenz Bros., the original Vienna ducttists. Kitty Sharpe, a sprightly young dancer and vocalist and Miles and Ireland, two Irish exponents, make up this company. The management of Wonderland states that the coming week's program will be the best ever offered at that house.

A Bang Up Performance.

Standing room only was to be had at Wheeler's last evening when A Texas Steer, one of Hoyt's newest and best comedies was presented. The performance will be repeated this afternoon and evening. It is needless to say that the house will be crowded on both occasions. The company headed by Tim Murphy and Flora Walsh, is strong throughout. Mr. Murphy was called before the curtain after the second act. The piece is full of good sound humor, sparkling fun and clever comedy. Like all of Hoyt's pieces it is a success.

IN A SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM.

How the Coming Editors Are Trained in the Niceties of Style.

The other morning I ran across my old friend, Professor Greathead, who runs a business college in upper Broadway. He was busy with the first class in journalism when I called, and so I took a seat and waited.

"Mr. Boker," said the professor, resuming his teaching, "how would you finish your account of a suicide?"

"No cause is assigned for the rash act."

"Exactly. Mr. Hatton, correct the following sentence from the Morning Hurricane: 'An immense audience greeted the speaker.'"

"The eloquent orator gazed down upon a sea of faces."

"Just so. Now Mr. Dalton, describe the recent disappearance of William Jones"

"A report is current to the effect that William T. Jones has decamped."

"Exactly. Mr. Greenleigh, you may give your account of a hanging."

Mr. Greenleigh straightened his necktie, threw back a stray lock of hair from his brow, and began:

"The condemned man walked with a firm and steady pace toward the instrument of death. There was a dash of bravado in his air and his coolness was perceptible even at a distance. Even while the black cap was being adjusted a smile, half derisive, half sarcastic, played carelessly about his lips. As the surrounding view was slowly blotted out from his vision he dimly saw the countenances of the crowd beneath—dusky, distorted and grotesque. It all seemed to him like some terrible dream, some chimera which he would fain erase from the slate of memory. The few moments of waiting appeared ages. Suddenly there was a movement from the man in charge, a half shudder from the murderer, and the drop fell with a dull thud."

The Style That Takes.

"Very good, Mr. Greenleigh, very good. At your next lesson you may hand in an interview with John Evergreen, the late janitor of the Wideawake Flats, who died last spring. Mr. Wainwright, please define the opposite party."

"It is a desperate and vicious organization, held together by the cohesive power of public plunder."

"Mr. Wilson, describe the recent taking off of Deacon Aaron Armstrong."

"The grim Reaper has again been at work in our midst. At an early hour last Wednesday morning Deacon Aaron Armstrong, one of our most prominent and highly esteemed citizens, was called across the river. His life of 60 years was peaceful and blameless and he was respected and honored by all who knew him. Many sympathizing friends condole with the bereaved family in their hour of mourning for him who has just been taken from our midst."

"I see that you have been reading the Smithville Clarion again, Mr. Wilson. Mr. Cowles, what is a roast?"

A Few Definitions.

"The exact truth told in forcible style."

"What is a female reporter?"

"Indescribable."

"What is a scoop?"

"A satisfactory interview with the cashier on pay day."

"Just so. The class is dismissed." And turning to me, he continued: "I am very sorry, old man, but I've got the second class in journalism to attend to now. If you will wait—"

But I couldn't. I just happened to think of a pressing engagement down town. One class in journalism was enough for me.

PITH AND POINT.

Bright's disease seems to have a preference for great men and others of the same kidney.

A corpulent tourist seldom makes the ascent of a mountain on foot. The climb it doesn't agree with him.

When it comes to boycotting an undertaker it really looks as if the thing were being run into the ground.

In railway circles nowadays there doesn't appear to be much that is of interest if there isn't a "great deal."

Amy (appearing at the parlor door with some lemons)—Ada, have you got a squeezer? Ada—Only Gus, and I can't spare him.

Wife—Oh, doctor, Henry seems to be wandering in his mind. Doctor (who knows Henry well)—Don't trouble about that—he can't go far.

A wife in Hoboken has just presented her 25-year-old husband with her seventh baby and he thinks he ought to get an installment from the fresh-air fund.

Do not laugh at the gentleman with a bare poll, my son. It is not nearly so bad to have a head that is bald on the outside as to have a head that is bald on the inside.

A young woman in Chicago was killed a few days ago by a peanut shell lodging in her throat. As she was not munching peanuts in a place of amusement at the time, her death was deeply regretted.

An American writer says that the English have added 60 new skin diseases to the catalogue of cutaneous afflictions through excessive bathing. No anarchist has yet caught one of the diseases.

De Sickly (with a grin)—How do do, Bobby? Don't you know me? Come and tell me what's my name. Bobby—Well, sir, if it ain't just as Sis said, you haven't sense enough to know what your name is.

"Darling," he whispered, "did you ever experience a fluttering sensation of the heart—an inward sinking, so to speak?" "Yes, love," she faintly murmured. "Why?" "Because if you have I know how to prevent it." "Oh, John, tell me how." "Why, just use plenty of pepper when you drink mixed ale."—New York News.

ABOUT PEOPLE.

Gov. James Eagle, of Arkansas, is reported suffering with an attack of acute dysentery, and is confined to his room in Louisville, Ky.

Rev. Father Palladius, the famous Russian missionary, has brought out after 20 years of labor a Chinese-Russian dictionary containing 11,668 hieroglyphics.

The name of Rutherford B. Hayes stands at the head of the Chautauqua class roll for 1806. Gen. Hayes enters on the four years' course at the age of 70 years.

Mr. Gladstone makes no claim to be a mountaineer, but he has been at the top of Snowden, the loftiest peak in North Wales, and from the top of which the most picturesque part of the principality can be seen.

William B. Davenport, the public administrator of Brooklyn, is a collector of scarf pins. Rumor has it that 365 pins, one for each day in the year, comprises Mr. Davenport's collection.

Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, who devised and gave its name to the "Bloomer costume," is still living, where she has lived for a generation, at Council Bluffs. She wears the ordinary female garb.

The matrimonial intentions of Prince George, of England, are still furnishing unlimited food for gossip for the society papers. The ladies in question are Princess Victoria Mary, of Teck, and Princess Victoria, of Schleswig-Holstein.

The old war governor of Iowa, Samuel J. Kirkwood, was honored in a pleasant way last week. Fifty men who had been associated with him in office in the last 30 years gathered at Iowa City, Mr. Kirkwood's home, and paid their respects to him. The veteran statesman is now in his 79th year.

BRAINS' SECRET BARE.

Surgery Locates the Seat of Thumb's Movement.

Important Discovery Made in a Philadelphia Hospital.

Philadelphia, Oct. 15.—Surgery has learned a new secret of the brain. An operation performed not long ago at the Orthopaedic hospital, Seventeenth and Summer streets, is referred to briefly in the recently published report of the County Visitors to the State Board of Charities, and will probably soon be the talk of the profession throughout the country.

The patient, a woman suffering from epilepsy, had attacks which showed themselves in her thumb. With marvelous skill, the operating surgeon placed his finger, so to speak, on the exact portion of the brain where activities control the thumb, removed a part of the brain which was causing all the trouble and brought quick relief.

At last reports the woman's attacks had ceased and, with her head still bound up, she was moving cheerfully about the hospital wards. A convalescent epileptic is so rarely known to the mdecial and surgical profession that the apparent recovery of the Orthopaedic hospital's patient is triumph enough in itself. Still more remarkable, however, is the exact location in the brain of the thumbs' movements. The big toe of the right foot or the index finger of the left hand could be acted upon, it would seem, equally well.

The surgeon responsible for the operation refuses as yet to make known any details. In pursuance of a well-known rule of his profession's etiquette he will give it scientific exposition in a medical paper and probably prepare a more popular article for one of the magazines.

SHE KNEW IT ALL.

No Lucy Stone or Mary Livermore About Her Opinions.

There was no doubt about it, a feminine battle was to the fore. The blonde sat and looked at the brunette with a stare that would have done credit to a Japanese doll, says the Brandon Banner. The brunette asserted emphatically, "A woman can do everything a man can do, and do it just as well. For instance, look at the woman doctors."

"Yes," said the blonde, look at them. They don't walk the hospitals as the men do, and the consequence is they only see one side of the illnesses of life, and they are utterly incompetent to treat anybody except from their point of view. Now, when God made men and women he made them assimilative, and it is necessary to understand the diseases of both before you can practice on one."

"But," sopke up the brunette, "think of the women lawyers."

"Think of them," responded the blonde, "for they seem to have precious little to think with. They jump at a conclusion with womanly instinct while a man has reasoned up to it, and the consequence is that when they argue they work like a crab—backward!"

"Then," said the brunette, "see the women writers!"

"Yes," groaned the blonde, "see them! As long as they put their womanliness in their work they are successful, but the minute they tackle what is really a man's prerogative the power, and not the fancy, of the pen, their work is not good, for it hasn't the strength of manliness nor the daintiness of femininity."

"Then," said the brunette, "how are they as actors?"

"Very good, indeed," answered the blonde; "that is because acting comes natural to them. A baby girl of 2 years will play the coquette with her father and right straight on through life she smiles when she has a pain at her heart, or acts in some way. I agree with George Moore; acting is not an art, for the child can act when it could not paint a picture or write a book. To a certain extent my fox terrier can act; consequently the mimetic power is born with people, some having it to a greater degree than others, and of course it improves by cultivation."

"Well, what about the dressmaker?" queried the brunette.

"Go into your wardrobe and inquire," came the blonde's answer. "A man made your riding habit, a man made your cloth gown, the most noted French dressmakers made your dinner dress, the most asthetic of English drapers made your tea gown, your fur coat was made by women, but ten to one a man took the order and suggested the designs."

After this the brunette very weakly asked, "How about the hairdressers?"

Then the blonde langhed. "Your hair and mine may be dressed by a woman, but every year there is a conclave of men who meet to decide the styles, to suggest improvements, and the one who for ten years has fought against the bleaching of the hair is a man."

"But there are ministers," responded the brunette.

"Oh, are there?" indignantly asked the blonde. "Would you feel married if a woman performed the ceremony? St. Paul knew what he was about when he objected to this?"

"But cooks!" pleaded the brunette.

"Cooks," indignantly answered the blonde, "when you have eaten dreadful messes, when your clothes have been worn by kitchen ladies, when you have received impertinence of every sort, and the police have been called in to remove the offender, don't you turn with intense delight either to a French chef or a Chinaman? My dear girl there are three professionals in life that women can fill to advantage, in which no man can equal them, no man can come near them; they surpass him beyond everything. He bows down before them and recognizes their superiority in them. They are daughter, wife and mother. And no matter how advanced we may think women are, these are really the only professions in which they rise superior to men. Whether you are convinced or not, it is true. So come along with me and have a cup of tea with babies."

And the man who listened to all this felt a wild inclination to go up and hug the blonde, and the only thing that prevented him from doing such an enthusiastic thing was—that she was his own wife.

THE MYSTERIES OF REALITY.

"If all the little mental compromises with truth and honesty, and all the peculiar deformities of both evil and good impulses, and all the unconventional facts about the very conventional people we know, were faithfully woven into a narrative, or document—call it what you will—we may be sure that we should fail to recognize them, and our failure would be no greater than their own: that they would repudiate both the qualities and the circumstances," writes Walter Blackburn Harte in the New England Magazine. "Every man faithfully revealed to himself—we should thank heaven this power is limited even in the greatest genius—would think the portrait an exaggeration of humanity; and yet it is essentially the province of art 'to hold the mirror up to nature.' A philosophy of living must of necessity be the most vital philosophy; and indeed it is entirely owing to some strange tradition of ignorance that philosophy is usually supposed to belong exclusively to the curriculum of a university, and to have no utility in everyday life. It was, in a degree, the first business of the modern novel, as we had it from Richardson, to end this divorce of life and philosophy by a compromise, which should unite instruction in an intelligible form with entertainment. There have unfortunately been multitudes of novels since which were made primarily for entertainment; and so the novel declined to the intelligence of the nursery, and a tradition has consequently grown around the custom of putting baby-talk into this form, until how many critics resent any departure from nursery standards. But it is only in so far as the novel embodies some truth successfully that it is useful possibly great. There are no greater mysteries than the instincts and affections of mankind, the relations of the spiritual and the material, life and death, and their antithesis and analogy; and until the novelists have exhausted the field, which all the systems of moral philosophy and science have failed to exhaust, there is no pressing urgency for them to seek to conjure up a new world, whose mysteries can only be transparent and commonplace in comparison."

Sanborn's
Is the place to buy a Cloak.
403 Adams street.

VENEZUELA.

Its Area, Population, Climate and Great Natural Advantages.

"Venezuela is situated in the torrid zone and is bounded on the north by the Caribean Sea, or Sea of the Antilles; on the south by Brazil and a territory that is claimed by Columbia, Ecuador and Peru; on the east by British Guiana and the Atlantic Ocean, and on the west by the United States of Columbia," writes Don Nicanor Bolet-Paraza, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the United States, in the New England Magazine for October. "Its territory comprises 1,552,741 square kilometres; it is therefore three times the size of France or Germany, and five times the size of Italy,—larger than any European country excepting Russia. Its coast line, measuring 3,020 kilometres, contains 32 ports, 50 coves and many anchorages, without counting the outlets of its many navigable rivers and the inland ports of its lakes. The largest of these lakes is Lake Maracaibo, whose surface measures 21,728 square kilometres. On its shore is situated the handsome city of Maracaibo. The surrounding country is very fertile, and there are many ports which give exit to the agricultural products of the immense belt of the Cordillera.

"Within the territory of Venezuela, 1,047 rivers have their headquarters. Many of them are navigable, like the Orinoco,—which is the second river of South America,—the Apure, the Portuguesa, and others. They run through the three great zones into which the country is naturally divided,—the zone of agriculture, that measures 349,488 square kilometres, the pasture zone, 405,313, and the virgin or forest zone, which has an extent of 797,940 square kilometres. In these three sections there is a great variety of climates, and almost everything can be cultivated to advantage. There are only two seasons,—the rainy, which is called winter, and the dry, called summer. The highland, or region of the Cordilleras, enjoys a delightful climate. The tops of the mountains are covered with snow, which, besides adding sublimity to the landscape, is an attraction to European immigrants accustomed to a temperate climate. The statistical record tells us, in favor of the climate of Venezuela, first, that the mortality rate is one in forty-five, and the number of persons reaching 100 years is one in every 10,000. Venezuela contains a population of about 2,500,000 inhabitants."

THE VICTIM OF A FRAUD.

A Leading Geographical Magazine Imposed Upon by a Traveler.

One of the leading geographical magazines, Petermann's Mitthellungen, has been made the victim of literary dishonesty. In the April and May numbers of the magazine a Mr. A. J. Ceyp describes a journey which, he asserted, he had made recently to the frontier of Beloochistan. He described the country minutely, told of the desolate and sandy regions he crossed on his way, of the robbers who lurked in the ravines ready to plunder caravans, of the settlements found here and there in widely separated oases, and of the large town of Yezb, the original home of the Parsis. His story was interesting, and as his route lay through a region that was almost unknown, and as it abounded with geographical detail of apparent accuracy, the magazine made the narrative very prominent. The story occupied several pages in each of the numbers.

In the August number of the Mitthellungen the editor prints conspicuously the facts that Ceyp's narrative proves to be nothing more than an accurate transcript of the travel sketches of Gasteiger Khan, which were published at Innsbruck in 1881. As 13 years elapsed since their publication, Ceyp thought he was safe in appropriating them as the record of a journey made by himself.

The fraud is somewhat similar to that imposed by Captain Glazier, when he sent an article containing large extracts from Schoolcraft's account of his journey to the source of the Mississippi as a record of his own visit to Lake Itasca. It is very seldom that Petermann's Mitthellungen makes an important blunder in geographical matters, but it has been imposed upon by the most glaring piece of plagiarism that has come to light for a long time.—New York Sun.

ON TUESDAY NEXT

Madame Lothrop will sell switches and the BORDEN BANG at quarter off. 306 Summit street.

EBB AND FLOW OF THE TIDE.

Popular Fancies and Superstitions Associated With Tides.

The ebb and flow of the tide have not escaped the influence of superstition. Some asserted that they were caused by the efforts of the earth to breathe, and others by the sun, "which moves and whirls the winds about, so that they fall with violence on the Atlantic, which thus swells and produces the tides." The Chinese attribute them to the action of supernatural beings, and Russian folklore informs us that the tides are controlled by the water king's daughter.

But one of the most popular fancies still current in some parts is that death is delayed until the ebb of the tide—a superstition to which Mrs. Quickly refers to in "Henry V" (act ii, scene 3), where, speaking "A' of Falstaff's death she says made a finer end and went away, and it had been any Christom child 'a' parted even just between 12 and 1, even at the turning o' the tide." Thus Mr. Peggotty pathetically explained to David Copperfield by poor Barkis' beside that people can't die, along the coast except when the tide's pretty nigh out.

"They can't be born unless it's pretty nigh in—not properly born till flood. He's a-going out with the tide—he's a-going out with the tide. It's at half arter 3, slack water half an hour. If he lives till it turn he'll hold his own till past the floor and go out with the tide." This belief is common along the east coast of England from Northumberland to Kent. It has been suggested that "there may be some slight foundation for this notion in the change of temperature, which undoubtedly takes place on the change of tide, and which may act on the flickering spark of life, extinguishing it as the ebbing sea recedes."

The most beautiful music can be played by any one who owns an Æolian. Hear it at The Whitney & Currier Co., 219 Summit street.

FALLING FROM GRACE.

A Good Man Forced To Do Wrong Under Trying Conditions.

"It is sometimes a trifle difficult for the best of people to practice what they preach," said J. D. Wilson, a member of the Mendacity club that was holding forth in the Lindell, when a Globe-Democrat reporter was present. "I once caused the author of my existence to fall from grace with a jolt that nearly disrupted the Methodist church. He was very pious, and one morning gave me a long lecture on fighting. He told me that I should pray for those who despitefully used me, instead of walking on their paper collars; that the good Lord always turned the other cheek to the smiter, etc. Then he went down to the river to catch a mess of fish.

"The bluff was high, the river deep, the fishing good, and he was soon hauling in a ten-pounder. I happened down that way in company with a villainous billy goat, which I had harnessed to a small wagon. While the good man was leaning over the bluff hauling in his line, his suspenders groaning at every joint, I incidentally called the goat's attention to him. He lowered his head, shot forward like a battering-ram, and struck the rear elevation of the lone fisherman with the force of a two-ton pile-driver.

"The goat had forgotten to remember the bluff, and while the head of our distinguished house was doing the Brodie act William was walking all over him in a vain attempt to gain terra firma. The good man finally found firm land and brought his fishpole with him. As he advanced on me I reminded him that it was written that we should pray for those who despitefully use us. But it didn't work.

"'That's all right,' he yelled, as he sanded his hands and got a good grip on the hickory fishpole, 'but if the good Master had been pitched into the Ohio river and then walked on by a lousy old he goat I'll be d——d if he wouldn't have made it hot for somebody,' and I proceeded to grow warm."

Fur Trimmed
REEFERS AT
Sanborn's,
403 Adams street.

The first 12-inch gun ever made for the American navy was hipped from the Washington, D. C., gun foundry to the Monterey, at San Francisco, January 8, 1892.

DURING THE PAST FIFTY YEARS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain; cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

One-quarter off on Silverware this month at Wm. H. Broer's, Summit St., near Oak.

VERY QUEER REMEDIES

Remarkable Things a Druggist Keeps in Stock.

Funny Fats, Humorous Herbs and Dried Pig's Liver as a Cure for Hysterics.

The other day a reporter of the New York News relaxed himself from the weary strife of life by spending a few hours in a drug store, where he has a friend in the shape of a prescription clerk. In the intervals of applications for seidlitz powders, epsom salts, court plaster, patent medicines and such other exciting episodes as diversify the existence of poor pilgarlicks, he commenced to divert himself by an investigation of the stock of the store. He began by being curious only, and ended by becoming interested.

It should be remarked right here, in order to explain certain things which he discovered, that this specials simple dispensary is located in a neighborhood largely populated by persons of foreign birth, meagre education and hard-working lives—the class, in short, most prone to superstitions and to adherence to old ideas.

One of the first oddities of the stock which drew the reporter's attention, was rattle-snake oil. It came from Pennsylvania and Connecticut principally, said his friend, the expert, and was called for as a lubricant in cases of rheumatism. So was skunk-grease, which was another item in stock. Most of it was furnished by a man out west, who kept a skunk farm, and killed his stink-stock to sell their skins and grease. Opossum fat was another rheumatism remedy, which could be had to order, and alligator grease was kept on hand as a remedial agent against fits, much in favor with our colored population. Peanut oil, and cottonseed oil were kept as substitutes for olive, and, said the expert, were infinitely superior to the common quality of oil sold to the ordinary domestic trade here. Many eating-houses used nothing else.

Luroline was a grease extracted from the wool of sheep. It had the property of mixing with water, and was a favorite basis for certain salves, as it did not grow rancid. Castorine, a powder with a most offensive smell, was made from the reproductive organs of the male beaver and, foul as its odor was, was an almost infallible remedy in the most acute cases of chronic and inflammatory rheumatism. Its action on the stomach, when taken in liquid form, was simply terrific; but the result was generally to put men on their feet who had not walked for years. Dog fat was another specific, and goose-grease still another. This latter was believed by many to be a sure cure for croup. As a sure cure for St. Vitus' dance and fits in children, there was a supply of powder made from the excrement of pigeons, and which was averred to be quite effective.

Among the vegetable and herb medicines, the assortment of simples was simply amazing. Nearly every root, plant and flower known had been converted into curative service. Wayside weeds were converted to medical use, and pretty garden flowers made to answer similar purposes. There were tinctures and extracts of all sorts of things, from cow-itch to poison-ivy, which under portentious Latin titles, figured in prescriptions, said the expert. Cow-itch was a remedy for worms. Considering its general qualities, perhaps it really does operate on the principle described by the medical student in Albert Smith's once famous sketch, by tickling the worms to death.

Two centuries ago the list of concoctions or creations supposed to be of utility in restoring human health, included some of the most wonderful humbugs superstition could by any possibility induce a man to swallow. Dried crab's eyes, powdered pearls, ground oyster shells, the excrement of human beings, dogs, cats, mice, rats, geese, earthworms, moss from dead men's skulls, the fat of human corpses, blind puppies mashed up in a mortar, were but a few of them.

To this day in tropical countries people bitten by scorpions kill one, mash it up and drink the juice in alcohol as an antidote; a barbaric version of the remedy for being out too late of a night, known as a "hair of the dog that bit you." It only goes to illustrate what a grip blind belief has on the human mind that, in this enlightened age, an intelligent pharmacist must keep up a stock of empirical and useless material, because there is a demand for it which he must supply.

"The fact is," said the prescription clerk to the reporter, "that a good half of the drugs in this store are superfluous. No druggist can prosper who carries a complete stock. If he makes a living he is lucky. Most of them work like dogs and die about as poor. But what can a poor man do? Some doctors put a whole row of ingredients in a prescription. These often include expensive things for which there is not half a dozen calls a year. But you must have them on hand. You have got to run a whole line of patent medicines, for instance, because many physicians use them in their prescriptions. Good evening, madam," to an old woman with a shawl over her head, who spoke in German. "Dried pig's liver powder, madam? What do you want it for? A case of hysterics, eh? Well, we have none in stock. Why not try a bromide instead?"

But the old lady concluded to go to the opposite store and see if they had not some of her soverign specific in stock there.

PHOTOGRAPHY AND CRIMES.

Startling Evidence Secured by Which Great Mysteries Are Cleared Up.

At a recent sitting of the Berlin Polytechnic Society, Dr. Jeserich, chemist to the court, brought forward some telling instances of the use of microscopy and photography in the detection of crime. Some time ago a man in the Palatinate was suspected of the murder of a young girl. On the shoulder of the girl a hair had been found which appeared to be part of a man's beard, but when magnified 1,000-fold, it was found to belong to an old yellow dog with short hair. Later investigation proved that the owner of such a dog had perpetrated the evil deed.

In another case, a struggle had taken place between the murderer, a man, and his female victim, during which hair was freely pulled out, and here again the hair led directly to the discovery of the true criminal. This man was bald, and as the hair which was found in the murdered woman's hand showed little or no root, Dr. Jeserich guessed that baldness must exist. Investigation showed the identity of this hair with that of the murderer. In a third case of murder some bloodstains were said to have been caused by the slaughter of a goat, which was indeed proved to have been undertaken by the man a few days previous to the trial. But when the blood was enlarged 10,000-fold, the difference between human and goat's blood was clearly seen.

In the case of erasures and alterations in documents, photography has proved very useful, inasmuch as the chemical action brings out any slight differences in the inks used. Several instances were quoted. In one case a bill was presented on the estate of a lately deceased farmer, amounting to 20,200 marks. The heirs said that the deceased's debts amounted to but 400 marks in all, and, when the document was photographed, two inks were brought out. The first 2 had been prefixed to the original number 1, which in its turn was altered to an 0, a 2 was left untouched, and two more 0's were added, thus showing the original demand to have been 12 marks only.—Pearson's Weekly.

SEEING WITH ONE EYE.

A person may see as far with one perfect eye as with two, but he cannot see as clearly; for the advantage that binocular, or double, vision possesses over monocular, or one-eyed vision is that the former, by allowing the observer to catch sight of the object from two different points of view, gives him at once some idea of the proportions of its different parts.

But though this is true in theory, in practice the judgment interferes, and the judgment has been educated, and in some measure rendered independent of the services of binocular vision by experience and the use of other senses, such as touch.

Thus a man with only one eye is never deceived as to the nature of an object with which he is well acquainted, for the report of it that he gets from his vision is corrected and supplemented by his experienced judgment and transmitted to his centers of consciousness in as perfect a form as that which reaches those of a man with two eyes.

The advantage of binocular vision may be thus further illustrated: In rapidly dipping a pen into an inkstand or putting a stopper into a decanter the one-eyed man cannot judge so accurately as the two-eyed man. Or, again, if we shut one eye and attempt to plunge the finger rapidly into the open mouth of a bottle we are apt to overreach or fall short of it.

Excursion To Put-in-Bay, Middle Bass and Catawba Island, Sunday, Oct. 16. Dock foot of Jefferson street. Fare, round trip, 50c.

For Children's Dancing Class

Boys' and Youths' Patent Leather Cloth Tops " " Leather " " Oxfords

Misses' and Children's All kinds and descriptions, Shoes and Slippers,

—AT—

NETTLETON'S

LETTER LIST.

The following letters remain uncalled for at the Toledo, O., postoffice, October 15, 1892. Parties calling for same will please ask for "Advertised" letters:

Gents' List.

A—Anderson, S., Arndt, Joel, Anderson, John, Appleton, James.

B—Bradley, A. J., Brown, W. G., Bochelder, W. M., Bennett, Adelbert, Barnum, A. T., Bargholz, Chas., Bass, C. H., Brown, C. E., Black, C. H., Burnham, Everett A., Boury, Emil, Bale, Geo. B., Bround, Thos., Berner, Harry, Buckles, F. M., Brown, Frank, Bulor, Emil, Brown, Orville G. (2), Butler, John M., Biddle, J. W., Butler, John M., Brown, W. L., Burke, Karl.

C—Cain, Jas., Cline, M., Coleman, M., Chesher, R. D., Conwell, Russell H., Cuff, Tom, Clause, Mattie, Coy, Wm., Connelly, Wm., Collins, Christopher, Charle, Leon, Card, Laurel, Clouise, John, Crockett, James, Childs, J. W., Charrow, Felix.

D—Dunn, W. S., Daw, H. C., DeLander, J. L., Durfy, E. A., Downing, C. A., Dotson, Clint L., Denton, C. C.

E—Ellis, H. M.

F—Foley, A. M., Faith, W. S., Fowler, Charles, Fauth, Wm., Ferguson, Will.

G—Gallagher, Wardie, Girar, Marcice, Gregory, Michael, Graham, Joseph, Gunn, Johnnie, Golden, John.

H—Hughes, Newton, Hommel, M., Hardinger, S., Hill, Lee Grant, Honig, Josef, Harrison, Jos G., Hole, J. E., Hanover, John C., Hount, G. W., Hanson, Claus, Huttan, H. J., Harper, E. S., Hill, A. S.

J—Jackson, Thos., Jones, S. H., Jasfen, Mr.

K—Kaufman, Dr. H. B.

L—Levi, Lewis, Lang Lewis (2), La Corde, Paul, Lee, Wm., Lucus, Link, Lewis, J. W., Lang, John, Lavigue, Jos., Levey, Harry, Lee, Geo., Lighthiser, Geo., Livingston, E. W.

M—Mircarek, W., Miller, W. H. H., McGrath, Dr. T. P., McArnold, Mrs. L. Martin, F. T., McCord, David, Markam, Charley, Moody, Chas. E., McLeod, A. G.

N—Nills, C. H., Neuschwander, A. E., Nichols, Frank.

O—O'Neal, John, Otgen, John.

P—Page, C. A., Presser, Christ, Pike, Dr. Chas., Pierce, Dr., Petton, Elias, Panne, F., Putnam, John E., Pierce, Mattison, Preston, Robert.

R—Ross, Stephen, Roberts, Milo, Reimer, M., Rusch, M. S., Raven, Henry, Rickney, F., Ripley, Fred.

S—Stitts, Robert, Surtman, R., Sherman, Willie, Sutliff, M. J., Stembacher, M., Singleting, Mike, Schneider, J., Schlezinger, Joe, Sass, L. S., Skinner, Lance, Smith, Isaac J., Sweet, George Shockley, G. A., Spear, George, Schafer, Freda, Springman, F. X., Sherwood, C. L., Stoneburner, C. A. (3), Sherman, C. B., Schoenhof, Carl Stewart, Alf.

T—Tmax, John, Toole, John, Tobias, F. W. (2).

V—Villinger, Wm., Voakes, Syle, Van Wolkenburg, Albert, Villinger, Albert A.

W—Williams, Richard R., Wild, R., Wiegert, John, Way, Harry A. (2), Williams, H. H., Wheaton, Frank (2), Winkler Anton, Webb, C. J.

Z—Zapp, Chas., Zarger, John.

Ladies' List.

A—Allen, Miss Ollie, Avers, Miss Della, Adams, Mrs. Ella, Anderson, Stella, Abel, Miss Louise, Adams, Joe, Auglum, Blanch.

B—Blanchard, Mannie, Barnes, Mrs. Annie, Brandt, Bertha, Burt, Bertha, Bauman, Delia, Baer, Miss Schanette (2), Blair, Miss Edna, Bacon, Frances Ida (2), Burdette, Miss Lizzie, Butler, Miss Maggie, Bine, Mrs. W.

C—Creig, Miss Rosie, Cumpers, Mrs., Chavs, Ida, Clouse, Mrs. Ellen, Cherry, Miss Kittie, Cook, Miss Lizzie, Christ, Miss Mary.

D—Dicks, Mrs., Dewey, Miss A., Dunne, Miss Mary, Daily, Miss Nellie.

E—Eaton, Mrs. Marion, Esman, Miss Anna.

F—Foster, Lorinda (2), Flynn, Miss Mamie, Funk, Miss Zella, Fralick, Miss Anna.

G—

MARKETS OF THE WORLD

Weekly Review of Trade by R. G. Dun.

The Commercial Outlook Is Very Gratifying.

Greater Demand for Pig Iron—Quotations in the Various Trading Places.

New York, Oct. 15.—R. G. Dun & Co., in their weekly review of trade, say: Once more it must be said that trade indications are entirely favorable. Even the shrinkage in exports has ceased, an increase of $1,500,000 appearing here last week, while imports continue surprisingly large and foreign exchange declines. Boston reports active trade.

At Philadelphia the iron market decidedly improves. Western orders for coal cannot be filled because the roads are blocked and good orders for the spring trade are reported in dry goods, while the wool market continues active, trade in jewelry is fair, and paints and oils are active.

At Baltimore the infrequency of southern failures is gratifying, collections are more satisfactory. Pittsburg reports a stiffer market for pig iron and a good demand for manufactured products with improving prospects in the glass business. Trade in boots and shoes and hats is satisfactory at Cincinnati.

At Cleveland trade in dry goods, hardware, groceries, boots and shoes is good. The demand for rolling mill products is large, but there is no improvement in price. Pig iron is lower to-day than ever known, notwithstanding the furnaces have largely reduced their output during the past month. There is an increased demand for money, but the supply keeps the market easy.

Collections are good. The boot and shoe trade at Indianapolis reports increased sales, and at Ft. Wayne sales of merchandise exceed last year's, building is fair and manufacturing healthy.

At Detroit manufacturers are full of orders and trade is good. Chicago again reports enormous increase in receipts, those of wheat, oats, and barley having doubled, while receipts of corn are about fifteen times last year's; in wool a gain of 40 per cent. is reported; in cattle and hogs 25 per cent.; and some increase in flour, dressed beef, butter, and cheese. Business was never more prosperous, and eastern shipments of merchandise are of enormous magnitude.

Trade is remarkably strong at St. Louis, the iron crop proving larger than was anticipated; business is larger than last year at Kansas City and very good at Denver. At Minneapolis nearly all branches show increase over last year, and the output of flour, 230,000 barrels, is the largest ever known in a week.

At St. Paul an increased movement in crops is seen. At Omaha trade is very busy. Business at Nashville is improving, but at Little Rock still dull, though in dry goods better. At New Orleans business is active. Wheat is an eighth stronger than a week ago, but corn 1c lower, oats 1 1-2c, hogs 20c, and lard 15c per 100 pounds, cotton an eighth lower, with sales of more than 1,000,000 bales for the week, and oil 1-4c lower. Improved crop reports and heavy movement of products push prices downward.

The iron output October 1 was 158,027 tons weekly, against 151,648 tons September 1, and it is especially encouraging that the stocks on hand decreased 85,234 tons during September. The demand for pig iron is improving, and a general advance of about 50c per ton is reported for pig, with liberal buying, while trade in plates is very unsatisfactory; in bar iron trade is somewhat better, and structural mills are full of orders. Livelier buying continues in copper at 11 5-8 cents and speculation moves tin upward, but lead is weak and unsettled at 4c. Cotton and woolen mills are fully employed, and many of them cannot fill their orders, though running their machinery night and day. Sales of wool this year at the three chief markets have been 247,000,000 pounds, against 194,000,000 pounds to the same date last year. Strong buying is seen in cottons. Stocks have been stronger, with an average advance of about $1 per share, but the activity has been in industrial and New England stocks.

The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days number 215. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 259.

Live Stock.

New York, Oct. 15.—Cattle—Receipts 2,168 head, including 57 cars for sale. The market was slow but steady. Sales of native steers at $3.70@5.00 per cwt. Texans at $2.70@3.10, bulls and cows at $1.10@2.90. Dressed beef dull at 7@8 1-2c per lb. Shipments to-morrow 892 beeves, and 6,360 quarters of beef.

Calves—Receipts 322 head. The market was dull. Sales of veals at $5.00@7.50 per cwt, grassers at $2.00@2.50.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 5,987 head. The market was very dull. Sheep sold at $3.50@5.10 per cwt, lambs at $5.12 1-2@6.00. Dressed mutton was steady at 7@8 1-2c per lb., and dressed lambs dull at 8@9 1-2c.

Hogs—Receipts 3,269 head, consigned direct. The market was nominally steady. Sales at $5.65@6.20 per cwt.

Buffalo, Oct. 15.—Cattle—Receipts 133 loads through, 7 loads for sale. The market was steady and firm. Sales of good Colorado heifers at $3.20 per cwt.

Calves—Buttermilks at $2.25@3.50, veals, fair to best, at $5.00@6.00.

Hogs—Receipts 76 loads through, 25 loads for sale. The market was lower. Heavy grades corn fed at $5.75@5.85 per cwt.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 20 loads through, 41 loads for sale, including 18 loads held over. The market was very dull and lower. Sales of choice wethers at $4.75 per cwt.

Chicago, Oct. 15.—Cattle—Receipts 12,000 head, shipments 2,500 head. The market was a trifle higher. Sales of best native steers at $5.00@5.50 per cwt., others at $3.75@4.90, feeders at $3.25@3.50, stockers at $2.15@2.50, Texans at $2.30@2.90, native cows at $2.50@2.75.

Hogs—Receipts 18,000 head, shipments 8,000 head. The market closed stronger than yesterday. Sales of rough and common at $4.75@5.00 per cwt., packing and mixed at $5.05@5.30, prime heavy and butchers' weights at $5.40@5.60, assorted light at $5.20@5.35, others at $4.50@5.10.

Sheep—Receipts 2,00 head, shipments 600 head. The market was a shade stronger. Sales of natives at $3.75@5.50 per cwt., grass Texans at $3.30@3.35, westerns at $4.25@4.60, lambs at $3.25@5.25.

St. Louis, Oct. 15.—Cattle—Receipts 2,000 head, shipments 3,000 head. The market was active. Sales of fair to choice native steer at $3.25@5.00 per cwt, ordinary to good Texas and Indian steers at $2.20@3.00, cows at $1.70@2.25.

Hogs—Receipts 4,000 head, shipments 3,000 head. The market was lower and weak. Sales of heavy grades at $5.20@5.45 per cwt, packing at $5.00@5.40, light at $5.20@5.35.

Sheep—Receipts 1,000 head. The market was steady. Native muttons at $3.75@4.75 per cwt, Texans range at $2.50@4.25.

Kansas City, Oct. 15.—Cattle—Receipts 7,000 head, shipments 3,000 head. The market for good steers was strong, others dull and lower; all grades selling at $4.25@4.60 per cwt., cows steady at $1.25@2.30, Texas and Indian steers unchanged, no sales; good stockers and feeders steady, others weak to 10c lower, all grades selling at $2.25@3.10.

Hogs—Receipts 8,000 head, shipments 6,000 head. The market was strong. Sales of all grades at $4.25@5.40 per cwt., the bulk of sales at $5.00@5.30.

Sheep—Receipts 600 head, shipments 600 head. The market was quiet and nominally steady. Common mutton at $3.90 per cwt., lambs at $5.00.

East Liberty, Oct. 15.—Cattle—Receipts 1,180 head, shipments 1,160 head. There was nothing doing to-day; all through consignments. Prime steers ranged at $4.75@5.10 per cwt, fair to good at $3.50@4.20, common at $2.00@3.25, bulls, cows and stags at $1.50@3.00, bologna cows at $4.00@4.20, fresh cows at $20.00@40.00. No cattle shipped to New York to-day.

Hogs—Receipts 3,70 0head, shipments 3,300 head. The market was dull. Sales of fair to best Philadelphias at $5.75@5.80 per cwt, mixed at $5.60@5.65, best Yorkers at $5.50@5.55, common at $5.25@5.40. Ten cars of hogs shipped to New York to-day.

Sheep—Receipts 400 head, shipments 500 head. Market very dull. Prime sheep at $4.65@4.85 per cwt, fair to good at $4.00@4.25, common at $1.00@2.00, lambs at $3.50@5.50

Veal Calves—At $500@5.60 per cwt.

Cleveland, Oct. 15.—Cattle—Receipts 4 cars, 2 cars consigned direct to local butchers. Market steady on prime butcher steers and heifers, dull and a shade easier on common cows and canners. Butcher bulls in fair demand; bologna bulls slow. Choice family cows steady; common cows and springers almost unsalable. Quotations: Choice export steers of 1,350 lbs. and upwards at $4 25@4 50 per cwt., choice steers of 1,250 to 1,350 lbs. at $4 00@4 25, do of 1,100 to 1,200 lbs. at $3 25@3 75, do of 900 to 1,050 lbs. at $2 50@3 20, rough, common and grassy steers of 900 to 1,200 lbs. average at $2 25@2 75, good and choice heifers at $2 50@3 00, thin to fair do at $2 00@2 25, good to choice cows at $2 25@2 50, thin to medium grades at $1 50@1 90, good butcher bulls at $2 00@2 50, bologna bulls at $1 50@1 75, choice cows and calves at $25 00@35 00 each, common to fair do at $12 00@25 00. Western and Texans good steers of 1,000 to 1,100 lbs. average at $2 75@3 00, do of 900 to 1,000 lbs. average at $2 25@2 50, fair to good heifers at $2 15@2 50, do cows at $2 00@2 25.

Veal Calves—Receipts about 35 head. The market is barely steady at quotations. The receipts the last few days have been quite liberal and the demand has been only fair. Common calves and yearlings slow of sale. All offerings on sale disposed of. Market closing steady at the following prices: Extra veal calves at $6.75@7.00 per cwt, choice do at $6.25@6.50, fair to good at $5 00@6.00, common and rough'sh calves at $3 25@4.00, yearlings and heavy calves at $2.50@3.00.

Hogs—Receipts 1,050 head, shipments 820 head. Market active on medium and heavy weights, dull and lower on light weights. Local packers and shippers bought the medium and heavy weights; the light ends were difficult to find buyers for. Pigs are in better demand and the accumulation in the yards disposed of. The market closed weak at the following prices: Selected heavy shippers at $5.65 5.70 per cwt, fair to best medium hogs at $5.55@5.60, corn fed York weights at $5.45@5.50, corn fed pigs at $4.80@5.00, grassers and half fat pigs at $4.50@4.75, roughs at $4.10@4.50, stags at $3.25@3.75.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 6 cars, shipments 1 car, and 4 cars consigned direct to local butchers. The market was dull and 10@20c lower on all grades; closing with a few common and cull grades left over unsold. Choice grades of 90 lbs and upwards at $4 60@4.40 per cwt, good to choice do of 60 to 80 lbs at $3.35@3.75, fair to good quality at $3 00@3.25, culls to common grades at $2.00@3.00, good fat bucks at $2.75@3 00, common to good at $2.25@2.50. Lambs, choice grades of 70 to 90 lbs at $5.15@5.35, fair to good of 60 to 70 lbs at $4.50@5.00, common to fair at $3.25@3.75.

Cotton.

St. Louis, Oct. 15.—Cotton—The market is quiet. Middling at 7 11-16c. Receipts 600 bales, shipments 1,300 bales, stock 29,700 bales, sales 100 bales.

Memphis, Oct. 15.—Cotton—The market is quiet. Middling selling at 7 9-16c. Receipts 2,054 bales, shipments 3,361 bales, stock 30,201 bales, sales 1,500 bales.

Dry Goods.

New York, Oct. 15.—The dry goods market was without much change. The tone to cotton goods was strong and more upward changes are looked for. Outside of cotton goods there was no new feature.

Wool.

Philadelphia, Oct. 15.—The demand is good. Prices are firm. Sales of Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia XX and above at 28@29c, extra at 26@28c, medium at 33@34c, coarse at 32 1-2@33c. New York, Michigan, Indiana and western fine or X and XX at 24@26c, medium at 32@33c, and coarse at 32@33c, fine washed delaine X and XX at 28@32c, medium washed combing and delaine at 35@36c, coarse at 33@35c, Canada washed combing at 31@32c, tub-washed, choice, at 36@38c, fair at 35@36c, coarse at 33@34c, medium unwashed combing and delaine at 25@26 1-2c, coarse at 24 1-2@25 1-2c, bright unwashed clothing fine or X and XX at 19@21c, medium at 23@27c, coarse at 24 1-2@25c, dark earthy unwashed clothing fine at 15@17c, medium at 18@21c. Montana fine at 16@22c, medium at 18@22c, coarse at 19@22c, Territorial fine at 13@21c.

Metals

New York, Oct. 15.—Bar silver 85 3-8c.

London, Oct. 15.—Bar silver at 39 1-4d per ounce.

St. Louis, Oct. 15.—Lead—Market quiet at $3.75; spelter dull at $4.10.

New York, Oct. 14.—Pig Iron—Steady; fair demand. American at $13.00@15.50. Copper—Steady. Lake at $11.60@11.75. Lead—Dull. Domestic at $3:90@4.05. Tin—Straits at $20.75@20.80.

Petroleum.

New York, Oct. 15.—The petroleum market opened firmer and advanced slightly. At the close the improvement was lost and the market left off weak. Pennsylvania oil spot sales none. November option, sales 6,000 bbls; opening at 52 1-4c, the highest price 52 1-4c, the lowest 52c, closing at 52c. Lima oil no sales. Total sales 6,000 bbls.

Oil City, Oct. 15.—National Transit certificates opened at 51 5-8c, the highest price was 51 7-8c, the lowest 51 3-4c, closing at 51 3-4c. Sales 8,000 bbls, clearances 34,000 bbls, shipments 109,577 bbl, runs 94,445 bbls.

Cincinnati.

Cincinnati, Oct. 15.—Cotton—In light demand and lower. Middling at 8c.

Flour—In moderate demand. Sales of family at $2.50@2.75, fancy at $3.30@3.55.

Wheat—Steady and in fair demand. No. 2 red cash at 71 1-2@72 1-4c. Receipts 5,700 bushels, shipments 5,000 bushels.

Corn—Weak and lower. No. 2 mixed cash at 43 1-2c.

Oats—Barely steady. No. 2 mixed cash at 33@33 1-2c.

Rye—Weak and lower. No. 2 at 58c.

Pork—Barely steady. New held at $11.50.

Lard—Quiet. Current make held at $8.00.

Bulkmeats—Quiet. Short ribs at $7.62 1-2@7.75.

Bacon—Steady, with fair demand. Short clear, loose, at $9.37 1-2@9.50.

Whisky—Steady and firm. Sales of 1,080 bbls of distillers' finished goods on a basis of $1.15.

Butter—Steady and firm. Sales of fancy Elgin creamery at 27c. Ohio do at 22@27c, fine dairy at 17@18c.

Sugar—In fair demand. Hard refined at 4 1-8@5 3-8c, New Orleans at 3 5-8@4 3-8c.

Eggs—Easy. Sales of fresh in round lots at 16 1-2c per doz.

Cheese—In good demand. Sales of prime to choice cured Ohio flat at 9@10c.

Linseed Oil—Slow and steady. Sales at 42@44c.

Hogs—In light demand and weaker. Sales of common and light at $4.40@5.60 per cwt. Receipts 3,500 head, shipments 3,350 head.

TOLEDO PRICES CURRENT.

Corrected daily at King's elevator.—Grain at the elevator—Red wheat, No. 2, new, 73c; white wheat, No 2, 69c. Rye—No. 2, new, 54c. Corn—No. 2, 45c. Oats—White, 35c; mixed, 33c.

Provisions—(Corrected daily by Charles Meyers)—Very firm; pork, mess, $12 00 per bbl; short, $12 50; clear, $13 00; short clear, $14 50. Hams very firm; 18 lbs and over, 12c; 15 lbs average, 12c; 12 lbs. and under, 12 1-2c; shoulders, 9c; scarce. Breakfast bacon, clear, 12c; rib, 10c; smoked beef, 11c. Lard—Kettle rendered, 8 1-2c; by bbl., 8 1-2c; 50 lb tin kettle lard, 8 1-2c; refined, 6 3-4c; 50 lb tins, 7c. Bacon side, 10 1-2c. Bologna, 6c. Barrel meats active. Calves, 6 1-2@8c bbl. Hogs—Good demand, 6@7c. All kinds smoked meats very firm but scarce.

Butter—Scarce and higher; Elgin creamery, 26@27c; gathered creams, 24@25c; fancy Ohio creamery, 23@24c; fancy northwestern creamery, 22@24c; fancy dairy, 21@22c; prime to choice, 18@19c; medium, 14@16c; common, 8@10c per pound.

Tallow—City, 4 3-4c per lb; country, 4c.

Wool—Unwashed—Medium clothing, 18@23c per lb; combing and delaine, 24@25c; quarter blood, 23@24c; fine merino, 18@19c. Fleece-washed—Medium clothing, 27@30c; combing and delaine, 30@31c; fine merino, X and XX, 28@29c; burry and cots, 18@20c. Tub-washed—30@35c; pulled, 25@29c.

Vegetables—(Corrected daily by E. A. Rood)—Business good; demand for all vegetables active and improving. Prices on open market. Country orders are filled at higher prices. New potatoes 65@70c per bushel; $1 85@2 00 per barrel; green beans, 50@75c per bu; new wax beans, 60@75c per bu; new cauliflower, $1 00@1 50 per doz; beets, 50c bu; onions, 20c per doz; $0@1 00 per bushel; lettuce, 5@6c per lb; tomatoes, 30@40c per bushel; cabbage, $2 25@3 50; California fruits—Bartlett pears, $3 00@3 50 per box; plums, $2 50@3 00 per case; peaches, $1 50 per case. New apples scarce and high, 90@1 00 per bu; strictly fancy, 1l 10 per bu; $2 50@3 00 per bbl.

Fruits—Fine Crawford peaches, peck baskets, 75@90c; bushel baskets, $2 75@3 25; choice white peaches, $2 25@2 75; pickling pears, $1 25@1 50 per bu; duchess pears, $2 25@2 50 per bu; nutmeg melons, 40@75c per doz; $1 00@1 50 per barrel.

Poultry—(Corrected daily by Fulton Market)—Dressed and live chickens demand good, live, 8@9c per lb; old, dressed, 8c; old, live, 7@8c; spring ducks, demand light; dressed, 10c; live, 7@8c; turkeys, 9c; woodcock, 20c each; partridge, 35c each.

Salt Fish—Mackerel No. 1 large shore, per bbl., $22 00@24 00; No. 1 shore, $19 00@21 00; No. 1 medium, $17 00@18 00; No. 2 shore, $20 00@21 00; 1-2 bbl. No. 1 shore, $11 50; 1-2 bbl. No. 2 shore, $11 00; 1-2 bbl. No. 3 large, $9 50; 1-2 bbl. No. 3 small, $6 50; white fish, No. 1, per half bbl., $8 50; No. 2, $8 50. Lake herring, $3 00 per half bbl; No. 1 box herring, 22c per box.

Fresh Fish—Scarce; White (upper lake) 7c; No. 2 pickerel, 5c; herring, 2 1-2c; pike, 6 1-2c; pan, 2 1-2c; trout, 7c; sheepshead, 3c; saugers, 5c; catfish, dressed, 7 1-2c.

Turpentine—Savannah quiet at 26 3-4c per gallon.

Lead—Standard trust, $7 00@7 50; colored lead, $6 00@7 00.

Eggs—Market firm; strictly fresh, 19@20c.

Oils—Ohio prime white, 6 1-2c; Ohio water white, 7c; Indiana prime white, 6 1-2c; Indiana water white, 7c; Michigan prime white, 7c; Michigan water white, 7 1-2c; Eocene, 8 1-2c; Lagoya gaso, 7c; linseed oil, raw, 43c; boiled, 46c. These figures are for barrels. Lard oil, No. 1, 42c, extra, No. 1, 52c; extra winter strain, 64c.

Peanuts—Farmers' rough, 8@4c per lb; do screened, 4@4 1-2c; recleaned and handpicked, 5c; white Virginia, 5c.

Coffees—Corrected daily by the Toledo Spice Co.—Green Rio, fair, 15 1-2c; good, 17 1-2c; prime, 18 1-2c; Green Santos, fancy, 22 1-2c; Roasted Java Mandheling, 40c; Old government, 32 1-2c; Java, 30c; Java Imperial, 26c; roasted Rio, bulk, 18@23c; German packages, 21 1-4c; Lion packages, 21 1-4c; Arbosa packages, 21 1-4c.

Hay—(Corrected daily by Fred Adams & Son)—Choice timothy, $11 00@12 00; No. 2, $9 00@7 00.

Seeds—German millet, $1 15 from store; Hungarian and common millet, 85@1 00 from store; flaxseed, $1 15@1 25 per bu on arrival.

Millfeed—Bran, $15 00 in bulk on track; shipstuff, $16 00; middlings, $18 00 and $1 00 more in sacks.

Flour—Spring patent, $5 25; spring family, $4 75@5 25; winter patent, $4 75@5 25; fancy, $5 00@5 25; winter family, $4 75@5 25; extra, $3 50@4 00; low grade, $3 50. $1 00 more in bags.

Salt—Michigan salt, 90c per bbl; eastern, $1 00 per bbl; Michigan on track, 85c.

Sugar—4 X Powdered, 5.73c; Standard, Powdered, 5.29c; Cutloaf, 6c; Cubes, 5 3-4c; Fine Granulated, 5.29c; Standard A, 5.16c; Off A's, 4.79@4.98c; light Extra C's, 4.47@4.66c; Good Extra C's, 4.10@4 1-2c; Yellow Extra C's, 3.85c.

Maple Sweets—Syrup, pure, 90@1 00 per active for all grades. Molasses firm; New Orleans, 50@75c per gallon; dark sugar, 18@25c per gallon; white, 28@35c; maple sugar, 9@10c.

Beans—New York marrows, $2 15@2 25; navy and medium, $1 85@2 00 per bu; western, $ 150@1 60.

Rice—Firm; fair to choice Louisiana, 4 1-2@5c; per lb; Japan, 5 1-2@6c; fancy head, Carolina, 6 1-2@7c. The foregoing are wholesale, not retail prices, which are fractionally higher.

Sorghum—Medium to choice, 30@32c per gallon. Market dull.

Dried Fruit—Apples, 4 1-2@5c per lb; evaporated, 6 1-2@7c; peaches, 7 1-2@8 1-2c; fancy, 9 1-2@10c.

Cheese—New York full cream, 12 1-2@13 1-2c per lb; Michigan full cream, 10@10 1-2c per lb; Young America, 9@11 1-2c; fancy Schweitzer, 14 1-2@15c per lb; twins, 11 1-2@12c per lb. Stocks are light and the market is firm.

Hops—New York, 30@33c; western, 23@33c; foreign, 63c per lb.

DRY GOODS MARKET.

Prints.

Pacific Fancy, 6c; Cocheco Fancy, 6c; Simpsons Fancy, 6c; Simpsons Fancy, 6c; Windsor Fancy, 6c; Allen's Fancy, 5 1-2c; Manchester Fancy, 6c; Hamilton Fancy, 6c; Hamilton Staples, 5 1-2c; American, 3-4 Indigo, 5 3-4c; American Shirting, 3-4c; Arnold "B" Indigo, 9c; Arnold "C" Indigo, 8c; Harmony Fancy, 4 1-4c; Hamilton Rep Robes, 6c; Pacific Robes, 6c; Allen's Robes, 6c; Allen's Patch Work, 5 1-2c; Allen's Pink, 6c; Allen's Purple, 6c; Hamilton Figured Red, 6c; Pacific Figured Red, 6c; Allen Figured Red, 6c; M. W. 4-4 Plain Oil Red, 10c; X Washington Oil Red, 8c; M. W. 3-4 Oil Red, 7c; S. 3-4 Oil Red, 6c; India Oil Red, 5 1-2c; Palermo Oil Red, 5c; Vienna Oil Green, Blue and Orange, 6c; Steel River Percales, 8c.

Ginghams.

Amoskeag staples, 7c; Falcon staples, 4 3-4c; Normandie dress, 8c; Renfrew dress, 8c; Everett dress, 8c; Bon Ton dress, 7 1-2c; Reechwood dress, 7c; Hadley dress, 6 1-2c; Wellington dress, 6 1-2c.

Dress Goods.

Angora Camlets, 10 1-2c; Zaara Melange, 10 1-2c; India Cashmere, 10 1-2c; Inverness 36 inch., 10c; Tokio Repps, 8 1-2c; Turners, 24 inch, 16c; Turners, 36 inch, 24c; Turners, 36 inch, 32 1-2c; 3-4 Real Lustre, 12 1-2c; Clan Tartans, 10c; Lawrence Fancies, 20c; 3-4 Poplin Lustre, 8 1-2c; Swiss Zephyrs, 7 1-2c; Arlesian Cords, 7 1-2c; Elder Downs, 37 1-2c; Cordovan Cords, 7 1-2c; Oxford 36 inch. Sackings, 20c; All Wool 28 inch. Sackings, 21c; Rochadle 36 inch. Fancy, 40c; Camels 36 inch. Fancy, 35c; No. 415 All Wool 36 inch. Sackings, 35c; 1079 36 inch. Sackings, 37 1-2c; 50 Inch. Broadcloths, $1 00; 50 inch. 1600 Sackings, 47 1-2c; B. A. W. Cashmeres, 12 1-2c; "B" Cashmeres, 15c; N. C. Henrietta Black and Colors, 18c; M. C. Henrietta Black and Colors, 24c; 107 Henrietta Black and Colors, 35c; A. 10 Henrietta Black and Colors, 47 1-2c.

39 Inch Black Henriettas.

C C, 14c; Essex, 15c; S, 20c; E 5, 20c; XX, 25c; XXX, 30c.

Oriental, 40c; Red and Green, 35c; Plain Cardinal, 35c.

Cream Damasks.

No. 135, 35c; No. 142, 40c; No. 163 X, 45c; No. 221, 50c.

White Damasks.

No. 14, 37 1-2c; No. 24, 40 1-2c; No. 44, 50 1-2c; No. 76, 60 1-2c; No. 98, 65 1-2c; No. 102, 75 1-2c; Red Border, 33 1-2c; 50 1-2c; No. 50 1-2c; No. 76, 60 1-2c; No. 93, Red Border, 35 1-2c; Red Border, 40 1-2c.

"A" Chambrays.

All colors, 10c.

Selesias.

2 X, 8c; 3 X, 9 1-2c; 4 X, 11c; 5 X, 12 1-2c; 77 Fancy, 12 1-2c; 92 Fancy, 12 1-2c; 226 Fancy, 16c; 95 Fancy, 16c; 216 Fancy, 22 1-2c; Percalines, 12c; Cambrics, 4 1-4c; Paddings, 9c.

Linen Canvas.

100 Black, Slates and Seal Browns, 10 1-2c; 200 Black, Slates and Seal Browns, 12c; 300 Black, Slates and Seal Browns, 14c.

Corset Jeans.

Victoria Black, Slates and White, 7c; Conestoga Browns and Slates, 6c.

Crinolines.

Alton 10-4, 75c pair; Atlantic 10-4, 75c pair; Arablan 10-4, $1 50 pair; Amsburg 10-4, $1 00 pair; Ansonia 10-4, $1 20 pair; Alhambra 10-4, $1 40 pair; Adine 10-4, $1 40 pair; Bradford 10-4, $1 80 pair; Pacific Scarlet 10-4, $2 5c pair; Beacon White 10-4, $2 25 pair; Globe 10-4, $2 50 pair; Devonshire 10-4, $2 75 pair; Forest City 10-4, $2 75 pair; Forest City 10-4, $3 00 pair; Manitoba 10 4, $3 75 pair; Columbia No. 190 11-4, $4 50 pair; Columbia No. 200, 11-4, $6 00 pair, St. Joaquin 11-4, $5 25 pair; D Valley 11-4, $6 50.

Comforts.

"D," $7 00 net per doz; E E, $8 00 net per doz; J H, $9 00 net per doz; V E, $12 00 net per doz; N, $12 00 net per doz; C S, $13 50 net per doz; X, $15 00 net per doz; 33, $17 00 net per doz; 50 S F, $18 00 net per doz; H-4, $19 00 net per doz; 55, $20 00 net per doz. C-6, $24 00 net per doz; P-8, $30 00 net per doz; Bunting Comforters, $15 00 net per doz; Crib Comforters, $9 00 net per doz.

Canton Flannels (Unbleached.)

No. 10 Tri-State, 4 3-4c; No. 20 Tri-State, 5 1-2c; No. 30 Tri-State, 6 1-2c; No. 40 Tri-State, 7 1-2c; No. 50 Tri-State, 8c; No. 60 Tri-State, 9c; No. 70 Tri-State, 10c; No. 80 Tri-State, 12c.

Canton Flannels (Bleached.)

No. 15 Tri-State, 6c; No. 25 Tri-State, 7c; No. 35 Tri-State, 8c; No. 45 Tri-State, 9c; No. 55 Tri-State, 10c; No. 65 Tri-State, 12 1-2c.

Colors.

No. "A" Browns and Slates, 9 1-2c; No. "C" Browns and Slates, 8c; Reds, Old Gold and Blues, 10c.

Table Felts.

All colors, 95c net.

Surah Silks.

All colors, 30c; Blacks, 30c; Blacks, 40c; Blacks, 50c; Blacks, 60c; Blacks, 75c.

Crashes (Unbleached.)

Cotton Twill, 4c; Cotton Huck, 4c; Cotton Birdseye, 4c; Pembetton, 5c; 14-inch linen, 4 1-2c; A A, 6 1-2c; A, 7c; P P, 7 1-2c P, 8c; N, 9c; N N, 10c; S R T, 12c.

Crashes (Bleached.)

Cotton Huck, 4 1-2c; Toilet Twill, 4 1-2c; Cotton Twill, 5c; "A" Linen, 8c; N Linen, 10c; Brittish, 10c; Britian Twill, 12c; 348 Plaid Linen, 8 1-2c; 348 A Linen, 10c; Check, 8c.

Tickings.

No. 20 White Horse, 6 1-2c; Royal, 6 1-2c; No. "A" Oakland, 7c; No. 250 Oakland, 8c; No. 100 White Horse, 8c; No. 50 White Horse, 8c; No. 60 White Horse, 9c; No. C. O., Swift Mf'g. Co., 8c; No. S. S., Swift Mfg. Co., 9c; Fancy, Swift Mfg. Co., 10c; Appleton Fancy, 10c; A A A Lewiston Plaid, 10c; Imperial, 10c; No. 3 White Horse, 9c; No. 2 White Horse, 10 1-2c; No. 1 White Horse, 14c; Salem Fancy, 10 1-2c; S. S. Thorndyke, 12c; Victoria, 12 1-2c; 871 Fancy, 15c; 1074 Fancy, 15c; H. C. White Horse, 15c; Zebra, 16 1-2c.

Wide Brown Goods.

10-4 Boston, 20c; 9-4 Boston, 18 1-2c; 8-4 Boston, 17 1-2c; 7-4 Boston, 15c; 45-inch Fairhaven, 9c.

Bleached Cottons.

Middlesex B B, 5c; One of The Finest, 5 1-2c; Diamond, 6c; Oak View, 6c; Harvest E, 6 1-4c; Golden Rod, 6 1-2c; Senator, 6 3-4c; Pennant, 7c; Pennant, 1-2 Bleached, 7c; Fearless, 1-2 Bleached, 7c; Capitol, 1-2 Bleached, 7c; White Squadron, 7 1-2c; Rosalind, 7 1-2c; Fauntleroy, 8c; Four Seasons, 8 1-4c; Silver Queen, 8 1-2c; Lonsdale, 8 1-4c; Fruits, 8 1-4c; Lonsdale Cambrics, 10c.

Shirtings.

Tri-State, 5c; Household, 5c; Alabamas, 7c; Eagle & Phoenix, 6 1-2c; Southern, 4 1-2@5c; Edinburg, 8c; Greenville, 6c.

York Fancies, 12 1-2c; York Blue and Brown, 12c; Everett Blue and Brown, 12c; Andover Blue and Brown, 11 1-2c; Columbian Blue and Brown, 10c; 12-ounce Blue and Brown, 14 1-2c; Arlington Ducks, 15c; Somerset Blue and Brown, 10 1-2c.

Brown Sheetings.

Great Falls E, 6 1-2c; Cabot A, 6c; Piedmont, 5 3-4c; Tri-State, 5 1-2c; North Star L L, 5 1-2c; Glenmore, 5 1-2c; Henderson A, 5 1-2c; Henderson C, 4 1-4c; Norwood X X, 5 3-4c; Household A A, 5 1-4c; Lawrence L L, 5c; Favorite L L, 5c; Harper L L, 4 3-4c; Cast Iron, 7 1-2c; Constitution, 8-8, 7 1-4c; Constitution, 4-4, 6 1-4c; Dwight Star, 6 3-4c; Atlas O N B, 6 1-2c; Columbian Tower, 6 1-4c; Cambria No. 1, 5 3-4c; Good Value, 5 1-2c; Household G G, 5 1-4c; Niobe R, 5 1-4c; Newmarket B, 5c; Grafton A, 4c; Archery Bunting, 4 1-4c; Tennis Bunting, 4c; Wassue Bunting, 3 3-4c; Pet, 3 1-4c Anchor Drill, 6 3-4c; Piedmont, 6 1-4c.

10 Days.)

Stark A, $19 00 per bale; Railroad, $17 50 per bale; Amoskeag, $16 00 per bale; Eureka, $15 50 per bale; White Wadding, 25c per doz; Black Wadding, 20c per doz; Linen Collar Canvas, 16@20c per yard; 4-ply Cotton Twine, 20c per lb.

Battings.

16 oz. Electric, 10 1-2c per lb; 12 oz. Electric, 10 1-2c per lb; 10 oz. Electric, 10 1-2c; 16 oz. Superion, 8c; 16 oz. Magnetic, 10 1-2c; 16 oz. Page, 8c; 16 oz. Maumee 8c; X X Case 100 roll, $7 50 per case; X X X, Case 100 roll, $8 50 per case; X X X X, Case 80 roll, $9 50 per case. Floor Oil Cloths (in 4-4), 3-4, 6-4 and 8-4.) No. 2, 30c; No. 3, 25c; No. 4, 21c; No. B, 19c; No. 2 Rugs, 35c; No. 3 Rugs, 30c.

Wide Bleached Goods.

10-4 Boston, 22 1-2c; 9-4 Boston, 20c; 8-4 Boston, 18 1-2c, 6-4 Boston, 15c; 5-4 Boston, 12 1-2c; 45-inch Newmarket, 10c; 42 inch Newmarket, 9c.

46 Inch Black Henriettas.

No. 1200, 65c; 1300, 67 1-2c; 1400, 70c; 1500, 75c; 1600, 77 1-2c; 1700, 80c; 1800, 82 1-2c; 1900, 85c; 2000, 92 1-2c.

Plain Red Flannels.

No. 1200, 55c; 1300, 57 1-2c; 1400, 60c;

Silk Warp Henriettas.

No. 120, 72 1-2c; 110, 77 1-2c; 130, 82 1-2c; 140, 87 1-2c; 160, 92 1-2c; 170, 97 1-2; 27 inch Black Mohair, 25c; 46 inch Bedford Cords, 37 1-2c.

Draperies.

Bengall, 12 1-2c; Punkah, 8c; Polka Spot, 6 1-2c; Windsor 25c; Kremlin, 25c; Fontainebleau, 25c; Rugby, 20c; Tudor, 20c; Boulevard, 20c; Huron, 18c; Suburban, 18c; Plantagnet, 18c; Derby, 12 1-2c; Marathon, 12 1-2c; Beranium, 12 1-2c.

3-4 Cream, 6c; 3-4 Bristol, 8c; Anawan, 10c; Orion, 12 1-2c; Dakota, 15c; Marigold, 15c; Norfalk, 20c.

Siberia, 27 1-2c; Farmers, 30c; C M, 30c Excelsior, 35c.

Horse Blankets.

Kansas Square, 90c net each; Oxford Square, $1 00 net each; Berlin S Square, $1 10 net each; 5-A Trader Square, $1 20 net each; Plunger Square, $1 25 net each; 5-A Magic Square, $1 50 net each; 5-A Cold Wave Square, $2 00 net each; 5-A Trojan Square, $2 00 net each; 5-A Diamond Square, $2 25 net each; 5-A 306 Square, $2 50 net each; 5-A Norwegian Square, $2 75 net each; 5-A No. 51 Russian, $3 25 net each; 5-A No. 53 Russian, $3 25 net each; Arctic Cut, 90c net each; Hudson Cut, $1 00 net each; Albany Cut, $1 25 net each; 5-A 5-hille, $1 35 net each.

UPPER SANDUSKY.

What Wyandot County People Are Doing.

Upper Sandusky, O., Oct. 15.—(Special)—Miss Ella Watts has returned to her home in Kenton, after a pleasant visit in this city, the guest of Miss Lillian Gravelle.

Miss Ina Reed is visiting in Fostoria.

Miss Anna Laden is visiting in Ottawa.

D. D. Hare and Dr. A. Billhardt were in Sandusky over Sunday.

Clint Bonsher and Wood Haynes attended the races at Chillicothe last week.

Miss Cora Kenan is visiting her sister, Mrs. Dr. Watt Smalley at Enterprise, O.

Dr. G. W. Sampson attended a convention of railway surgeons at Ft. Wayne Monday.

Miss Maggie Lime was home from Tiffin, where she is attending college, the fore part of the week.

Miss Lizzie McKelly is visiting in Toledo.

Miss Roa Aqus visited Marion last week.

Representative J. J. Smith is visiting in Genoa, O.

Capt. Jno. Green, of Carey, was here Monday.

Miss Floy Hale is visiting in Findlay.

Misses Cora and Nora Stutz are visiting in Lindlay, guests of their brother Herman.

Henry French, of Elkhart, Ind., is visiting W. J. Landermilch and family.

Meyer Jaskulek, of Cleveland, was the guest of Mayor Jonas, Wednesday.

Miss Edith Straw has returned from her visit to Denver, Col.

The Shakespeare club has reorganized with the following officers: President, Robert Carey; vice president, Mrs. Eliza Carter; secretary, L. M. Bowers; treasurer, Mayme Holmes.

Excursiontickets sold to Whitmore andHamburg Junct.Lakes at 75c and to all other stations a one fare for round trip.

WATERVILLE NOTES.

Waterville, Oct. 15.—Mr. Christian Karlin an old citizen of this place, died this week. The funeral took place on Thursday.

Dr. L

Single and Double-Breasted Business Suits for the Merchant or Mechanic

—AT—

$10, $12 and $15

This season we are showing the strongest line of Suits at the above prices we have ever shown. The variety of cloths is very extensive, ranging from staple black cheviots to the more fancy weaves in cassimeres, serges and worsteds. In style and fit they are perfect and fully equal to any suit you can have made to order for $30. It won't cost you a cent to call and satisfy yourself that we are right.

HAVE YOU SEEN

—THE—

ALPINE HATS

WE ARE SELLING AT

$1.49?

If not, you'll have to hustle or you'll not be "in it." It is not often people have the chance to buy a regular $2.50 hat for $1.49, and the way these hats are going show that they appreciate the fact. We have but a few dozens left, and after they're gone cannot promise any more.

Our Regular Hat Stock

Is the largest in the city, and embraces every DESIRABLE STYLE in the

NEW FALL SHAPES

MOCKETT'S FAULTLESS CLOTHING!

Headquarters for Reliable and Stylish Wearing Apparel.

The Newest and Best Are Always to be Found on Our Counters.

In Fit, Style and Workmanship Our Finer Grades of Clothing Are Faultless.

To the man who pays from $15 to $20 extra to have his clothes made to order simply to feel assured of getting a good fit, we have a small request to make. Call at our store, ask to see our finer goods and take the trouble to try on one or two garments. We will show you one of the richest assortments of fine clothes you have ever seen. Fine Imported Clay Worsteds, bound and unbound, genuine English Cassimeres, in neat mixtures, handsome French Worsteds in matelasse weaves, Imported Thibets, both plain and fancy, and Fine Cheviots, are a few of the fabrics we will show you. If, after a careful examination of the FIT, STYLE and FINISH of these goods, you cannot be suited, you'll be all the better satisfied to go on paying your tailor his price, BUT the chances are a hundred to one that your name will be enrolled among hundreds of Toledo's swell dressers who have become converts to MOCKETT'S HIGH GRADE READY MADE CLOTHING.

ANOTHER BARGAIN

—IN—

UNDERWEAR!

To those who are looking for good, heavy Woolen Underwear at the price of inferior goods, take notice: We have opened for sale over

100 Doz. Men's Natural Wool and Camel's Hair Mixed Shirts and Drawers

—AT—

EACH | $1.00 | EACH

These goods are extra heavy, extra length, have ribbed bottoms and are handsomely finished and trimmed. Some dealers ask and get $1.50 for goods no better.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

PARENTS!

You'll make a big mistake if you purchase your boy's Fall Suit or Overcoat before you've seen our stock. Our Boy's Department is actually packed solid with all grades of clothes for the little folks, and we can show you more styles than you ever dreamed of.

Our stock of

BOYS' DOUBLE-BREASTED SUITS

At $2, $2.50, $3, $3.50

Are the grandest values ever offered at these prices. Then you know how our goods are made, none better. We know full well what rough usage boys' clothing is subjected to, and we have taken special care to have OUR SUITS made to stand the racket.

COME AND SEE THEM

MOCKETT THE CLOTHIER **MOCKETT-CLOTHIER** **MOCKETT THE CLOTHIER**

THE DOORS ARE OPEN.

The Different Places of Worship

And Where They Are Located—Subjects to be Delivered by the Pastors.

English Evangelical Lutheran Misssion of the Redeemer, 2443 Cherry street, Rev. J. W. Myers pastor: Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.; church service, 3:30 p. m.

Second Baptist church, corner Fourth and Elm streets: Rev. A. St. James, of Stryker, O., will preach at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school at noon.

Christian Science chapel, 321 Tenth street, Miss Sarah J. Clark pastor: Church service, 10:45 a. m.; Sabbath school, 12 m.; Friday evening meeting, 7:30.

Preaching at the Ashland avenue Baptist church at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Rev. E. W. Hunt, pastor; Sabbath school at 12 m. and Young People's prayer meeting at 6:30 p. m.

Oliver Place Baptist church, corner of Segur avenue and Carroll street, Rev. Wm. Sheridan pastor: Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Bible reading on Benevolence on Thursday evening.

Communion will be dispensed in the Third Presbyterian church at 10:30 a. m. "This do in Remembrance of Me." Subject for the evening at 7:30, "Waiting for the Salvation of the Lord;" Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m.

Unitarian Church of Our Father, Memorial hall annex: To-morrow morning Rev. A. G. Jennings will speak on "Some Lessons from the Life of Columbus;" Sunday school as usual after service. Seats free. Strangers welcome.

St. Paul's M. E. church, corner Superior and Madison streets, Rev. S. D. Huts npiller, pastor: Class, 9:30; preaching, 10:30 and 7:30; Sunday school, 12; Epworth League, 6:30. Annual social and reception Tuesday evening, October 18th.

First Presbyterian church, Huron, corner of Orange, Rev. J. A. P. McGaw, pastor: Rev. S. G. Anderson will occupy the pulpit in the morning; Sunday school at 12; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30, subject, "The Key to Character."

Martin Luther church, First German and English, corner Oak and Woodville streets, East Side, Rev. E. L. T. Engers, pastor: Sunday school at 9 a. m.; German communion at 10:30 a. m.; preparatory service at 10 a. m.; English communion at 7:30 p. m.; preparatory service at 7 p. m.

Fifth Presbyterian church, corner Bancroft and Monroe streets, Rev. S. D. Conger, pastor: Communion service at 10:30 a. m.; subject for 7:30 p. m., "Christ and Corbett," or "Behold the Man;" Sunday school at noon; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:15.

Broadway M. E., Lincoln hall, Rev. J. H. Bethards, pastor: Class, 9:30 a. m.; preaching, 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., subjects, "Sources of Strength," and "I Thought and I Turned;" Sunday school, 12 m.; Y. P. S. C. E., 6:30 p. m. Strangers welcome.

Eleventh Street Church of Christ, T. S. Buckingham, pastor: Service at 10:30, subject, "The Ultimate and Complete Triumph of Christ." Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30. Service at 7:30, subject, "Christ's offer to Humanity." The evening service will be an evangelistic service.

Grace church, 8 a. m. holy communion; 10:30 a. m. morning prayer; 12 m. Sunday school; 7:30 p. m. service, sermon on the Christian Statesman. The morning sermon is by request of the American Sunday School Institute, the other by request of the Columbian commissioners.

Clark Street M. E. church, East Toledo, Rev. C. B. Holding pastor: First quarterly meeting service, love feast, 9:30 a. m.; preaching by pastor, 10:30 a. m., sacrament of Lord's supper to follow; Sunday school at noon; Epworth league, 6:30 p. m.; preaching by Rev. P. P. Pope, D. D., 7:30 p. m.

St. Stephen's Evangelical Lutheran church (English), corner of Oliver and Harrison streets, Rev. J. W. Myers pastor, residence 631 Oliver street: Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; church service, 10:45 a. m.; vesper service, 7:30 p. m.; catechetical instruction Tuesday, 7:30; service on Wednesday at 7:45 p. m.

The Bartlett street church (Disciples of Christ) corner Bardlett and Ewing streets on Robison's belt line, J. L. McDonald, pastor: Rev. B. C. Black will preach at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. and continue the revival through the week, beginning at 7:30 each evening. Miss Jennie Harris will sing solos at each service. Sunday school, 12:10 p m.; Y. P. S. C. E. services at 6 p. m.

First Congregational church, next to Boody house on St. Clair street, Rev. Wm. W. Williams and Rev. D. M. Fisk pastors, Prof. Fisk preacher: Morning service at 10:30, subject, "The Fullness of Time—the Fifteenth Century;" Sunday school at 12:15; Y. P. S. C. E. service at 6:30; evening service at 7:30, subject, "The Man and His Deeds—Columbus." Calendars distributed at the door. Music arranged especially for this Columbian service.

Evangelical Lutheran chuch, corner Walbridge and French streets, Rev. R. E. M. Engers, pastor: Services to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school at 9 a. m.

New Church services in Turley's hall, corner Monore and Huron: Rev. E. D. Daniels will preach at 11 a. m. on Cleansing the Cup and Platter, and at 7:30 p. m. on "The Appearances in the Other World."

First Baptist church, Huron street near Cherry, Rev. Wm. H. Sloan pastor: Centenary missionary exercises in memory of William Carey at all the services to-morrow; missionary sermon at 10:30 o'clock in the morning; Sunday school centennial service at noon; the Y. P. S. C. E. holds its usual meeting at 6:30 p. m., and then holds a general centenary service in the church at 7:30 p. m. Printed order of exercises furnished the public at all these services.

St. John's M. E. church, Magnolia street, between Huron and Superior, Rev. A. J. Fish, pastor: Sermon at 10:30 a. m., topic, "Columbia, the Hope of the World." In the evening at 7:30, "Zernah's Sons and their Patriotism," a sermon for young people. Class meeting at 9:30 a. m.; Sunday school at noon; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. The church will be decorated in an appropriate manner for Columbian day. New and soul-stirring music will be rendered.

Nothing contributes more towards a sound digestion than the use of the genuine Angostura Bitters, of Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Ask your druggist.

DAVIS SURRENDERED.

Indianapolis, Oct. 15.—M. C. Davis, supreme cashier of the order of the Iron Hall, surrendered to the sheriff of Marion county this morning. Judge Cox fixed his bond at $20,000, which Davis was unable to give. Davis has been traveling over the city for four hours in custody of a deputy sheriff, trying to secure bondsmen.

Str. Arundell | For Put-in-Bay, Middle Bass, Catawba Island, Sunday, Oct. 16, at 9 o'clock a. m., city time. Dock foot of Jefferson street. Fare only 50c, round trip.

MAY HAVE FOUNDERED.

Shanghai, Oct. 15.—The steamship Bokhara of the Peninsular and Oriental Navigation company, left Shanghai for Hong Kong on Oct. 8, but has not yet arrived at the latter port. As the usual time between the ports is but three days it is feared that she has foundered. She carried many passengers and a heavy mail.

ENTERTAINED AT TEA.

Napoleon, O., Oct. 15.—(Special.)—Mrs. George B. Morse entertained a few of her friends at 5 o'clock tea in honor of her friend and guest, Mrs. H. W. Judkins, of Toledo, O., who returned home last Friday, adding many new friends to her list.

FOUGHT WITH KNIVES.

Pomeroy, O., Oct. 15.—Henry Jenkins and Wesley Lowery, two young men of Harrisonville, had a fight with pocket knives last night, and Lowery was so badly injured that he died before morning. Jenkins received seven cuts in the body, but will recover. Their quarrel was on account of a girl.

One quarter off on Silverwear this month at Wm. H. Broer's, Summit St., near Oak.

NEW CINCINNATI PARTY.

Columbus, O., Oct. 15.—The Cincinnati Daily Tribune company was incorporated today by Archer Brown, James N. Gamble, Jonathan D. Hearne, Wm. F. Doepke and Aaron A. Ferris. The purposes are said to be the publishing, selling and circulating of a morning daily newspaper in the English language, etc.

FALSE ECONOMY

Is practiced by people who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

Holiday Furniture. | Just the prettiest novelties at surprisingly low prices. STOLBERG & PARKS.

EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS.

Vienna, Oct. 15.—Shocks of earthquake were felt to-day in Bucharest, Galatz and several other cities in the Balkan peninsula. In Oltenitza several houses were shaken from their foundations. In Sofia a slight shock occurred at noon.

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder.

Is only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.—No Ammonia; No Alum

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

WRITTEN TO THE POPE.

Letter From Secretary Foster Published.

Gratitude Expressed for the Deep Interest Shown in the World's Fair.

Rome, Oct. 15.—The following is a copy of a letter sent by Secretary Foster, of the American state department, to Cardinal Rampolla:

Department of State,
Washington, Sept. 15, 1892.

"To His Eminence, Cardinal M. Rampolla del Tindaro, Secretary of State to His Holiness, Rome:

"Most Eminent Sir—I am directed by the president of the United States to express to your eminence his very deep satisfaction on learning of the warm interest which His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., takes in the approaching Columbian exposition at Chicago.

"The president was also gratified by the information that the Holy Father has manifested a wish to forward to this exposition some mementoes of the discovery of America and other relics of interest which are now preserved in the vatican. I need not assure you that the greatest care will be taken of them from the time of their delivery into the hands of the agent in this country until they are returned.

"Or, should His Holiness think proper to entrust them to the care of a personal representative who will bring them to the president to assure His Holiness that such representative shall receive all possible courtesy on his arrival and during his sojourn in this country. It is proper to add that all relics relating to Columbus will be exhibited in a separate building, an exact reproduction of the monastery at La Rabida at Palos, Spain, which is so closely identified with the discoverer.

"The president has preferred a similar request to various governments, corporations and private persons in Europe for the loan of such articles as may be in their possession or control having relation to the early discovery of America, and it is the purpose of this government to bring the relics, if necessary, to the United States in a man-of-war to be detailed by the secretary of the navy for that purpose. Should His Holiness prefer the plan of entrusting to his representative the articles he will decide to loan, it will be the pleasure of the president to receive this officer, together with the articles in his charge, on board the man-of-war above referred to for passage to the United States. Special arrangements have been made for the transportation from New York to Chicago of all objects of interest thus loaned, and at the close of the exposition they will be returned to Europe with the same care, to be delivered to those from whose generosity they have been obtained.

"During the exposition a military guard detailed by the secretary of war will be stationed at La Rabida building day and night.

"The intimate association of the Holy See with the Columbian enterprise and its results has so linked the memory of Rome and her pontiffs with the vast achievements of Christopher Columbus and his comrades and competitors in the work of discovery and colonization, and exerted so marked an influence on the destinies and progress of the new world they revealed, that an exhibit, such as, by the president's direction, I have the honor to suggest, could not fail to be among the most noteworthy contributions to this international celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery. By co operating to this end his holiness will manifest for our country a regard which will be highly appreciated, not only by the managers of the exposition, but by the American people at large.

"His eminence Cardinal Gibbons, with whom I have conferred on the subject, has very kindly agreed to convey this letter to your eminence.

"Trusting that this expression of the president's desire may meet with a favorable response from his holiness and offering my earnest co-operation to bring about so pleasing a result and to insure its successful accomplishment, I tender to you, most eminent sir, the assurances of my high consideration.

"JOHN W. FOSTER,
"Secretary of State."

NOTICE.

All traveling men are requested to meet at the T. T. M. A. rooms, 516 Summit street, on Saturday evening at 7:30 o'clock, to arrange for marching on Columbia day, October 21.

D. J. CAINE, Sec'y T. T. M. A.

CANADIAN SUGAR TRUST.

Montreal, Oct. 15.—It is stated upon good authority that the Canadian sugar refiners will shortly enter into a combination after the lines of the New York sugar trust. The trust proposes to fix the price of sugar which will be the standard for retailers. Those who stand by the refiners' price will get a rebate of 1-8 of a cent per lb, while those who sell below the figures of the trust will get no rebate.

REFUSED TO ACCEPT IT.

Washington, Oct. 15.—Secretary of State Foster has received the resignation of United States Consul Johnson, located at Hamburg, but declines to accept it. The resignation was brought about by a misunderstanding on the part of Consul Johnson.

May's Landing (N. J.) cotton mills are idle, owing to the drought.

DECLINE OF THE NEGRO SONG.

Owing to Growing Education the Young People Neglect the Minstrel.

The younger negroes, born in freedom, have a loathing for everything that pertains to slavery. They regard the old slaves with contempt, and because the younger ones can read and write, they set the older ones down as being too ignorant to be considered, forgetting that they were once efficient workers, and averaged superior in morals and manners to their descendants. One of the results of this is, the dying out of the rich, melodious negro songs—not the songs of the "negro minstrel" type, which were totally unlike the real article. This is a very great pity, as these songs were wild and charming beyond comparison.

In slavery times the negroes were encouraged to sing. The wheat was reaped to the singing of the reapers, and the best singer generally headed the row. The ones who could pick the banjo or scrape the fiddle were peculiarly privileged. Here is a strange piece of folklore: For many years even long before the war, the fiddle-playing and banjo-playing had been dying out among the negroes, owing to a superstition that "de devil is a fiddler!" The very old people have noticed this. The master of the mansion says: "In my father's time, and when I was a boy, there were very few regular musicians, and at parties, unless it was a grand affair, a lady played the piano, accompanied by a gentleman on the violin, and monstrous jigs and reels they played too. But when it got too much like work, almost anybody's carriage-driver could be sent for out of the kitchen, who could fiddle enough to dance the Virginia reel by. But when I grew up, negro fiddlers were scarce among the plantation hands, except the 'professionals,' who were free negroes. They have been growing scarcer, owing to this superstition about old Pluto.

"Among the city negroes the piano is the favorite instrument, as it is so much easier to acquire a certain proficiency on it than the violin. In the country, though, it is generally thought unbecoming, at least for a 'church member' to play the violin, if not actually an audacious communication with Satan himself. But it involves neither deadly sin nor any spiritual risk whatever to play the accordion, or the 'laporgan,' as they call it. The 'cor'jou,' consequently, is a very popular instrument."—Boston Transcript.

CINCINNATI'S COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION.

Excursion Rates of a Cent a Mile, via C., H. & D. R. R., October 21.

The Columbus day parade at Cincinnati will occur Friday, October 21, and will be a magnificent and historically correct pageant illustrating the discovery of America. The most elaborate preparations have been made and the arrangements assure a successful celebration. The Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton R. R. will sell excursion tickets for the occasion at one cent a mile from Toledo and Rushville and all intermediate points to Cincinnati. Tickets will be good going October 20, from all points north of Lima. From other points, October 21. For rates, time tables, etc., call on any C., H. & D. agent.

Furniture Novelties | For presents, or to brighten up your own home. Endless varieties cheap. STOLBERG & PARKS.

For the Bee.
TO M. J. H., HOUSTON, TEXAS.

(On receipt of her letter.)

Your heart, you say, was moved to great surprise,
When you perused the words my missive bore:
But yours to me were more, a mighty prize,
That brought the vanished years back to time's shore;

Wherein your old time happy home I saw
The quiet life within its sheltering walls;
Does memory's wand, kaleidoscope, draw,
Or pictures glad, or sad, as truth recalls.

On me, the weight of years to weakness tend,
And gathered floods of sympathy will start,
When, sad, I read what grief your heart did rend,
My heart, meanwhile, a corresponding smart.

Born of like grief, compassionate, does feel—
And R., you say, years since, attained the place
Our gracious Lord prepares, with so much zeal
For those, on earth, who love his way to trace.

While change on change has clashed adown the years,
Those fairies, four, have gained the tableland
Of womanhood; and life to them, appears,
Of some vast mystic sea, the flow'ry strand.

Nor flow'rs alone, but wisdom's sweets the soul
Does crave; she'd delve its depths; its heights would soar;
But would she reach this world's far, highest goal,
The pure, white pearl of truth must grace her store.

To close: for us, life's mystic sea's deep wave
Anon will murmur requiems of rest;
E'en now we almost hear its waters lave
The shores that bound the happy vales of rest.

HULDA WARD.

Toledo.

The methods of lumbering have been so greatly changed in Maine in recent years that there is scarcely an idle interval now between the driving time, when logs are floated down to saw mills, at the end of the season, and the chopping time, at the beginning of the next season. Men now go into the woods in August and this year crews of choppers had left Bangor for the camps before the last log drives arrived at the old town.

It seems that we have the choice of 270 religions in the United Kingdom: and our taste for sensational novels is shown when 30 per cent. of books published belong to that class. Some of the busiest steel pens of the 3,500,000 said to be daily used all over the world are weilded by the fictionists.

Boise City, Idaho, is to be heated by hot water from an adjacent spring.

"Dress Goods."

The greatest activity now prevails in our Dress Goods department. New goods are being opened daily from high novelties to staples in lovely assortment of colorings. Among the latest arrivals we mention Scotch Cheviots, Cheverons, French Flannels, Crepe Challies, Fancy Plaids &c. All fine values.

"Blankets and Comforts."

We are showing enormous quantities in all the standard qualities of Blankets and Comforters at exceedingly low prices for the opening of the season. Examine and compare them.

"Cloaks."

Our Cloak stock is being constantly replenished from day to day as the season advances. The latest addition are perfect samples of Styles, Grace and beauty. They are marked very low.

"Millinery."

We exhibit the most exquisite and artistic designs in fall Millinery comprising the most varied assortment of shapes and trimmings and we feel confident of our ability to suit you.

"Underwear."

All qualities and sizes in ladies' and Children's Underwear. Men's Shirts and Drawers.

NEUHAUSEL BRO'S

MAYER, STROUSE & CO. MFRS. 412 B'WAY, N.Y.

To the Ladies:

Call for Fermentum, the only reliable compressed yeast, and see that unreliable goods are not palmed off on you. By using Fermentum you are sure to have good Bread and Biscuit.

Office, 707 Jefferson St

NOTICE.

I hereby wish to warn everybody from trusting my wife, Mary Bruetsch, to anything, as from to-day I shall not pay any debts made by her.

ADAM BRUETSCH.

Toledo, O., Oct. 14, 1892. 14oct3

Money Loaned.

(on Real Estate Only.)

Direct to borrower, on improved city or farm property anywhere in North Western Ohio, at 6, 6½ and 7 per cent, according to amounts. No insurance connected with on loans.

F. G. Thomson & Co., Mortgage Loans,

13 Superior Street, Toledo, O. 1

MISS BRUBAKER.

Harold and Lela had been married six months. They had been engaged, previous to marriage, for as many years. That is, by fits and starts, for, on an average of four times a year, Lela had given him back his solitaire, told him it was all a mistake, and bidden him farewell forever. For Lela's jealousy, like the Lick telescope, had a large lens, which magnified every little courtesy and gallantry displayed by Harold toward other women many times over, and she looked through this lens at everything in any way connected with her lover. How was it that this courtship ever became tranquil long enough to proceed as far as matrimony was something of a mystery, even to the parties most concerned, and could be accounted for only on the theory of the presiding destiny that shapes our ends, "rough hew them as we may."

One of Lela's theosophic friends assured her that it was because it was to be, on the principle that "my own will come to me."

But whatever may have been the why or the wherefore, they were married now, so fast and tight that nothing but one of the two great D's could untie the knot. And, with this culmination, Harold had seemed to forget the rock on which their happiness had so often been stranded. He had been signed, sealed and delivered, and considered it final. How improbable that Lela should ever have occasion to find fault with a devoted husband "who wouldn't give a cent a bushel" for all other women in comparison.

Lela, on the other hand, felt that should Harold's allegiance ever deflect in the slightest particular this signing, sealing and delivering gave her the greater right to be, like Jonah concerning his gourd, "angry even unto death."

One day they were driving together through the pleasant country lanes. It was to be a long drive, a getting away from town and people. There was something sweet and delicious in being together, "just us two," under the summer sky, drinking in the sights and sounds of nature. They had a lunch box under the seat, and were looking out, from side to side, for the queen of the meadows, yellow daisies, ornamental grasses, and all the floral melange to be found by the wayside in July and August.

When they had sighted something especially pretty, and it had been commanded in Lela's enthusiastic staccato, Harold would get out and gather great armfuls, while Lela walked the horse along by his side. Occasionally they came across a tangle of blackberry vines, and although the markets were flooded with the fruit at home, and these were undoubtedly sour, with what boyish abandon Harold vanished into the edge of the forest, drinking-glass in hand, coming back after an absence at which Lela grew impatient, with it filled with berries to offer for her acceptance. And then, what fun it was, after the first shock of discovery to pick off together the minute green burs with which he was covered from head to foot.

But it is always well, when pleasure's cup is so brimful and running over, to "suspect some danger nigh." And so it was in this case.

As they leaned back together on the green cloth seat of the buggy, while the wheels slowly revolved, eating blackberries out of the tumbler, and wondering if any other married people ever loved each other half so much, Harold unconsciously precipitated the approach of a catastrophe.

Men know the country better than women, and Harold took it upon himself to introduce Lela to its residents. "Here," said he, "lives Squire Noble; owns 600 acres hereabouts. That red brick you see a glimpse through the trees, belongs to the Hamiltons. They're rich as Croesus, but there are four bachelors and three old maids in the family. 'What fools these mortals be.' Now that house over there, with the gables to the road, holds one of my lady loves."

A blackberry fell from Lela's trembling fingers, but Harold was a married man and did not notice it.

"Indeed?" she said. "May I ask her name?"

A little smile played around Harold's lips. He was evidently thinking of something that amused him, as he answered:

"Miss Blubaker."

"Oh! She is one I never heard of before. How long have you known her?"

"Oh, a couple of years."

Marriage dulls the acuteness of a man's powers of observation and Harold observed nothing peculiar in Lela's tone. But he jerked the reins vigorously as the horse, left to his own devices, reached up for a tempting cluster of leaves on a branch overhead. This formed a diversion so that Harold did not notice the connection between the mention of Miss Blubaker's name and the increasing quiet and constraint of Lela's manner.

Harold had had a "lady love" that he had not mentioned to her and that within two years past, also, and while he was engaged to her. Had he come by this road to catch a possible glimpse of her, and made a cat's-paw of his lawful wife? Lela sat uprightly. She answered in monosyllables when her husband spoke to her. By and by, he asked her what was the matter; was she tired? She confessed that she was, and in addition dragged in the needless falsehood of a "headache" which all women expect to be absolved in the day of grand assize.

The ride ended uncomfortably. It was the first shock to Harold's new-found bliss. A week went by—two—three. Lela was perfectly polite but extremely stilted. She looked sometimes as if she had been crying, grew pale, and did not eat.

One day Harold came in to dinner and told her he had met some country friends down town who would be up to call in the afternoon.

"Who are they?" she asked.

"Mrs. Brubaker and Bessie."

Lela's heart gave a great bound. She would see her, then, the "brazen thing;" did she want to get her old lover back again?

What a toilet Lela made! And how lovely she looked when the servant called her down to the "drawing-room!" For Lela said, in spite of fashion, parlor sounded too rural. A rural-looking, motherly appearing woman stood up to greet her at the entrance, and as Harold introduced her thought his wife the most charming creature she had ever beheld.

"And this," she said, turning fondly to a beautiful golden-haired 4-year-old girl at her side, "is my daughter Bessie."

Lela trembled; a swift scarlet flush passed over her face and neck, and stepping forward she threw her arms about Miss Brubaker's neck and kissed her most vehemently.

Harold started, for Lela was not given to being effusive over children.

Harold could not account for Lela's hearty cordiality to this strange country woman, nor her ready promise to "come out and stay a week and eat fresh eggs and drink cream." Neither did he understand why, after their guests were gone, she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, and cried a little and laughed a great deal. For, as I told you before, marriage is very successful in blunting a benedict's perceptions.—Minnie W. Baines-Miller in Cincinnati Post.

Diamond Dew | A scientific remedy for beautifying the complexion, can be found at Mme. H. A. Gaynor's Hair Bazaar, 519 Adams street.

Two Sunday trains each way between Toledo and Owosso on T., A. A. & N. M. Ry.

TANTALIZING.

There is little more tantalizing to a man than to go home with something in his mind he wants to scold about, and find company there, and be obliged to act agreeable.—Atchison Globe.

The first electric railroad in Brazil has just been put in operation in the city of Bahia. It is a narrow gauge, 1 1-2 miles long, and the whole plant and equipment were made in the United States and shipped bodily to Brazil.

Aljeziri Alhambali says coffee was first made known as a beverage in 870 of the Hegria.

GO TO CHICAGO

Via Lake Shore Rooute, October 19 to 22. Tickets at reduced rates for round trip.

75c Toledo to Whitmore and Hamburg Lakes and return on the T., A. A. & N. M. Ry. Sunday trains.

Pages 9 to 16.

THE TOLEDO BEE

Pages 9 to 16.

TOLEDO, OHIO, SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 15, 1892.

THEIR OLD TRICKS

Rushing Negroes to the West.

Dave Martin Managing the Colonization.

They Must Have Votes at Any Price.

Plugging Up Holes in the Sinking Ship.

Canebrakes Along the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers Filling Up With Afro-Americans—The German Lutheran Editorial Bolters Who Made Erroneous Calculations.

Chicago, Oct. 15.—The republican campaign in Illinois has reached the desperate stage. The western division of the democratic national committee has in its possession proofs showing a systematic and wide-spread attempt to colonize several of the western states with negro voters. While this is not the first time that such attempts have been made, there are evidences showing that the colonization is proceeding under the skillful management of Dave Martin, the imported Philadelphia henchman of Matt Quay. For the last six weeks colored men have been rapidly settling in the canebrakes along the banks of the Ohio river, in Massac county, Illinois. The same situation prevails along the river not only in Illinois but in Ohio and Indiana as well. But the democratic national committee has taken decisive steps in the matter, and detectives are now at work on their behalf, ferreting out the illegal voters and removing their names from the registration lists.

Another boomerang, manufactured at the expense of the republican party, has sent dismay into the hearts of the campaign managers of that party in Wisconsin and Illinois. The republican organs have for the last two or three days been very gleefully heralding the alleged "flops" of the German Lutheran papers. The latest bolt was made by the small sheet called the LaSalle County Progress and Liberty. After vainly trying to extort money from the democratic committee, it deserted the democratic party early this week, and in an editorial warmly espoused the cause of republicanism and high tariff. The reasons for this sudden change of the editorial heart may be gathered from the correspondence which passed between the patriotic editor and Mr. Phelps of the democratic campaign committee. The reply of the chairman of the democratic committee is too long to quote in full here, but the following is a sample of the demand made by the astute editor of Progress and Liberty before he became disgusted with the economical methods of the democrats and decided to turn republican. Mr. Zwanzig writes:

"I expect to hear from you before next Wednesday, and you and your committee might just as well make up your mind at once that if you expect the German editors of Illinois to put forth their efforts earnestly and energetically in your behalf, that you must pay for it as you would pay for any other labor honestly and faithfully performed."

In reply to this letter, which is an insult to every German in the west, Mr. Phelps informed the enterprising Zwanzig that the democrats had no money to purchase newspapers, and that he was entirely mistaken in regard to the finances of the committee and the manner of their employment. He further informed the publisher of the Progress and Liberty that any American citizen possessed of honesty, intelligence and patriotism would be found deserting the truth for a money consideration.

The German and Lutheran voters are warmly indignant at the corruption thus openly shown by two or three of the papers of the German press, and they will let their sentiments in regard to the use of funds by republican "boodlers" be known when the votes are counted next November.

The most flattering reports continue to come into the democratic headquarters in Chicago from Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, Indiana, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Nebraska. In Illinois the canvass of the vote s thorough and complete, and it indicates a decided democratic majority for both the national and state tickets. The republican managers are becoming demoralized, and are calling upon the national committee for financial aid, tariff literature and speakers of national repute. It may safely be assumed that Illinois in this campaign will contribute no money to aid the republican campaign in New York and Indiana.

DROPPED ELEVEN STORIES

Terrible Fall of a New York Man,

From a Roof Through an Air Shaft.

But No Bones Were Broken and He Will Soon Recover.

New York, Oct. 15.—Frank McKernan, 32 years old, assistant bookkeeper at the Hotel St. George, in Clark street, Brooklyn, had a marvelous escape from instant death.

He fell from the roof of the hotel 120 feet through an air shaft 11 stories high. He was badly bruised, but not a bone was broken. He did not lose consciousness, and the doctors say he will live.

Capt. Wm. Tumbridge, proprietor of the Hotel St. George, issued orders on Monday that no one would be allowed on the roof of the old building in Clark street, as he did not consider it a safe place from which to view the firework display and the naval parade. The roofs of the new portions of the hotel, however, were thrown open to the guests and employes.

The building is 12 stories high, and a commanding view of the surrounding country can be obtained from the several roofs. The guests and employes took advantage of the opportunity on Monday night and witnessed the pyrotechnics on the bridge. The door leading to the roof of the old building was locked upon Capt. Tumbridge's order.

One of the chambermaids procured a key of this door and quietly informed several of her companions that that particular roof would be an excellent place from which to see the naval parade. McKernan was the only male employe who was let into the secret. When the parade was off the battery he left his books, and, slipping up stairs, joined the party of half a dozen chambermaids who were on the roof.

Through the middle of the building, which is 12 stories in height, runs an air shaft about three feet wide, extending from the roof to the second story. It is covered with a skylight, the glass of which is an eighth of an inch in thickness. In the center of the skylight is a beam about a foot wide, some distance from the door leading to the roof. In securing a position to see the parade McKernan and the chambermaids had crossed on this beam. They stood watching the vessels in the harbor for half an hour, when McKernan, suddenly remembering that he had work to do, started to run down stairs. He is near sighted and wears glasses and weighs 150 pounds. He evidently wanted to save time and took a short cut to the door over the skylight.

"Don't go that way, Frank; take the beam," shouted Maggie O'Toole, one of the chambermaids, who recognized his danger.

McKernan, with one foot on the skylight, laughingly replied that there was no danger and took a second step. There was a crash of breaking glass and McKernan suddenly disappeared from sight.

The chambermaid screamed and ran pell mell down stairs. The noise made by the breaking glass and the screams of the women attracted the attention of guests and employes on the other roofs of the hotel building. The greatest excitement prevailed, all interest in the parade was lost and all the sightseers descended the stairs expecting to find McKernan's dead body below.

Conscious After the Fall.

McKernan struck on the roof of a toilet room on a level with the second floor, having fallen eleven stories, or a distance of 120 feet. He landed on his right shoulder and rolled over on his back. As soon as he struck he called loudly for help. His screams brought several clerks from the office to his assistance and he was lifted out through a small window and carried into one of the parlors.

Dr. C. C. Henry, who lives opposite the hotel, was called. He made an examination. One side of McKernan's face was cut and his arms and legs were badly bruised, but the doctor could not find a broken bone, and said that if McKernan were not injured internally he would be all right in a week. It was impossible to tell at once whether the bookkeeper had sustained internal injuries or not. He was put to bed. He was perfectly conscious after his fall, but the doctor would not allow him to talk about the accident.

In his fall McKernan broke two four inch beams supporting the roof of the boiler room and bent the zinc covering over the beams. He also knocked down a large portion of the ceiling.

McKernan lives with his wife and two children in State street.

AN AGE OF PROGRESS.

Let Woman's Ability in Business Be Conceded.

"There is nothing in this world quite as tiresome as fuss," remarked a woman who had been eminently successful in her undertakings, and had in her own career fully demonstrated the ability of a woman to do whatever she saw fit to take up and do it well. "I am so sick of this everlasting twaddle about a 'successful woman.' I can't, for the life of me, see why there should be anything phenomenal in the fact of a woman carrying to a successful completion any ordinary branch of business. All their lives women have been in the habit of grappling with the most complicated situations, turning the shortest corners, puting up with all sorts of inconveniences, and producing order out of confusion that would have made a man tear his hair in sheer despair; but just now, because she happens to have taken up something that women haven't been in the habit of doing, and because she seems to have done well at it, the papers and the pulpit and the public generally are oh-ing and ah-ing in a manner that is absolutely wearisome to the flesh.

"Why can't the gushers and croakers and predictors of all sorts of calamities just keep quiet, and when a woman does something that no woman has ever done before, take it for granted that she can do not only that but almost anything else she ses about. It certainly seems to me to go without saying that a woman who can manage a large household ought to be able to do almost anything else which presents itself, and that, too, without explotation and being forever talked about on account of it.

"All of this talk merely has a tendency to embarrass and disturb steady work. Labor is labor, and all of the talk and nonsense about it doesn't make it anything else. The only idea of some of these people seems to be as though no woman had ever done anything difficult or perplexing in her life, and just because she has gone to work and accomplished something, they are taken off their pins entirely. This is anything but the right spirit in which to look at a woman's work. There s no such fuss made because a man has succeeded in farming or poultry-raising or stock-breeding or floral culture; but because a woman has done these things, there is no end to the wearisome chatter which is everywhere thrust in our faces. To give the women a chance, and the very best possible chance, is to take it for granted that they really can do something and do it well, and let their works and not the public praise them."—New York Ledger.

NO CHANCE FOR JOSHUA.

"I know he isn't handsome, Caroline," urged the mother, "but he is a worthy man and I wish you could look upon his suit with a little more favor, for your father's sake and mine. Joshua Thornbuckle once saved your father from bankruptcy. And a friend in need is a friend indeed."

"Yes, mamma," answered Miss Caroline, listlessly, "but he isn't in-kneed. He's bow-legged."—Chicago Tribune.

A POLITICAL PHRASE WOMEN CAN APPRECIATE.

A PARTY ORGAN.

—New York World.

DOG SKIN ON HER HEAD

Peculiar Operation on a New York Woman.

A Black and Tan Furnishes a Scalp.

The Patient Was Scalped in a Laundry Two Years Ago, and This Is the Sixth Attempt at Skin Grafting.

New York Oct. 15.—Mrs. Minnie Emma Wilck, the unfortunate woman whose scalp was torn from head by the machinery in a First avenue steam laundry two years ago, was subjected to the sixth skin-grafting operation at Bellevue hospital. This time a little black-and-tan dog picked up by her husband, Herman Wilck, at the city's pound, furnished the grafts. The operation, as well as can be judged at this stage, was very successful, and in all probability Mrs. Wilck's long stay at Bellevue is soon to end. The dog is dead.

Mrs. Wilck was brought to Bellevue the day before Christmas, 1890. The top back left side of her head and forehead had been skinned, exposing the muscles, veins and arteries. Her left ear was gone and the left eyelid was badly torn. The surgeons at once restored the scalp, and, by careful bandaging and nursing, tried to make it adhere. This failed. Then they tried skin grafting. One of the girl friends of Mrs. Wilck volunteered and strips of skin were removed from her legs and transplanted to Mrs. Wilck's scalp. These did not take root.

Four times more the skin-grafting experiment was tried with human grafts, but without success. Each time the epidermis only was removed. Mrs. Wilck suffered intensely and it was necessary to administer opiates almost constantly. A week ago Mr. Wilck and Dr. Van Loan, the house surgeon, arranged for the experiment with the dog. The animal was carefully watched and well fed for several days. Mrs. Wilck was removed to the Crane operating room of the College of physician and the visiting physician to Dr. laudet, of No. 62 West Thirty-ninth street, son of the famous deaf and dumb physician and th evisiting physician to Dr. Van Loan's wards, has been watching Mrs. Wilck for months. He took charge of the operation.

Dr. Van Loan assisted, and the entire Bellevue staff of physicians and a hundred students from the college witnessed the operation. Mrs. Wilck was placed under the influence of ether. The bandages were removed, showing the scalp heavily coated with pus and clotted blood. Blood burst from arteries in twenty places. Around the edges of the wound new skin had grown, but a large spot at the top and back of the head, six by nine inches, was still unhealed. The scalp was washed with antiseptics and ether was administered to the dog. A part of his coat corresponding in size and shape to the wound was shaved and scrubbed with carbolized water. A patch of skin, 6x9 inches, was then rapidly removed from the dog. With the blood still warm the patch was placed over Mrs. Wilck's skull. Several small grafts were taken off to competely cover the wound and the whole was stiched in twenty places to the natural skin. Hot compressors, absorbent cotton bandages and antiseptics were applied and the patient was restored to consciousness. The time occupied was forty minutes, but the time actually consumed in removing the patch and transplanting it was about one minute. More ether was given to the dog and he died without pain.

Mr. Wilck visited his wife at ward 7 of Bellevue. He found her resting easy and hopeful of a speedy recovery. The graft seemed to be adhering nicely to the scalp and there is very little pain. Dr. Van Loan thinks the grafts will take root. If they do Mrs. Wilck will have to shave the top of her head and wear a wig. The skin transplanted contains all the roots of the dog's hair and these would grow out as before. It will be several weeks before the surgeons will be ready to make a thorough examination of the graft to see if it has taken firm hold of the skull. Transplanting of skin from dogs to the human body has been tried in Europe with varying success. This is the first case in this country where so large a patch was removed from a dog.

"OBEY" IN THE MARRIAGE SERVICE.

At the recent general conference of the Methodist Protestant church at Westminster, England, the word "obey" was stricken out of the marriage service. This certainly is an indication of a liberal turn of mind, and as such should be recognized, but after all it is rather an idle sort of compliment to the women to strike the word "obey" out of the service while the practical necessity of subservience on the part of wife to husband remains, as it will remain so long as the economic dependence of women upon men continues. The husband is very little indebted to the words of the marriage service for his headship of the household. It is because he feeds and clothes his wife and has the veto power over all her wishes so far as they involve the expenditure of a dime that he is master. It was a graceful and suitable thing for the English Methodists to strike the word "obey" out of the marriage ritual, but nationalism will do more—it will strike the necessity of obedience out of the married state and put an end to sexual servility in or out of matrimony. It seems to us that, however women can afford to differ about other things, they should all agree in being nationalists and in praying for the coming of the day when they shall receive the freedom of the nation.—New Nation.

Many a man whom history has written down as a saint might be hard to manage as a neighbor, if your chickens scratched up his peas.

TELEGRAPHIC WORK.

How the Operators Handle the Wire.

A Calling That Has Some Peculiar Features.

Interesting Facts and Amusing Anecdotes Told by the Bee Operator.

Telegraphy is interesting and fascinating, whether the knowledge is obtained for profit or pleasure, and once it is learned, it can never be forgotten. To the operator who manipulates the key for his bread and butter, it grows monotonous at times, yet there is something in it which is sufficiently interesting to dispel the feeling of monotony that creeps over the old timer occasionally. Many incidents occur during an operator's career that are both ludicrous and pathetic, and many, also, that are more or less profitable to the intelligent observer.

The telegraphic profession has been a stepping stone for many a young man who has, during his leisure moments, fitted himself for more useful and profitable pursuits. Scores of physicians and attorneys of more or less prominence have risen from the ranks of operators, while many others have become famous in the field of electrical science, in journalism, and elsewhere.

Telegraphers, as a rule, are an intelligent class, for the business itself is of an educational character. An operator who has served in all its branches has an opportunity of obtaining an insight into many branches of mercantile business, which he cannot obtain so easily in any other occupation.

I well remember the curiosity with which I first regarded the letters, "W. U. T. Co.," which were printed above the door of a telegraph office at my boyhood home. I gazed at the letters and wondered what they meant, and the more I wondered, the more determined I was to investigate the matter. I was a little over 14 years of age at the time and was not yet out of school. It is generally about that age that a boy begins to think of what he shall do when he "grows up." I had not yet made up my mind in that respect, and when my curiosity was aroused by the mysterious letters I ceased to think of anything else and began my investigation. I made a few inquiries and finally mustered sufficient courage to walk into the office and ask what it cost to learn the "trade." I was informed that it would cost nothing, but there was no opening at present.

Not long after that I saw an advertisement in a daily paper for a boy to learn telegraphy and deliver messages to pay for his tuition. I lost no time in presenting myself at the office and was engaged at once. I was supremely happy then and went to work with a will. I thought it would be "real nice" to be a telegraph operator. It was a branch office in the western part of the city and I had no thought of making any money for some time, but after I had worked there for six months and progressed sufficiently to obtain a place in another office where I had no messenger duties to perform, I learned that the manager had been allowed $10 a month for a messenger, and instead of using the money for that purpose, he had always contrived to keep a boy on hand to learn the business while he pocketed the money. I felt a little disappointed on learning this, but I was so absorbed in my work that I soon dismissed the matter. I have not seen the gentleman since that time, but I suppose I was not the only ambitious youngster who contributed regularly to his monthly salary.

I eventually mastered the "dots and dashes," and then began to think of going away somewhere and seeing something of the country. That desire seems to be peculiar to telegraphers. There is something fascinating to the young operator in being able to converse with persons two or three hundred miles away, and he wonders what kind of a place it is at the other end of the wire. This is true of the operator at a country railroad station as well as the one in a commercial office in a large city. Such was my experience, at least, and before I was 16 I had secured a position at a railway crossing in central Illinois, and a dismal place it was! The "office" was a rough board shanty 8 by 10 feet in size, and was situated at the intersection of two railway lines, about two and a half miles from the city, with the nearest farm house half a mile away. My hours of duty were from noon to midnight. The office furniture consisted of the regulation railway stove, a table, one chair and a rude bunk in one corner, which I sometimes slept upon rather than walk to the city at midnight on bitter cold nights.

The only company I had was the humming and buzzing of the wires in the crisp winter air. Occasionally, however, I had a visitor in the person of some forlorn tramp who wanted shelter and warmth for the night. A more dismal and lonesome place could not well be imagined, and I soon tired of it, and sought more congenial surroundings.

One of the most peculiar experiences I ever had was at a certain place on the Baltimore & Ohio railway in 1879. I was on night duty at the time and frequently stole a little sleep at night so that I could remain up a part of the day. One Sunday evening after the regular passenger train had passed, I lay down for a nap.

There was only one train on the road that night that I knew of besides the two regular passenger trains—an extra freight westbound. It was not due at my station until about 2 o'clock.

The rules required all conductors to ask for orders at this place, and I felt safe in stealing a nap. I went to sleep and knew nothing more until about 3 o'clock. I could see nothing of the train, and thought at first that it had been delayed. I called up the first station east and inquired the time of its departure from there.

I then asked the baggagemaster if he knew anything about the train, and to my consternation he replied that it had left some time before. Visions of a terrible wreck, with the killed and injured buried beneath the debris, floated before my eyes, and I was thoroughly frightened at the thought. I tried to console myself, however, with the thought that if anything had happened, the conductor would be equally to blame for neglecting to waken me and ask for orders. But, after all, that would be poor consolation, and I began to think of flight as the only way out of my dilemma. I returned to the office and was surprised to find that the conductor had been there and left his train ticket on the counter. But I was still convinced that he had neglected to waken me, and was greatly disturbed in mind. I called the dispatcher and asked if he had received the report of the train, pretending that I had already reported it. He said he had not, and told me to go ahead with it. This relieved my mind considerably, for I knew from this that there was nothing coming east and felt that I was all right.

When I next met the conductor in question, who, by the way, was a gentleman 50 years of age, and one of the most jovial and whole-souled fellows on the road, I mildly upbraided him for not waking me up on his previous trip. He astonished me by replying, "Why, my dear boy, I did waken you. You got up, went to the key to report my arrival, and told me there were no orders. Then you walked to the door, and talked with me fully five minutes before I boarded my train. You acted rationally, but I noticed that there was a glassy look in your eyes and was tempted to throw water in your face to see if you were really awake, but I knew that mine was the only train out, and concluded to let you alone."

This puzzled me more than ever. I had not the slightest recollection of what I had done, and to this day I cannot explain it. It may have been somnambulism, but that is something I have never been afflicted with. I was not addicted to drink, and could not attribute it to that cause. Whatever it may have been, it aptly illustrated the power of mind over matter.

On one occasion when I was on night duty at a small station the remains of a former resident of the place, who had died in the west, were brought home for burial. The two members of the family who accompanied the remains, decided to leave it in my care until morning, notwithstanding my protest against such ghastly company. I placed the casket, which was encased in a pine box, in the corner of the waiting room and closed the door, determined to get it out of my sight as much as possible. It was raining hard and the night was dark. About 1 o'clock a man who had been imbibing too freely at one of the down town saloons came strolling into the room. He was about "half seas over," and was probably afraid to go home until he had sobered up a little. I was well acquainted with him and paid but little attention to him for sometime. He tried to strike a comfortable attitude on the seats with which the waiting room was provided, but the iron partitions interferred. Then he spied the long box in the corner. That was just what he wanted, and he proceeded to take advantage of it. I gave him sufficient time to get into a doze, and then gave him a vigorous shaking and shouted out: "There's a dead man in that box!"

He awoke with a start, and after tumbling onto the floor, gathered himself together and made a wild rush for the door, yeling "murder," "snakes," and other like exclamations. He was unmindful of the downpouring rain in his anxiety to get away from the corpse and kept on a run until he reached his home, half a mile away. The scare had a good effect upon the fellow and he drank no more for nearly a year.

One of the north and south roads in Indiana on which I was employed some 14 years ago, was noted for its low salaries and loose management. The superintendent of telegraph always issued passes to the employes in his department by wire, when requested on short notice. The boys along the road often took advantage of this, and wrote out passes for themselves whenever they wanted to go away for a day or so, in stead of asking for one from headquarters. It was a simple matter to write a message to conductors to "pass —— from Smithville to Jonesburg and return," and to repeat the operation when ready to return. In this way the passes were never turned in by the conductors and the officials did not discover the scheme for sometime. But there was a general shaking up when they did discover it, and the system was abolished.

Quite in contrast with this system was the one in vogue on a prominent trunk line noted at that time for its niggardly treatment of its employes. An employe never received a free pass unless he was sent somewhere to work, being compelled on all other occasions to buy a half-fare ticket. While in the employ of this corporation, I overslept one Sunday morning and was late at the office. Instead of a reprimand I received a curt notice of my suspension for ten days. Probably I ought to have made the best of it, but I looked at it in a different light and resigned at once asking at the same time, for a pass to a certain place to which I wished to go. True to his notion of economy, he superintendent replied: "Buy a half-fare ticket."

The greatest improvement in practical telegraphy in recent years is seen in the manner in which news matter is now transmitted. Up to within a few years press dispatches were sent in long-hand, that is, everything was spelled out in full, and were copied at the receiving stations with a pencil or stylus. This system answered the purpose very well for the time being, but few operators could stand the work for any great length of time.

The constant use of the "stick" eventually brought on paralysis of the right hand, or "writers' cramp," as it is usually called. To overcome this, and also to improve the quality of the copy, typewriters were brought into use, and to-day there is not, to my knowledge, an operator engaged in press work who does not use a writing machine. The operator can thus employ both hands in copying from the wire, and the matter is in much better shape for the editors and printers.

But the improvement did not stop here. The typewriter can be manipulated at a much more rapid rate than a "stick," and it was impossible for a fast sender to keep the receiver even comfortably busy.

The result was the adoption of a system of shorthand telegraphy by which news matter can be sent by trained hands in an abbreviated form, thus increasing the volume of matter handled in a given time, and increasing, proportionately, the value of the service to the newspapers. By the use of this new system, which is known as the "Phillips Code," the receiver's fingers are kept moving at a lively rate and every moment is utilized to the greatest possible advantage. The code is an ingenious affair, and by its use matter can be cut to the core, while the receiver is expected to translate and write it out in full on the machine.

This same code is also productive of some queer blunders. One operator, who had evidently left his wits at the breakfast table, in receiving the sentence "under the ban of the church," wrote it out "under the banana of the church."

Another wrote "Elliott of the Shepard" for Elliott F. Shepard," and "Roger on the Mills" for Roger Q. Mills. The popular democratic campaign song "Four Years More of Grover" was made to read "Fry some more of Grover."

It can be said, however, in justice to these faithful servitors of the public press, that their mistakes are few and far between, for it would be difficult to find among any class of workers a greater degree of skill and intelligence than is displayed by them in their laborious work.

The following amusing error was reported not long since: A passenger upon leaving the train at the end of his journey left a coat lying on one of the seats. He telegraphed to the conductor in regard to the lost garment, and this is the way the operator received the message: "Left cow on seat; get name and address in pocket." E. M. W.

A FARM AFLOAT.

Singular Complications Arising Over a Detrched Piece of Property.

A curious legal complication is exciting the interest of some residents about Chautauqua lake, says the Ogdensburg Journal. On the night of August 24 a severe storm visited the country around the lake, and the next morning a dozen islands were seen where there had been unbroken lake surface before. These islands on one of which large trees were growing, proved to be great masses of earth broken from the mainland by the storm and driven down the lake by the high wind.

The largest contained about an acre and a half and had been broken from the farm of Mrs. James Stone. It had been carried four miles down the lake and lodged in Burtis bay, near the lake front, owned by Charles Gifford. As that gentleman was not pleased with the unsightly addition to his property, he sold it to Charles Wicks, a real estate dealer, for $5, on the promise of the latter to make extensive improvements upon it. At the same time Charles Neidhart, another real estate man, went to Mrs. Stone and purchased the property from her, paying $5. Both Wicks and Neidhatr received quit-claim deeds. Now both purchasers claim the property, and the courts will be called upon to decide between them.

The legal fraternity has already begun to discuss the case, and some puzzling questions arise. Thus, is the property real or personal? If personal, being moveable, was it the property of the orignal owner after it had lodged in the highway? If real estate, it is properly an accretion of the land against which it lodged, or, having found anchorage in the public highway, does it revert to the state? It is argued that, being moveable, Mr. Wick's title will not hold, as he had no right to drive piles in the highway to hold it, while another storm might carry it further down and against another man's property, or a passing steamer might hitch and pull it away, thus making it the property of any person along the lake front.

The belief begins to prevail that the Chautauqua valley was once a large body of water, over a portion of which a crust of land has been formed, and that the farming lands around it are but a short distance above the surface. On Marvia park an undulating motion of the ground is discernible when a horse passes over it, and when the annual fair is held upon it many timid persons refuse to remain because of the distinctness of the strange vibration. Also, inexhaustible artesian wells are reached from 50 to 100 feet below the surface. The city of Jamestown is supplied with water from these wells, which were drilled about four miles to the east, and some of which flow 500,000 gallons a day.

The phenomenon is a remarkable one and is likely to engage the attention of the scientists who assemble annually at Chautauqua. Naturally the owners of farms along the lake will feel some uneasiness when the next big storm comes. To have the lake dotted all over with little island farms would mar its symmetry and yet undoubtedly add to its picturesqueness.

THE SARCASTIC MAIDEN.

She Has a Sharp Tongue That Men Are Much Afraid of.

The sarcastic maiden is not a pleasant companion. She is too sharp to be agreeable. Her cutting speeches, rife with scathing personalities, cause her to be shunned rather than selected as one of those charming sort of girls men and women both admire. If she writes a letter her pen seems to have been dipped in vinegar, and though her composition may be the very acme of elegance still such an epistle is not received with the warmth that one of those gushing, girlyfied but altogether friendly ones always obtains. The sarcastic girl may possess talent far above the beezy creature who candidly admits that she would rather read one of "The Duchess'" novels than an essay of Emerson's. She may be able to converse in seven different languages. She may be as beautiful as an houri, but men will be purely afraid of that sharp tongue, and the purely feminine creature who weeps and laughs by turns with Phyllis and Molly Bawn will win the admiration and preside over the home of the greatest catch of the season, while her more brilliant sister, with her dangerous sharpness, will be left to her sarcasms and solitudes. Sarcasm is not wit, though wit may be sarcastic. One can be bright and say all manner of clever things without hurting the feelings of others by keen knife-edged opinions that are subtle with bitterness and teeming with gall. Sarcasm is not a quality to be cultivated. It is a rank weed that once started grows and grows, choking out the little plants of kindliness, forethought and consideration until it overruns the garden of the mind, dominating and controlling each thought with a disagreeable pungent odor that cannot be eradicated.—Philadelphia Times.

That the world was inhabited long before authentic history began is now one of the generally accepted facts. There are said to be more than 3,000 perhistoric buildings in Sardinia. They are almost all in the fertile districts and are built in groups which are separated from one another by wide and generally barren places.

AT WORK IN HORTICULTURAL HALL, WORLD'S FAIR.

COMING WEATHER.

There Will Yet Be Plenty of Warmth.

Storm Waves That May Be Expected.

More About Biela's Comet and the Great Conflagration of 1871.

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St. Joseph, Mo., Oct. 15.—My last bulletin gave forecasts of the storm waves to cross the continent from 12th to 16th and 17 to 22d, and the next will reach the Pacific coast about the 23d, cross the western mountains by the close of the 24th, the great central valleys from 25th to 27th, and the eastern states about the 29th.

This disturbance will inaugurate a warm period, that will extend far into November, and the weather will average much warmer than usual.

The cool wave will cross the western mountains about the 26th, the great central valleys about the 28th and the eastern states about the 30th. We will not have much winter weather in the northern states before the middle of November, and no real winter until after the middle of December. The winter will be very severe in January and February.

Biela Struck the Earth.

Shehan & Upton's "History of the Great Conflagration of 1871," speaking of the eastern part of Minnesota, says: "It is the universal testimony that the prevailing idea among the people was that the last day had come. They could give no other interpretation to the ominous roar, the bursting of the sky with flame, and the dropping down of fire out of the very heavens, consuming instantly everything it touched. There was a pitiless rain of sand, and it seemed as if the fiery fiends of hell had been lossened. It came in great sheets of flame from heaven, with great balls of fire unrolling and shooting forth in streams."

A civil engineer doing business in Prestgo, says: "The heat increased so rapidly that when four hundred feet from the bridge and the nearest building, I was obliged to lie down in about two feet of water behind a log, and by going under the water occasionally and holding my head close to the water, I managed to breathe."

Near Port Huron, Michigan, several hundred miles east of Chicago and the fires above noted, the conflagration was terrible. Allison Weaver covered a shallow well with four inch oak stubbing and got into the water where he remained while the fire swept over him. The well was in a ten-arce open space, but the flames completely covered it. The fire did not run along the ground or leap from tree to tree, but was a sheet of flame reaching from the earth to the tops of the trees. The planks that covered him were on fire, and his den so hot that he could scarcely breathe. The earth was on fire in spots.

At Williamson's mill, Wisconsin, thirty-two people jumped into a well, and were there suffocated by heat.

In Michigan fully fifteen thousand people were rendered homeless by the fires, and their food, crops, clothing, horses and cattle destroyed, the same night that the fires occured in Chicago and Wisconsin.

Of the Chicago fire Ignatius Donnelly in his "Ragnarok," says: "The fire was spontaneous. The story of Mrs. O'Leary's cow having started the conflagration by kicking over a lantern, was found to be false. It was the access of gas from Biela's comet that burned up Chicago."

The Chicago fire-marshal testified that he felt it in his bones that they were going to have a fire, and further said: "We got the fire under control, and it would not have gone another foot, but the next thing I knew, they came and told me that St. Paul's church, two squares away, was on fire, and then the fire broke out in Ba[illegible]man's planing mill." A writer in the New York Post, stated that he saw buildings far beyond the line of fire and no in contact with it, burst into flames from the interior.

On the same day of the Chicago fire, the states of Iowa, Minnesota, Indiana and Illinois were severely devastated by prairie fires, and terrible fires raged in the Alleghanies, the Sierras, the Rockies and the region of the Red river of the north.

Shehan & Upton's "History of the Chicago Fire," says: "The huge stone and brick structures melted before the fierceness of the flames as a snow flake melts and disappears in water, and almost as quickly. Six-story buildings would take fire and disanpear forever from sight in five minutes by the watch. At the great Union depot, the fire burned half a mile against a gale of wind which blew a tornado, and in which no vessel could have lived on the lake. Strange fantastic fires of blue, red and green, played along the cornices of buildings."

Hon. William B. Ogden wrote at the time: "In the yard of one of the large implement factories, was staked hundreds of tons of pig iron. This iron was two hundred feet from any building. To the south of it was the river one hundred and fifty feet wide. No large building but the factory was in that vicinity, yet that pile of iron melted and run, and is now one large solid mass."

Of this great and strange conflagration, Mr. Donnelly further says: "All this brings vividly before our eyes the condition of things when the ancient comet struck the earth, when conflagrations spread over wide acres, when human beings were consumed by the million, when their works were obliterated and the remnants of the multitude led before the flames filled with unutterable consternation, and as they jumped pell mell into wells, so we have seen them in Job, clambering down ropes into the narrow-mouthed bottomless pit."

"Who shall say how often our atmosphere has been affected by accessions from celestial sources, causing conflagrations, pestilence, failure of crops and famine?"

BREAD TO GO UP IN PRICE.

A Gigantic Combine Forming With This End in View.

"Kings have feared to tax bread," says the New Nation; "governments have fallen because they have levied a tariff on wheat, but the American syndicate fears nothing. This is the freest country, for men who rob their fellows, that the sun ever shone on. The recent combination of the flour mills in New York we have before spoken of in the New Nation. Now the flour mills of California, one of the greatest wheat states, have followed suit. The combine, which was incorporated August 8, under the name of the Sperry Flour company, practically includes all the mills of California. The capitalization is $10,000,000 and the output of the plants controlled is 6,000 barrels a day. The price of flour will not of course be raised materially till the Minnesota flour mills are also syndicated, and a treaty for the 'regulation of prices,' arranged with them, together with perhaps a little understanding with the railroads about discriminating rates against flour mills refusing to come into the combine. Then the screws will be put on and bread will follow coal up out of the reach of the poor. Of course it is going to be hard on the poor, but this is doubtless the only way in which the masses can be brought to see that nationalizing the production and distribution of the country is the only way out. It may be some little time before all of them see it, but when they do things will go with a rush, and we would not want to guarantee the flour mill trust that it will get fancy prices for its mills when the people take them over."

THE BEE-HIVE CLUB

Has a Splendid Attendance This Week.

Interesting Discussions on Important Subjects.

Commonplaces Are Considered by Patience Prim, the Fanatic Talks About the Human Spider and Miss Harriet Tells Her Troubles.

THE PEACE OF SORROW.

Calm is the morn without a sound,
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
And only through the faded leaf
The chestnut pattering to the ground.

Calm and deep peace on this high wold
And on these dews that drench the furze,
And all the silver gossomers
That twinkle into green and gold.

Calm and still light on yon great plain,
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
And crowded farms and lessening towers,
To mingle with the bounding main.

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
These leaves that redden to the fall;
And in my heart if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair.

Calm on the seas and silver sleep,
And waves that sway themselves in rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

If sleep and death be truly one,
And every spirit's folded bloom
Through all its intervital gloom
In some long trance should slumber on;

Unconscious of the sliding hour,
Bare of the body, might it last,
And silent traces of the past
Be all the color of the flower.

So then were nothing lost to man;
So that still garden of the souls
In many a figured leaf unrolls
The total world since life began.

And love will last as pure and whole
As when he loved me here in time,
And at the spiritual prime
Reawaken with the dawning soul.
—Selections from Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

NATURE—EMBLEM OF OMNIPOTENCE.

Autumn—aye, the poets sing of thee,
And grace thee with the spirit of their songs,
As the most enchanting portion of the year.
And yet, such season has its greetings just as warm,
For the expectation of a change is heralded by man,
And each new beauty, though in reality, 'tis old—has charm for all.
The spring, like a new born babe,
Becomes the environment of summer, when we may know each
Mist of mountain sign,
The voices of every wave and pine,
That I am theirs and they are mine.
Then comes winter like a maturer man, who has at best
But a short time before the winter of age with silvery splendor,
Creeps upon him and causes rest—rest to the vine, which to us means death.
But which, when springtime dawns, will rise and live again.
Which season would you represent?
Ah! 'twould be hard to choose for all are nature's work.
"We love not man the less but nature more."
AIMEE.

Toledo.

HOW THEY LOVE.

How does a woman love? Once and no more,
Though life forever its loss deplore,
Deep in sorrow, or want of sin,
One king reigneth her heart within;
One alone, by night and day,
Moveth her spirit to curse or pray;
One voice only can call her soul
Back from the grasp of death's control:
Though lower beset her and friends deride,
Yea, when she smileth another's bride,
Still for her master her life makes moan,
Once is forever; and once alone.

How does man love? Once for all;
The sweetest voice of life may call,
Sorrow daunt him or death dismay,
Joy's red roses bedeck his way,
Fortune smile or jest or frown,
The cruel thumb of the world turn down,
Loss betray him or gain delight,
Through storm or sunshine, by day or night,
Wandering, toiling, asleep or awake,
Though souls may sadden or frail hearts break;
Better than wife, or child, or pelf,
Once and forever, he loves—himself.
—Rose Terry Cooke.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

In the matter of estate, as of our garments, not that which is the largest, but that which fits us best, is best for us.

The real secret of success lies in fitting into your place in life, be it high, or low.

There are people in humble positions, whose capabilities entitle them to high places. They realize this, and are discontented, and unsuccessful in discharging properly the duties of their low estate.

And others, noting the failure, consider them presumptuous in daring to aspire to greater things.

There is a larger class, vainly endeavoring to fit into places intended for people of greater breadth.

This class, too, are discontented—though they would not admit it—and realize their shortcomings more clearly than do their bitterest enemies.

There is nothing more discouraging and disheartening than a realization of ones' mental and physical deficiencies.

So it is that misfit people, like misfit clothing, are never comfortable.

And when we consider how large a percentage of our population is made up from these two classes, it would seem that the world was all wrong, and hopelessly tangled.

But when we have learned, as most of us do in time, that our lives are determined for us—when we only think of bearing what is laid upon us, and doing what is given us to do, we have gained life's success, by the victory over self.

What better can we do with the misfortunes of life, its unfavorable circumstances, sorrowful events, disagreeable passages, failures and discouragements, than to forget them speedily? Their perpetual remembrance can bring only distress and weakness, and unfit us for the pressing duties that demand all our energies?

There is a vanity and egotism in always bewailing our misdoings, as well as in recounting virtuous actions.

We can best forget our failures and attest our penitence by better effort for the future, rather than by lamentations.

We all need to honor our daily pursuits more. To realize that, if we follow them honestly and earnestly, their best results can never be taken from us.

This would take the sting out of much that we call failure.

If you do your best, you can never wholly fail.

No good action, no good example, no generous endeavor, dies.

To be successful something more than a small effort, or a series of efforts, is necessary. It is not by fitful jerks, but by long, vigorous pulls that a boat is forced against the current.

The oarsman doesn't sit on one side of the boat in a half-hearted manner and think how much easier it would be to steer, but gets in position to put all his strength on his oars.

It is just the same in life, the long, strong pull conquers all opposing forces.

DORRIS DARE.

IMPROVE YOUR OPPORTUNITIES.

"A commonplace life, we say, and we sigh;
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day.
The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
And the flower that blooms and the bird that sings;
But dark were the world and sad our lot
If the flowers failed, and the sun shone not;
And God, who studies each separate soul
Out of commonplace lives makes His beautiful whole."

A whole sermon in a few lines, which bears abundance of consolation to us commonplace mortals, who become overtroubled with the disappointments and trials of this life; we get into the wrong niches, or think we do, and the iron-sides of the situation fret and gall us worse than an ill-fitting collar on an over-worked draught horse; we've seen such suffering animals, and much desired that the humane officer should get after their cruel drivers.

On the other hand, our sufferings are not visible; they are thrusts in the soul, which make us quiver and shake, though apparently we may be calm as statues; however, there is satisfaction in the thought that, though our lives may be commonplace and humble here, God studies each soul and if we do the best we can He will see that it reaches its proper place in the life to come.

Whoever wrote the lines may have been a very commonplace person, but we thank him just the same, and in the great eternity, we so little think about here, may we be privileged to meet the writer.

Eternity! Why is it we skip the word so? This life is as but a drop in that great ocean of forever, and yet we cling to it, and thrust this way and that to make our place in it; grasping as drowning men for straws the things of this earth which must perish, envying those who receive more than we, coveting things beyond our reach, and for what? If we possessed the whole we could not take it thence, beyond that bourn from whence no traveler may return.

Coveting in one sense may be right, the apostle tells us to "covet earnestly the best gifts," but the best gifts are not perishable. Then the question follows, what are they? Well, if we are going into any vocation in life we prepare ourselves for it. We study law, or medicine, or journalism, or serve an apprenticeship at some trade, or begin as errand boy. So on through the long list; but here we all are knowing that life is a span; a brief place in which to get ready for eternity, and we jog right along, some of us going at a break-neck speed after the gifts which will serve us here, rather than drying to possess some of those which will serve in the long life to come.

It's the soul which needs cultivating, and many of us are wasting golden opportunities.

Some listlessly thump over their music as though it were not of much account, and as for voice culture it is not to be bothered with; yet they will expect to sing in the Heavenly choir, and perhaps be disappointed if they are not provided with golden harps.

Others paint a little "just for their own amusement," they say, instead of putting forth the effort to do the very best they can with the talent and opportunity God has given.

Some slight their educational privileges so badly it almost seems wrong they should have them, when perhaps their elbow neighbor would be glad to make use of half as good a chance.

It is this listlessness and lack of earnestness in self-cultivation which causes us to fall short of possessing the best gifts, love, joy, peace, and as many more good qualities as you may know belong to the list, and indicates our failure of using this short life as preparatory to the long one.

The joys and the pleasures of earth flee away
But treasures in heaven forever will stay;
Then regret not the one, while the other's so plain,
But persistently seek heavenly jewels to gain.

PATIENCE PRIM.

On the wall hangs a dipper with ribbons all over,
A coal hod begarlanded stands on the floor,
A crazy old teapot with gilt on the cover
And wreaths of gay clothespins are over the door.

Some household utensil of Mildred's adorning,
Bedecked and bespangled, is found every niche in,
But the hand painted washboard is missing this morning,
For mamma is using it out in the kitchen.

THE HUMAN SPIDER.

The season of the year has arrived when the gay and crafty spider spreads its web, to catch the simple-minded fly; see how artfully the work is done; in the most unheard of places the webs are spun; in every corner, every window lattace, and among the choicest plants and flowers, we find the silken subtile threads which tangle so the unsophisticated pleasure-seeking fly.

Ah, the spider is a wily insect and some are even handsome We've been watching one in an out of the way corner for weeks; its large body adorned with stripes of black and gold. Two houses has it built of silken thread, extremely large, we thought, being of the size of English walnuts, only of more bag-like shape; upon examination they seemed to contain thousands of the species. In one nest they were in embryo; the other contained those of a more advanced stage; after they were safely destroyed, heartily we wished we might as easily destroy the embryo of a certain sin we ever see about us, and then our minds to meditation fell and we concluded to write an homily.

For weeks this spider striped with gold and black, who built its house so nicely, and spread its net so daintily, has brought to mind a person, calling himself a gentleman, who typifies a class. Apparently he is very neat, not only in person, but all about his home and premises; his manners likewise are most persuasive, so that many are drawn toward his place of business, as it were, imperceptibly, not knowing the fascination or their danger; to perfect and make this "place" have still greater drawing powers it was renovated outside and in, having a new front of most approved material put in and with latest improved arrangements, so that to all appearances it was quite first-class and most artfully enticing. How much better it looks; quite an improvement to the beauty of the street; a citizen who thus improves his premises is worthy of patronage, or at least courtesy; he is certainly a good fellow; we ought to have him for councilman in this ward; he would have some interest in getting things cleaned up, are some of the remarks made.

Let us go inside and see the new arrangements there. This now is certainly what they call a respectable place, and gentlemen who would not be induced to enter a common low grogery enter boldly there without a blush of shame. See the inducements: first a quiet game of cards to wile away a tedious hour, and then the game is prolonged, the surroundings are so comfortable they almost feel under obligations to the artful human spider who has made them so. In a few days the game in the pleasant place is repeated, and so on until it is quite the usual affair, instead of a rare occurrence to see such and such persons entering this respectable place of sin.

Ah! friends, beware! the spider's eyes are shining though you wot it not; you cannot see, as the lookers-on, the silken threads which draw you. Are you going to allow your educated intellect to be deceived and wasted in such a place, and with such occupation? Are you going to prove your self a fly? They say "soft drinks are harmless," but "the power of example is greater than the sword." Would you wish in the dim future some fallen brother to say he first followed you? No, no; not down, I'm sure.

The spider's nest contained thousands in embryo. Looking over our fair land is there not a counterpart in the thousands who patronize these dens of sin? Those who unwittingly allow themselves to enter the first-class doors but represent the seed in embryo, while those who frequent the lower shops are fast becoming as vile, some no doubt unconsciously, as the human spiders who are taking them in.

FANATIC.

DOMESTIC CORNER.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 16.

Breakfast.

Fruit

Molded Rice — Sugar and Cream
Fried Egg Plant — Fried Tomatoes
Rolls — Coffee

Dinner.

Clams on the Half Shell
Stuffed Shoulder of Veal, Roasted
Stuffed Potatoes
Corn Pudding — Lima Beans
Stewed Carrots
Lettuce Salad, French Dressing
Wafers — Cheese
Watermelons and Cantaloupes
Coffee
Tea.

Barbecued Ham — Tomato Salad
Thin Bread and Butter
Fruit. — Cake
Tea

Veal Cutlets.

Break the veal until it is almost broken to shreds. Have eggs (as many as necessary) beaten; have some crackers rolled, and seasoned with salt and pepper; dip the veal first into the egg, then into the crackers. Have the lard very hot, and drop the cutlet into it. The hot lard draws the meat together again, and when done will be as tender as chicken.

Sweet Pickles.

Buy the large, salt pickles, but get them as green as possible; cut them crosswise, about one inch thick; place a layer in a jar, and between each layer sprinkle mustard seed, celery seed and coriander seed; boil vinegar with sugar to taste; add whole cloves, whole mace and whole pepper; pour over the pickles cold. In a few days they will be ready for use.

Chow-Chow Pickle.

One gallon cabbage, one-half gallon tomatoes, one quart onions, four tablespoonfuls salt, two tablespoonfuls black pepper, two tablespoonfuls turmeric, one tablespoonful cloves, two tablespoonsfuls white mustard seed, one and one-half pounds brown sugar. Cover with vinegar and boil until tender.

Chilli Sauce.

Eighteen ripe tomatoes, nine onions, three red peppers, large size; two tablespoonfuls salt, and one cup of sugar; cover with vinegar; boil until done.

Tomato Pickle (Not Boiled).

One peck ripe tomatoes, six onions, and two red peppers; ten cents' worth of ground horseradish, two cups nasturtiums, three-quarters cup salt, one cup sugar, one-half pound mustard seed, one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon, and pepper; one quart vinegar. Put in jars or pots.

Suet Pudding.

Four cups flour, one cup milk, one teaspoonful baking powder, one cup suet, chopped fine; one cup raisins, stoned; one cup molasses, one teaspoonful cloves and cinnamon; nutmeg and a pinch of salt. Steam for two and one-half hours.

Crab Apple Jelly.

Remove the stems and blossoms and wash the apples in cold water. Put on whole in enough water to prevent their burning, and simmer slowly until thoroughly cooked to a pulp. Strain through a jelly bag; dry your sugar in the oven, measure juice, put on the stove and allow to come to a boil; then to every pint of juice add one pound of sugar, and cook from three to five minutes. This makes a clear, delicious jelly.

LADY OR WOMAN?

It has grown to be almost a fad, this rejecting the word 'lady' in favor of woman. To be sure there is very little mention in the Bible of ladies, but neither does the word gentleman occur in that book very frequently, nor a good many other words that are accepted without question by the world of to-day.

"Elizabeth, which would you prefer to be called, a lady or a woman?"

"A woman."

"Why?"

"Oh, it's the more noble term."

"Why?"

"I don't know, I'm sure; but it seems to be so, doesn't it?"

Webster is authority for almost everything, let us consult him. Here is woman, "Woman, female of the human race grown to adult years." That embraces all, even the woman who was helped in the patrol wagon in a drunken, combative condition the other day.

Now the word lady. "Lady, a title of distinction, etc;" that applies to a land of titles, not to these United States. A second definition, "a woman of gentle or refined manners;" that is a woman whose manners are free from what is low, vulgar, coarse, "the feminine of gentleman." Gentleman in the United States, he says, is applied to "men of education and good-breeding of whatever occupation."

"Be each, pray God a gentleman," wrote Thackeray; he had no higher aspiration, and shall we scorn the word lady with all that it implies because it has been misappropriated and misapplied?

PRAC.

AN AUTUMN PICTURE.

Now round red roofs stand russet stacks arow:
Homeward from gleaning in the stubbly wheat,
High overhead the harsh rook salleth slow,
And cupless acorns crackle 'neath your feet.
No breeze, no breath, vereth the casthouse hoods,
Whence the faint smoke floats fragrantly away;
And, in the distance, the half-hazy woods
Glow with the barren glory of decay.
Vainly the bramble strives to drape the hedge,
Whose leafless gaps show many an empty nest:
The chill pool stagnates round the seeded sedge;
And, as the sunset saddens in the west,
Funereal mist comes creeping down the dale,
And widowed Autumn weeps beshud her veil.

—Spectator.

THE SCRAP BASKET.

The mother-house of the order of the Sisters of the Holy Sacrament, and the prot ctory for colored children, now being erected near Philadelphia, are nearing completion. They will be known respectively as St. Elizabeth's House and as Holy Providence House, and both are the gifts of Miss Catherine Drexel, or, as she is called in the religious world, Mother Catherine. She has devoted her life to the education and elevation of the children of the colored and Indian races, and has had these houses built for the conduct of her work. When they are finished they will have cost not less than $150 000. Mother Catherine is living at her home in Torresdale, a few miles from the new buildings, and personally gives attention to the work, visiting the place two or three times each week.

A mark of common sense and good breeding is absence of pretense.

Opportunity is the flower of time, and, as the stock may remain with us when the flower is cut off, so time may remain with us when opportunity is gone.

The best revenge is love; disarm
Anger with smiles; heal wounds with balm;
Give water to thy thirsty foe,
The sandal tree, as if to prove
How sweet to conquer hate by love,
Perfumes the ax that lays it low.

The man who never tells his wife anything of his business affairs is the first to make over his property to her when he fails.

Mrs. Maria R. Towne, who left $175,000 to the University of Pennsylvania upon the condition that this sum be used for the payment of professors and instructors in the scientific department, was the widow of the philanthropic Philadelphian, John Henry Towne, from whom the Towne Scientific School takes its name.

There is a remedy for every wrong and a satisfaction for every soul.—Emerson.

All constraint
Except what wisdom lays on evil men
Is evil; hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progress in the road of science; blinds
The sight of discovery and begets
In those that suffer it a sordid mind,
Bestial, a meager intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.
—Cowper.

An envious girl is an enemy to herself, for her mind is always occupied with her own unhappy thoughts.

The wise prove and the foolish confess, by their conduct, that a life of employment is the only life worth leading.—Paley.

A NEW TOQUE SHAPE.

The toque, which is of all shapes the dearest to the average woman, varies slightly with each change of season. The one presented in the illustration is of green felt, having th ebrim open in front and

A Pretty Green Toque.

back. It is filled in with an aigrette of black lace in front and with black ostrich feathers at the back. A narrow band of feathers trims the brim.

OCTOBER DAYS.

Out in the field is the gilden-rod,
Waving and bending its yellow plumes;
White is the silk in the milk-weed pod,
In the yellow days of October.

Crimson are trees of the forest land,
Berries hang red on the climbing vines,
Maples are touched by a golden hand,
And the nuts are ripe in their browness.

Close to the grass are the asters white,
Brown on the ground lie the fallen leaves,
Circling around Summer's birds take flight
And the quails whirr up near the fences.

Over the land in the autumn haze;
Slowly at eve comes the great, round moon;
Silent and sweet are the country ways
In the golden days of October.

—Eva A. Madden.

THE LAST WORDS.

Dear hearts, whose love has been so sweet to know,
That I am looking backward as I go,
And lingering while I haste, and in this rain
Of tears of joy am mingling tears of pain.
Do not adorn with costly shrub, or tree,
Or flower, the little grave that shelters me,
Let the wild, wind-sown seed grow up unharmed,
And back and forth all Summer, unalarmed,
Let all the tiny busy creatures creep;
Let the sweet grass its last year's tangles keep;
And when, remembering me, you come some day
And stand there, speak no praise, but only say,
"How she loved us! It was for that she was so dear!"
These are the only words that I shall smile to hear.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

A GRITTY GIRL.

Having with pleasure gone through the Bee Hive each week and tasted the honey gathered and stored by the busy workers from the flowers in different places, I have at last decided to ask some of the bees to please fill a slice of comb with the golden sweet for me; others may perhaps be benefited also. I will tell you just how it is and then maybe you can advise me. I have fitted myself for bookkeeping by taking a complete course in a business college. Now, the trouble is, I have no position, and, yes, I may as well confess, I do not know how best to proceed to get one.

You see, I am a farmer's daughter, and cannot work for myself, as I believe I could, if my home was in the city. If any of you have ever lived in the country you will no doubt understand that, however many and great our advantages are in some respects, it does not appear to include getting a position of this kind. We have not the advantage of acquaintance and being just there when needed.

I have held the subject up before my mind's eye, trying to solve the difficulty. Different plans have suggested themselves to me, but none seem to be just it. Now, will you not please come to my rescue?

Don't please turn the objectional part of the bee coward me and thrust we with lacking "grit," "pluck," "gumption," or something. I would never dare buzz in the Bee Hive if I had not a tiny bit of one or the other, or some hing, to help me on.

HARRIET I.

Upper Sandusky, O.

ERCAPE OF THE DOG.

Civilization Taught the Brute a Trick Worth Knowing.

Mr. Lennie Reed, a young man about 17 years of age, who occupies the position of cook at the Coffee Mill claim, had quite an experience with a large California lion Friday of last week. The following is his experience in his own language:

"On Friday evening of last week, while sitting in front of my cabin in Indian Gulch absorbed in reading a very interesting book, my attention was attracted by a very peculiar noise. I at first thought it was a fox or a coyote, but you can imagine my feelings when I looked up and discovered that I was in very close quarters with a large California lion, and that he was slowly making his way toward me, snarling and showing his teeth.

"Fortunately I am the owner of a large dog who happened to be by my side at the time. The dog took in the situation at once and started toward the lion growling and barking at every jump. The lion turned his attention at once from me and started on a run for the dog, but the dog was equal to the occasion, and to my astonishment made for a large pine tree some 20 yards away, with the lion in close pursuit. On reaching the tree the dog disappeared as if by magic in a cave that had probably been dug by some prospectors in the early days and used as a dwelling-house.

"At the further end of this cave an upraise had been made through the solid lava, answering the purpose of a stove pipe or a fireplace. The upraise being very flat through it the dog made his escape. The lion, after giving a couple of unearthly yells, slunk away in the brush, and I can assure you that I had no desire to follow him to see where he had gone."—San Francisco Call.

A LOVELY TIME WAS HAD.

Bill Hucks, the item chaser on the Willer Crick Gazette.
Was the liveliest hustler that old Man McCray could get,
As a runaway reporter or a writer up of shows
Bill never had an equal nor a rival, goodness knows.
So we sent him up a invite to a party Susie give,
And he writ a piece about it that was fine, as sure's you live.
But all I kin remember is, "We hardly need to add,
The guests agreed at leaving that a lovely time was had."

Oh, yes—now come to think of it, her maw cooked up some cake
And pies and floatin' island truck that Susie helped to make.
And they was pickle-lily, too, and beets and jell and jam,
And slaw, and chicken salad, and some sam-wiches of ham,
And them Bill said was "vlands," which in writin' up he owned
"Made a tempting feast of good things, and the table fairly groaned.
And when the wee sma' hours were come, we hardly need to add,
The guests agreed at leaving that a lovely time was had."

Old Bill has gone from Willer Crick; the Gazette is no more,
For old McCray has stolen away to find the golden shore,
And Susie has been married off for lo! these many years,
And some of them that come that night have quit this vale of tears;
But maw has in her scrapbook—long with little Laury's death,
And the pome about the baby and the accident to Seth—
The piece about the party, and to-day it makes us glad
To read at Susie's party, "that a lovely time was had."

—Kansas City Star.

THEY FLY THE DUCK.

How Creede's "400" Have Added to the Amusement of "Society."

Brave men with Winchesters and skirt dancers with daggers in their boots will tip the fantastic, glasses and things in the bad lands to-night.

Yesterday's mail brought the following to the Chronicle office, encased in a satin envelope, tied together at either end with a golden cord. Pictured in the upper left-hand corner is a group of men and women seated about a table, while escaping toward the starry heavens is a "carrier duck" with a handle of a four-pound pail in its mouth. This would indicate that the can is to be urged—the growler rushed; or, to use a vulgar expression that it was the intention to fly the duck during the evening's exercises. The wording of the beautiful engraving was like this: "Yourself and friends are cordially invited to attend a grand ball Friday evening, Aug. 5, in the Archuleta building, South Creede, Col., given by Mrs. Dot Ford."

The word "lady" was scratched in the engraving and "friends" substituted. Dot is the weeping widow of the lamented Robert Ford, formerly of Missouri, and the friends of the deceased are expected to rag for the benefit of the widow. Nobody barred except the mayor and council. Go early and avoid the rush. P. S.—Leave your six-shooters in the alley and shove your money under the door.—Creede Chronicle.

MODERN WIVES.

I am inclined to think, says Lady Violet Greville in the Graphic, that women, as a rule, are what men make them, and a husband of 22 or 23 lacks experience in wife-training. If only marriage were like a civil service examination! So many questions to answer, so many qualifications to fulfill—how easy it would be to prepare for two modern languages, or one, music or drawing, algebra or cooking, as the case might be! A man in the colonies knows what he wants a wife for—to cook, to sew, to scrub, to wash; in short, a respectable, unpaid general servant, ordinary female labor being unattainable. But what does a man in London know of his requirements? The wife he married when he was a struggling junior at the bar, or a tradesman in a small way, is out of touch and out of harmony with his surroundings now that he is Lord Chancellor, or the head of a firm and a rising M. P. qualifying for a baronetcy. The small clerk needs a cook; the artist or literary man an intelligent companion; the brilliant statesman a woman who will exert a soothing influence over him, see that he has soup and wine when he returns from his work, and keep away from him all disagreeable and tedious admirers. Every great man requires and finds such a one—generally, unfortunately, however, in some one else's wife.

A NATURAL MISTAKE.

When Brown came home from fishing little Johnnie was waiting for him at the door with tears in his eyes. "It was real mean of you, dad," he said, "not to take me along when you only went down to the fishing banks. I wouldn't have been in your way on the boat, and I'd have had a dandy time."

"I didn't go to the fishing banks, my boy," replied Brown. "I was away up the country and had to tramp more than 20 miles through the woods, so you see I couldn't have taken you."

"I know better, dad," insisted Johnnie. "From what ma said, I am sure you were down at the banks."

"What did she say?" asked Brown, growing interested.

"It was this way, dad," replied Johnnie. "That man you owe the money to has been watching for you all the afternoon. When it got so late he said he couldn't wait any longer, and he asked ma which way you generally came home."

"And what did your mother say to him that made you think I went on the boat to the fishing banks?" quizzed the old man.

"She said," replied little Johnnie, "that when you went fishing you always came home over the bay."—New York Evening Sun.

BALLADE OF MODERN LOVE.

And still we play deep at the game of hearts,
As did they of the courts those old dim days;
Our Romeos bleed of the coy god's darts;
Our troubadours in amatory phrase
Disturben them; our knights, with eyes ablaze,
Go armed with roses, comfits,—this their vaunt:
"As ours, no swain has gone such loyal ways,
Since leal Leander swam the Hellespont!"

Dulcinea, she models toothsome tarts;
Rowena goes to shop in yellow chaise,—
Who erstwhile queened the lists. Of warring arts
Poor Ken has Helen; but o'er-well she plays
Sonata, fugue: Ruth paints as well as prays,
Staunch-true is each, each clouds as little daunt
As any Hero of the vire'als,
Since leal Leander swam the Hellespont.

And here some power impishly disparts
Men's views of modern love; for one inveighs
Against all passion, while his neighbor smarts,
Till he has lavished on it ardent praise:
And this year's love's a jest, churl Tertius says.
Yet, in our Age, despite the jibe, the taunt,
We love as none have loved,—or men or fays,
Since leal Leander swam the Hellespont.

Prince, whether Love is strengthened or decays,
My sweet and I are—and no more we want—
The happiest pair, whatever goes or stays,
Since leal Leander swam the Hellespont!
—Edward W. Barnard, in New England Magazine.

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OCTOBER FANCIES.

A Few Pointers on the Coiffure From a Toledo Artist.

Plaids To Be in Vogue Again This Season.

Hints on Millinery and a Word in Regard to the Small Belongings of Dress.

Pointers on the Coiffure.

With these charming autumn days, when everyone is astir, the aim of every lady is to combine a becoming and stylish coiffure. And, in this, the leading hairdressers with a view of effecting such a result, have produced several new and elegant designs, namely—the Tower of Babel, which consists of a very high coiffure, especially designed for evening wear; Oolah, Montague and Dough-nut,

hair is decidedly popular, while blondes are entirely out. Seldom does anyone now ask to have their hair bleached the beautiful golden hue of yore.

Ornamental shells dotted with gold grace the stylish coiffure and the old-fashioned shell combs are worn by young and old. Gray hair remains in favor and ladies whose heads have been prematurely touched with silver, no longer attempt to disguise the fact by the use of hair dyes.

A pretty style of arranging the front hair is the pointed fringe. It has a touch of French-like style which gives a becoming piquancy to some countenances. With the pointed fringe the hair may be arranged in the back in twists and coils, and entirely away from the neck, leaving it quite free. The coils begin where the fringe leaves off, and the first coil should be secured with a fancy pin, or it is apt to sag in the back. Secure each coil separately, so that the whole weight of the hair shall not rest upon the top of the head and shall not depend upon the pin fastening the upper twist.

Care should be taken in fastening the curled ends of the hair that the type of head and face of the wearer be considered. Place curls at such angles as best follow correct and artistic lines. Let the style suit the wearer. For instance, if a young woman has a prominent nose, both knot and curls should begin above a line drawn parallel with the tip of the ear, in order that an unsymmetrical effect of great breadth from tip of nose to tip of knot be avoided.

So also, should she have a rather long chin, she would naturally avoid dressing the hair high on the crown, which would produce an unartistic and noticeably long oblique line from chin to knot. Avoid emphasizing an imperfection of contour. In either case she should so adjust the hair—knit braids, knot, or curls—so as to form a shapely, symmetrical contour of head. Any prominence given to portions of the head should be regulated with an eye to facial proportion.

Hair nets, in cap shape, are still used and are to be recommended to all who wish to keep their waves and curls in shape, particularly in damp or windy weather.

"Women do not have their hair cut or trimmed often enough," said a prominent Summit street hair-dresser to a Bee reporter. "Women should have their hair cut and "trimmed" once in three weeks or a month; not only cutting the ends of the longest and more vigorous hairs, but looking for the weaker ones, and cutting their tips also. As a general rule, the hair should be well brushed and combed twice a day, to keep it in good condition. Constant gentle friction, with a moderately hard brush, will tend to promote a healthy circulation in the scalp, and so a healthy growth of hair. In dressing, the hair, coils, plaits and fringes are dressed much too tightly to promote a healthy circulation in the hair. The hair is strangled in its growth.

October Fancies.

skirt, regulation shirt and flare-away coat will be fashionable all winter. Suspenders will not be worn this winter—they have their day.

Plaids are and will be decidedly fashionable. Even capes for early fall wear are made of Scotch plaid.

Turned-over linen collars and deep cuffs to match are worn with cloth suits.

White alpaca will be used to a considerable extent for tea-gowns or house dresses.

The wearing of jewelry with a cloth gown is always in bad taste.

In these days of tailor made gowns the following article from the Home Journal will be appreciated:

There is an art in wearing a tailor-made gown. The best of tailors may fit you perfectly, and yet by your mode of walking or sitting the good effect may be entirely lost. If your gown is dedicated to the street do not sit around the house in it, for it will lose its shape about the hips, and even when you do wear it at home, or in paying a call, sit up straight, for it is fitted to certain lines and curves of your body, those that are correct, and will become shapeless if you attempt to distort it by pulling it where it ought not to be. Always draw in your belt and fasten it. A good tailor never makes a belt very tight, for it is intended to draw the bodice in place rather than squeeze it in.

At the first wearing, if the buttons are small and close, I commend the use of a button hook, not because the bodice is tight, but to keep from breaking your nails and to make the buttons go into their accustomed holes with ease. Assume a Jersey or old silk bodice, if you are going to wear a fur coat, for nothing will so quickly ruin the tailor-made bodice as the assumption over it of heavy furs. Be satisfied if your gown is well fitted. You pay for good work, and until your gown fits you as it should it is the business of the maker to rectify the defects. Women are inclined to overlook faults in work because they do not want to seem disagreeable, and the result is that the world is flooded with poor workers, whereas if you make it the practice of your life to pay well, to insist upon good work, you will obtain not only what you desire, but the thanks of millions of other women.

The shop windows are gorgeously arrayed in seasonable clothing and novelties.

Jackets and wraps will be fashionably trimmed in furs of various kinds and descriptions.

Stripes are no longer fashionable except for petticoats.

Velvet sleeves of Scotch plaids will be worn.

Some of the new sleeves are formed of two or three puffings, and finished with a deep frilling.

Satin and shot and glace velvet will be worn again.

Little capes, made of cloth, edged with rich gaton or narrow fur, are being prepared in the style of coachmen's capes.

The colder weather, long coats of velvet or plush, and even satin will be worn.

Jackets are not to be quite discarded, but close-fitting bodices with tight sleeves will have to be made expressly to wear with them.

The acme of elegance this autumn is to wear a dress of white cloth, with sash and neck ribbon of black velvet or satin. A ribbon to match is sometimes placed around the foot of the dress. Costumes of gray, beige, or other colored cloth or fancy material, are also trimmed with black or dark colored velvet or satin ribbon.

Nearly all of the fashionable jackets and wraps are of three-quarters length.

Very gorgeous trimmings are displayed this season, Russian and Persian designs predominating.

For fall and winter, the high-class retailers and modistes are showing cloths and reps trimmed in Astrachan and mink, and often two kinds of fur are seen on one garment.

Very narrow trimmings are in vogue.

The violet shades and bishop's purple, called "eveque," will be much worn. Navy blue is a standing color. Golden brown, beige and clear red shades are taking colors. Judic, a reddish heliotrope, deeper and clearer purple, electric blue, and shades of tan having a golden cast are now seen. The Francois I. shade of pinkest purple is gaining favor among the milliners. Emerald is still popular, and a shade like the thick glossy leaf of a wax begonia, which combines with tan, gray, white, and lighter green, and is also seen with a pale mauve. For evening, old rose and mauve will be most used.

Ladies use but little or no powder or paint these days, face massage and steaming being employed to give the youthful and fresh appearance of a good complexion instead of cosmetics.

A LITTLE MASQUERADE.

"Oh, nothing matters," she said, with a soft, ironical smile, as she tossed a bit of sugar to the cockatoo.

"Quite so," was his reply, and he carefully gathered in a loose leaf of his cigar. Then, after a pause, "And yet, why so? It's a very pretty world one way and another."

"Yes, it's a pretty world at times."

At that moment they were both looking out over a part of the world known as the Nindobar Plains, and it was handsome to the eye. As far as could be seen was a carpet of flowers under a soft sunset. The homestead by which they sat was in a wilderness of blossoms. To the left was a high rose-colored hill, solemn and mysterious; to the rightfar off—a forest of gum-trees, pink and purple against the horizon. At their feet, beyond the veranda, was a garden joyously brilliant, and bright-plumaged birds flitted back and forth.

The two looked out for a long time, then, as if by a mutual impulse, suddenly turned their eyes on each other. They smiled, and somehow that smile was not delightful to see. The girl said presently, "It is all on the surface."

"You mean that the beautiful birds have dreadful voices; that the flowers are scentless; that the leaves of the trees are all on edge and give no shade; that where that beautiful carpet of blossoms is there was a blazing quartz plain six months ago, and there's likely to be the same again—that, in brief, it's pretty, but hollow." He made a slight, fantastic gesture, as though mocking himself for so long a speech, and added: "Really, I didn't prepare this little oration."

She nodded, and then said, "Oh, it's not so hollow—you woul not call it that exactly—but unsatisfactory."

"You have lost your illusions, Miss Ashforth."

"And before that occurred you had lost yours, Mr. Tom Sherman."

"Do I betray it, then?" He laughed not at all bitterly, yet not with singular cheerfulness.

"And do you think that you are possessed of such acuteness, then, and I—" She paused, raised her eyebrows a little coldly, and let the cockatoo bite her finger.

"I did not mean to be egotistical, believe me. The fact is I live my life alone, and I never hear any remarks upon myself. I was interested for the moment in knowing something of how I appeared to others. You and I have been tolerably candid with each other since we met, for the first time, three days ago; I know you would not hesitate to say what was in your mind, and I ask out of honest curiosity. One fancies one hides one's self, and yet—you see!"

"You are forgiven, of course. Do you find it pleasant, then, to be candid and free with some one?"

"Why with me?" She looked him frankly in the eyes.

"Well, to be more candid. You and I know the world very well, I fancy. You were educated in Europe, traveled, enjoyed—and suffered." (The girl did not even blink, but went on looking at him steadily.) "We have both had our hour with the world; have learned many sides of the game. We haven't come out of it without scars of one kind or another. Knowledge of the kind is expensive."

"You wanted to say all that to me the first evening we met, didn't you?" There was a smile of genteel amusement in her face.

"I did. From the moment I saw you I knew that we could say many things to each other 'without preliminaries.' And to be able to do that is a great deal."

"And it is a relief to say things, isn't it?"

"It is better than writing them, though that is pleasant, after its kind."

"I have never tried writing—as we talk. There's a good deal of vanity at the bottom of it though, I believe."

"Of course, but vanity is a kind of virtue, too." He leaned over towards her, dropping his arms on his knees and holding her look. "I am very glad that I met you. I intended only staying here over night, but—"

"But I am interested in you in a way—you see, I am vain enough to think that. Well, you also interested me, and I urged my aunt to press you to stay. You did. It has been very pleasant, and when you go it will be very humdrum again; our conversation; mustering, rounding-up, bullocks and rabbits. Which is interesting in a way, but not for long at a time."

He did not stir, but went on looking at her. "Yes, I believe it has been pleasant for you, else it had not been so pleasant for me. Honestly, I don't believe I shall ever get you out of my mind."

"That is either slightly rude or badly expressed," she said. "Do you wish, then, to get me out of your mind?"

"No, no—. You are very keen. I wish to remember you always. But what I felt at the moment was this. There are memories which are always passive and delightful. We have no wish to live the scenes of which they are over again; the reflection is enough. There are others which cause us to wish the scenes back again, with a kind of hunger; and yet they won't or can't come back. I wondered of what class this memory would be."

The girl flushed ever so slightly, and her fingers clasped a little nervously, but she was calm. Her voice was even; it had, indeed, a little thrilling ring of energy. "You are wonderfully daring," she replied, "to say that to me. To a school girl it might mean so much; to me—!" She shook her head at him, as if compassionately.

He was not in the least piqued. "I was absolutely honest in that. I said nothing but what I felt. I would give very much to feel confident one way or the other—. Forgive me for what seems incredible egotism—. If I were five years younger I should have said instantly that the memory would be one—"

"—Which would disturb you, make you restless cause you to neglect your work, fill you with regret; and yet all too late—isn't that it?"

"You read me accurately. But why touch your tones with satire?"

"I believe I read you better than you read me. I didn't mean to be satirical. Don't you know that what often seems irony directed towards others is in reality dealt out to ourselves? Such irony as was in my voice was for myself."

"And why for yourself?" he asked quietly, his eyes full of interest. He was cutting the end of a fresh cigar. "Was it" (he was about to strike a match, but paused suddenly) "because you had thought the same thing?"

She looked for a moment as though she would read him through and through; as though, in spite of all their candor, there was some lingering uncertainty as to his perfect straightforwardness; then, as if satisfied, she said at last, "Yes, but with a difference. I have no doubt which memory it will be. You will not wish to be again on the plains of Nindobar."

"And you," he said musingly, "you will not wish me here?" There was no vanity in the question. He was wondering how little we can be sure of what we shall feel to-morrow from what we feel to-day. Besides, he knew that a wise woman is wiser than a wise man.

"I really don't think I shall care particularly. Probably, if we meet again here, there would be some jar to our comradeship—I may call it that, I suppose?"

"Which is equivalent to saying that good-bye in most cases, and always in cases such as ours, is a little tragical, because we can never meet quite the same again."

She bowed her head, but did not reply. Presently she glanced up at him kindly: "What would you give to have the past back before you were disillusionized? Before you had—trouble?"

"I do not want to look back. I am not really disillusionized. I think that we should take our own personal experience and make it into a law unto the world. I believe in the world in spite—of trouble. You might have said trouble with a woman—I should not have minded."

He was smoking now, and the clouds twisted about his face so that only his eyes looked through earnestly.

"A woman always makes laws from her personal experience. She has not the faculty of generalization—I fancy that's the word to use." This was her reply.

She rose now with a little shaking motion, one hand at her belt, and rested a shoulder against a pillar of the verandah. He rose also at once, and said, touching her hand respectfully with his finger tips: "We may be sorry one day that we did not believe in ourselves more."

"Oh, no," she said, turning and smiling at him, "I think not. You will be in England hard at work, I here hard at living; our interests will lie far apart. I am certain about it all. We might have been what my cousin calls 'trusty pals'—no more."

"I wish to God I felt sure of that, Nellie Ashforth."

She held out her hand to him. I believe you are honest in this. I expect both of us have played hide-and-seek with sentiment in our time; but it would be useless for us to masquerade with each other; we are of the world, very worldly."

"Quite useless—here comes your cousin! Now for the actor's game. I hope I don't look as disturbed as I feel."

"You look perfectly cool, and I know I do. What an art this living is! * * * That cousin of mine comes about the boar-hunt-to-morrow. I can see it in his eye."

"Shall you join us?"

"Of course I can handle a rifle as well as any of you. . . . Besides, it is your last day here."

"Who can tell what to-morrow may bring forth?" he said.

She smiled strangely, and then greeted her cousin.

The next day the boar hunt occurred. They rode several miles to a little lake and a scrub of bigalow, and, dismounting, soon had exciting sport. Miss Ashforth was a capital shot, and was, without loss of any womanliness, a thorough sportsman. To-day, however, there was something on her mind, and she was not as alert and successful as usual. Sherman kept with her as much as possible—the more so because he saw that her cousins, believing she was quite well able to take care of herself, allowed her to her own resources. Presently, however, following an animal, he left her a short distance behind. On the edge of a little billabong she came upon a truculent-looking boar. It turned on her, but she fired and it fell. Seeing another ahead she pushed on quickly to secure it, too. As she went she half-cocked her rifle. Had her mind been absolutely intent on the sport she had full-cocked it. All at once she heard the thud of feet behind her. She turned swiftly and saw the boar she had shot bearing upon her, its long yellow tusks standing up like daggers. A sweeping thrust from one of them leaves little chance of life.

She dropped upon a knee, swung her rifle to her shoulder and pulled the trigger. The rifle would not go off. For an instant she did not understand what was the trouble. But with singular presence of mind she never lowered her rifle or took her eyes from the beast, but remained immovable. It was all a matter of a few seconds. Evidently cowed, the animal, when within a few feet of her, swerved to the right, then made as though to come down on her again. But meanwhile she had discovered her mistake and cocked her rifle. She swiftly trained it on the boar and fired. It was hit, but did not fall; and came on. Then another shot rang out from behind her, and the boar fell so near her that its tusk caught her dress.

Tom Sherman had saved her.

She was very white when she faced him. She could not speak. That night she spoke, however, very gratefully and almost tenderly.

To something that he said gently to her then about a memory, she replied: "Tell me now as candidly as if to your own soul, did you feel at the critical moment that life would be horrible and empty without me?"

"I thought only of saving you," he said, honestly.

"Then I was quite right: you will never have any regret," she said.

"I wonder," he added sorrowfully.

But the girl was sure.

The regret was hers; though he never knew that.

It is a lonely life on the dry plains of Nindobar.—Gilbert Parker.

HYPNOTISM.

Methods of Producing the Mesmeric Sleep.

Everybody Cannot be a Good Hypnotist,

Neither Can Everybody be Hypnotized—How the Work is Done.

If I wish to hypnotize a class or try a larger number, I use a zinc button with a copper wire through the center, which I request the individual to hold in his closed right hand, resting the hand on the right knee, says Carl Sixtus in the Chicago Inter-Ocean. In the left hand, which he holds open, I place a small crystal, set in horn, that is polished to a shining black the left arm and hand resting partly on the chest. The subject is requested to gaze continually intently on the crystal prism and not undertake any motions whatever, keeping the same position in which I placed him, and to fix his whole attention on sleep. After a lapse of seven or eight minutes I commence to make my passes over the subject; at the end of two or three manipulations I command him to close his eyes; I perform one or two passes more, place my left hand on his forehead, at the same time pressing with my right hand the subject's right thumb.

Another and very effective method, one I often employ when I attempt to hypnotize one person singly, is to let the subject gaze fixedly at a lighted candle for about three minutes, held at such a height that it requires the utmost effort on the part of the subject to look at it. The subject must not wink the eyelids any more more than is absolutely necessary, and must draw the breath deeply and in measured time. The subject is told before commencing, to hold the mouth open about one inch; tongue must be held curved, with the tip resting parallel with the lower teeth. At the end of about three minutes the hypnotist lifts his left hand over the back part of the subject's head, and, with his fingers spread apart, he now performs two or three passes downward along the spinal nerves, after which the subject is commanded to close the eyes. The hypnotist now performs one or two more manipulations until the sleep is complete.

My third method is the fascinating method, which consists principally in making the subject press his hands strongly on mine. Suddenly I push him backward and quickley glance into his eyes. Surprised, he recoils and immediately the impression of his eyes indicates to me his degree of susceptibility. The subject understands by the sternness of the hypnotizer's eyes on his that his eyes must remain attached to the operator's and follow them everywhere. He thinks himself drawn towards him; it is a psychically suggestive fascination and in no wise physical.

Ther is also the Donato method. The subjects are asked to kneel before the operator and to look steadily into his eyes. Standing before them the operator places his hand on their forehead and inclines their heads slightly backwards. As soon as they try to straighten them he directs at their pupils an imperative glance which, if they are susceptible to his influence, hypnotizes them.

If sensitive persons are experimented with they can also be brought into the hypnotic state by having them occupy a comfortable position, closing the eyes, and keeping the right hand closed tightly around his left wrist. Then perform manipulations from the head downwards to the feet, for about ten or fifteen minutes.

These are the visible agencies by which the hypnotist produces hypnotism and may look very easy, but often it is very difficult to produce hypnosis if the conditions are unfavorable.

It follows, as a matter of course, that the one who wishes to be hypnotized must give himself up completely to the hypnotist, and consequently follow the operator's instructions and not endeavor to work against sleep when it commences to make its appearance.

Everybody cannot be a hypnotist. To be one requires a sound and strong constitution, a determined will and large practice to learn to concentrate it.

There are, of course, a number of people who possess considerable power in that line if they had it developed properly; many would only waste their time by devoting themselves exclusively to hypnotism, because if they do not possess special ability in that direction it will not avail them anything. A person cannot make an excellent musician, singer or author by development; he must necessarily have some talent.

During a hypnotizing it is a necessity to have perfect silence in the room where the sleepance is held, the temperature must be moderate and normal, and under no circumstance should there be any draft or tobacco odor.

The first degree of hypnotism is somnolence, recognizable by a feeling of numbness in the body, and light stupefying symptoms in the head.

The second degree is light sleep. Persons in this state of hypnose still hear everything that is said in their presence, and have not altogether lost the sense of feeling.

The third degree is deep sleep. The subject on being awakened remembers what has been suggested to and performed by him during the sleep. The fourth degree is very deep sleep. The subject's own individuality is completely isolated. He is only en rapport with the hypnotist. The fifth degree is catalepsy. In this state the hypnotist produces catalepsy in one certain muscle, or certain parts of the body where the hypnotist desires catalepsy or lameness to be produced. The sixth degree is somnambulism. This condition presents, besides the former degrees of phenomena strengthened, also a number of varied symptoms. In this state clairvoyance is often developed.

It is needless to remark that it requires an expert to be able immediately to discern the different conditions and by his own knowledge of the science to understand how to bring the subject easily from one state to another. This knowledge is especially beneficial to the hypnotist or physician who intends to employ hypnotism in the curing of disease. There it depends largely on producing the conditions best adapted to the patient's complaint and in knowing the movement most convenient to give suggestions, which are used in the majority of cases.

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It is particularly pleasing when sickness is as common as now, to know that there is a remedy that cures disease, builds up the weak and debilitated, strengthens the nerves, and has restored to health and strength, men and women who have been confined to their homes for months on beds of sickness.

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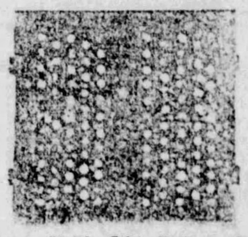

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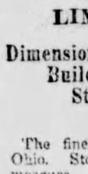

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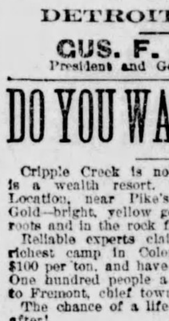

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* Daily. † Daily, except Sunday

FROM TOLEDO TO

	Arrive.	Depart.
Phila. & New York..	†9:45 a m	†7:20 a m
Balto. & Wash'n....	†9:45 a m	†7:20 a m
Mansfield & Pittsburg	†9:45 a m	†7:20 a m
Phila. & New York..	†5:10 p m	†2:25 p m
Balto & Wash'n....	†5:10 p m	†2:25 p m
Mansfield & Pittsburg	†5:10 p m	†2:25 p m
Phila. & New York..	*11:25 p m	*9:00 p m
Balto. & Wash'n....	*11:25 p m	*9:00 p m
Mansfield & Pittsburg	*11:25 p m	*9:00 p m

THE LAKE SHORE ROUTE

UNION DEPOT.

Norwalk Division—East.

	Arrive.	Depart.
Bos. & Chi. Accom....	9:45 a m	5:05 p m
Bos. & Chi. special....	*7:40 a m	
New York Express....	*10:55 p m	*9:50 a m
Chicago Mail.....	*2:47 a m	
Buffalo Accom.....	7:35 p m	6:40 a m
Norwalk Accom.....	1:40 p m	3:35 p m

Sandusky Division—East.

Bos. & N. Y. Special.		*5:00 p m
N. Y. & Chicago Lim.	*3:25 a m	*11:55 p m
Chi. & N. Y. Ex.....	*1:55 p m	*10:30 p m
Buffalo & Chi. Accom	9:35 a m	5:12 p m
Atlantic Express.....		*4:05 a m
Accommodation	7:45 p m	5:40 a m
Fast Mail.....		*2:55 p m

Old Road—West.

Chicago Accom.....	*9:15 a m	*7:50 p m
Boston & Chi. Special		*7:45 a m
Fast N. Y. & Bos. Ex	*10:25 p m	
Fast Mail	*2:50 p m	
Michigan Accom.....	4:40 p m	9:50 a m

Air Line Division—West.

Chi. & Bos. Special..	*4:55 p m	
Atlantic Express.....	*3:55 a m	
N. Y. & Chi. Lim....	*11:30 p m	*8:20 a m
Chicago Fast Mail....		*2:57 a m
Chicago Express.....		*2:00 p m
Pacific Express.....		*11:10 p m
Buff. & Chi. Accom...	4:25 p m	10:00 a m
Kendallville Accom...	9:20 a m	6:00 p m

Jackson Branch.

Express	9:15 a m	9:50 a m
Express	4:40 p m	7:50 p m

Lansing Branch.

Express	2:50 p m	9:50 a m
Express	10:25 p m	

Kalamazoo & Grand Rapids Branch.

Express	2:50 p m	11:10 p m
Express	10:25 p m	9:50 a m

Detroit Branch.

Express	9:42 a m	7:42 a m
Express	4:48 p m	10:17 a m
Express	8:22 p m	4:05 p m

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON & DAYTON.

Union Depot.

Cin. & Ind. Express..	*5:25 a m	10:15 a m
Cin. & Ind. Express..	4:00 p m	*8:30 p m
Cin. & Ind. Express..	9:00 p m	*11:40 p m
Cincinnati Express....	11:20 a m	6:45 a m
Cin. Ex., Sun. only...	9:40 a m	
Find. & B. G. Ex....	8:40 a m	6:45 a m
Find. & B. G. Ex....	4:00 p m	3:30 p m
Find. & B. G. Ex....	9:00 p m	6:05 p m
Find. & B. G. Ex....	11:20 a m	10:15 a m

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WABASH RAILWAY.

Union Depot.

Pacific Express.....	*8:55 p m	*12:10 a m
Kansas City Express..	4:15 p m	10:20 a m
St. Louis Express....	*7:40 a m	*5:20 p m
Defiance Accom.....	8:00 a m	4:45 p m

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

"The Niagara Falls Route."

Mackinac & Det. Ex.	9:20 p m	4:20 p m
N. Y. & Boston Ex..	*10:05 a m	*7:48 a m
New York Express...	*11:30 p m	*9:05 p m
Detroit Express.....	*3:20 p m	*5:30 a m

WHEELING & LAKE ERIE RAILWAY.

Depot—Cherry Street.

Washt'n, Balto & N Y	6:25 p m	7:45 a m
Washt'n, Balto & N Y	2:00 p m	1:00 p m
Massillon Express.....	*9:45 a m	*4:50 p m
Through Express.....	*11:30 p m	*11:50 p m
Local Freights.....	4:30 p m	6:35 a m

CINCINNATI, JACKSON & MACKINAW.

Chicago & Tol. Ex....	12:10 p m	6:30 p m
Mail & Express.....	4:45 p m	7:20 a m
Local	3:50 p m	6:10 a m
Devil's Lake Excurs'n, Sunday only....	7:00 p m	7:20 a m

TOLEDO,

SMOKING IN JAPAN.

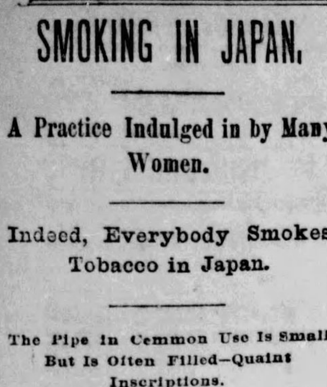
A Practice Indulged in by Many Women.

Indeed, Everybody Smokes Tobacco in Japan.

The Pipe in Common Use Is Small But Is Often Filled—Quaint Inscriptions.

In Japan every one smokes more or less, women more, says a sarcastic native proverb, which declares, "Women who do not smoke and priests who observe the rules of abstinance are equally rare." According to another proverb, "A priest and a woman are never without a pipe." Whether or no there be truth in these sayings, it certainly is a fact that every one, including women, does smoke in the land of chrysanthemums. The peasants in the country often speak of a distance as so many pipes' length, meaning the time required to smoke the number of pipes mentioned. Workmen have their allotted times for stopping to smoke a pipe or two, after which they resume their work with renewed energy. The shopkeeper smokes while completing a bargain, and the jinricksha man consoles himself with a pipe while waiting for a fare.

Tobacco is supposed to have been introduced into Japan about the beginning of the sixteenth century—brought in by the Portuguese monks and traders, it is said. At first its use was strictly prohibited, but about the middle of the century the law was relaxed sufficiently to permit smok-

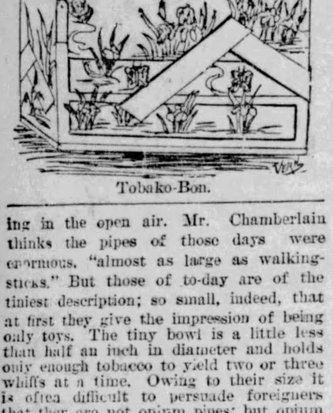


Tobako-Bon.

ing in the open air. Mr. Chamberlain thinks the pipes of those days were enormous, "almost as large as walking-sticks." But those of to-day are of the tiniest description; so small, indeed, that at first they give the impression of being only toys. The tiny bowl is a little less than half an inch in diameter and holds only enough tobacco to yield two or three whiffs at a time. Owing to their size it is often difficult to persuade foreigners that they are not opium pipes; but opium smoking is almost unknown among the denizens of the Land of the Rising Sun.

The pipe in common use consists of a brass bowl and mouthpiece fitted to a bamboo stem. Those intended for smoking outdoors or during the progress of work are generally only about eight inches long, but those for use in the house are often two feet in length. Shopkeepers are most incessant smokers; they keep it up hour after hour as they sit on their heels waiting for customers. So soon as one enters he or she is offered the hibachi or brazier to warm the hands, which, it may be observed parenthetically, is about as good for that purpose as a tallow candle, and then the tobako or tobacco tray is presented. This contains a small earthen vessel for charcoal and a cuspidor or spittoon, which must be very delicately used with the head turned aside or at least the hand over the mouth.

Sometimes the pipe is of silver or even gold, exquisitely engraved. The smoker takes a little of the finely shredded tobacco and rolls it into a pellet just the size to fit the little bowl. Only a whiff or two is taken when the process must be repeated, but the Japanese is so accus-



Japanese Women Servants Smoking.

tomed to this that he performs the act mechanically, as he soon learns the exact capacity of his own pipe. Apropos to this Mr. Griffis tells an interesting story of the decision of a very shrewd and learned judge name Oka, who has been called the Japanese Solomon.

One day a nobleman complained to him that he had been robbed of a beautiful pipe of gold, inlaid with silver, which he valued very highly. Some time after this a gentleman in conversation with Oka chanced to mention that a certain man had a very beautiful gold pipe. The learned judge took an opportunity to visit this man, for from the description he suspected the pipe to be the missing one of his friend. Oka watched the man carefully while he smoked. He saw him half mechanically roll a pellet for it and the suspicious judge noticed that he made it too small so that when he turned the pipe sideways to light it at the hibachi or brazier the tobacco rolled out, which was positive proof that he was smoking a pipe he was not accustomed to. Convinced that it was his friend's pipe, Oka boldly charged the man with stealing. The thief was so conscience stricken that he confessed his crime and was punished accordingly.

In Tokio very pretty little oxidized silver pipes can be bought for $1, while a nice brass and bamboo one, with leather case, and pouch, can be purchased for 40 or 50 cents. The tobako box or char-

Japanese Pipe of Bamboo and Brass, Pipe-Case and Tobacco-Pouch.

coal-basket are often works of art and elaborately embellished. Upon the pipe cases and tobacco-pouch native artists have lavished their greatest skill. Metal workers have expended all their art upon the clasp and metal ornaments of these. Mr. Haish describes a beautiful one in his collection, in which the clasp is the figure of a man in armor, the latter of iron ornamented with gold and silver, and the man's face and hands of pale yellow-tinted ivory.

Sometimes the case is just the bone of some animal, a cow or a horse, with a little low-relief carving. These are very cheap and can be bought for about 75 cents.

The Japanese have really no word of their own for tobacco, the term in common use being a corruption of tobacco, viz., tobako.

Sometimes the clasp of a pouch conveys a whole moral lesson; as, for example, a very favorite one showing Confucius, Buddha and Lou-Tsze tasting sake for the first time. Confucius thinks it sour, Lao-Tsze sweet and Buddha finds it bitter, which, Anderson says, "means that the same religious principle passing through the minds of different apostles may become translated in different ways, according to the idiosyncrasies of its promulgators," while other learned authorities declare it simply means that great minds can afford to differ about trifles.

The untraveled Japanese is very skeptical when told that western women do not smoke. Tell him so and he smiles, bows and says "He, he," in token of assent, but remains unshaken in his former belief. While I was in Tokio, wishing to purchase some of the pipes and pouches as mementos of my visit, I went to one of the largest kham-ke-bar of the city for the purpose. When I entered the shop I was, as usual, followed from one department to another by a crowd of native clerks, nominally to serve me, in reality to see what extraordinary purchases the ever-strange and unaccountable foreigner would make. When I asked for the tobacco pipe department there was the liveliest interest displayed, but when I actually bought two or three little pipes and some tobacco pouches a thrill of excitement went through the assembled clerks, of whom there were now no less than a dozen. One boy, forgetful of decorum and everything else, scampered off to bring another fellow-clerk to see the "foreign old woman," as they politely termed me, buying pipes, while another, before I got out of hearing, said: "There, now, I always knew those foreigners were lying when they said their women did not smoke."

As a rule, very young unmarried women do not smoke, but it is very rare in Japan to find a middle-aged or older woman who does not indulge in the "fragrant weed."—Helen E. Gregory-Flesher, M. A., in San Francisco Call.

WHO'LL BE LAUREATE?

Queen Victoria's Court May Go Without a Rhymester While Gladstone Remains in Power.

London, Oct. 15.—The question as to who will succeed the late Lord Tennyson as poet laureate is argued from all points of discussion in literary, social and political circles. The idea that Algernon Swinburne would accept the office, should it be offered to him, is ridiculed by those belonging to his intimate circle. Though his democratic chants closed years ago, he has neither written nor said anything to justify the report that he has repented of his republican lyrics. He may regret the unmeasured ardor of the utterances of his earlier poems, but there is absolutely nothing to justify the belief that he regrets the democratic sentiments contained in them.

William Morris, who ranks next to Swinburne as the greatest living English poet, is as equally impossible for the office as is Swinburne. He is a red-hot socialist and a friend of Swinburne. Both hold in scorn the notion of composing to order laureate lines for royal events. So, dismissing these two from the list of possibilities, it will be seen that the real aspirants for the laureateship are Lewis Morris, Sir Edwin Arnold, Alfred Austen and Robert Buchanan. All these are ready to spin royal rhymes.

If the opinions of good literary cliques are followed, the government will not recommend anyone for the position, but will leave the post vacant. If a decision in the matter depended upon court inclination, the choice would be balanced between Robert Buchanan and Lewis Morris. Sir Edwin Arnold has a taint of heresy; Alfred Austen is appreciated at his proper values as a poetaster; Robert Buchanan is a favorite at court through his "Idyls and Legends of Inverburn" and his prose poem, "The Land of Lorne;" but his occasional erratic views will tell greatly against him.

Lewis Morris, as a candidate for the laureateship, is blameless. His poetic works bear a general air of respectability. He it was who wrote "Songs of Great Britain," now in its third edition, embodying the odes of the queen's jubilee and on the imperial institute, the latter of which he wrote by request, owing to the illness at the time of the late Lord Tennyson. For this work he received the jubilee medal from the queen. As a man and verse writer he has much to commend him to the court. Good English critics place him on a par with Tupper as a poet.

ABOUT PEOPLE.

Chauncey M. Depew has consented to deliver the oration at the Columbian celebration in New York city.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins, the novelist, is said to write a thousand words—no more, no less—every day. Sometimes when the spirit of imagination is especially fiery she does this much within an hour.

King George, of Greece, is so much of a democrat that court ceremony has become obsolete at Athens. The king welcomes his visitors in a most informal way, and chats with them on terms of equality.

Mr. Poultney Bigelow says it is untrue that Emperor William ever intended to enter his yacht for the American cup. Some years ago Mr. Bigelow went to school with the emperor at Bonn, and he must know.

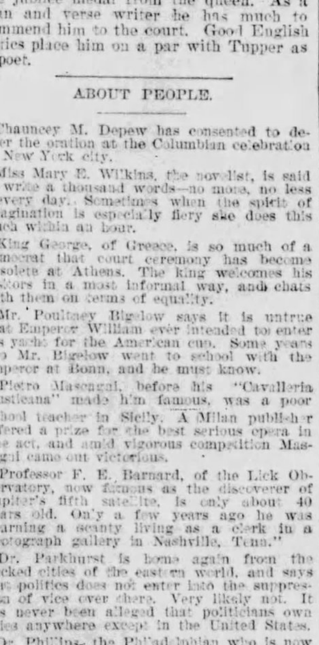
Pietro Mascagni, before his "Cavalleria Rusticana" made him famous, was a poor school teacher in Sicily. A Milan publisher offered a prize for the best serious opera in one act, and amid vigorous competition Mascagni came out victorious.

Professor E. E. Barnard, of the Lick Observatory, now famous as the discoverer of Jupiter's fifth satellite, is only about 40 years old. Only a few years ago he was "earning a scanty living as a clerk in a photograph gallery in Nashville, Tenn."

Dr. Parkhurst is home again from the wicked cities of the eastern world, and says that politics does not enter into the suppression of vice over there. Very likely not. It has never been alleged that politicians own cities anywhere except in the United States.

Dr. Phillips, the Philadelphian who is now occupying the pulpit of the late Dr. Spurgeon, is remembered in the Quaker City for his unusual charitable deeds. For instance, he used to supply inmates in the "married department" of Moyamensing prison with reading matter and lemons, and often sent flowers to the blind children in the public institutions—to each child a bouquet of the flowers preferred.

A CURIOUS AND CLEVER CARTOON.



Here is a quaint cartoon which comes hither via the Review of Reviews. It is labeled "The Fourth Gladstonian Administration." The G. O. M., be it noted, is in armor digit with 16 assistants to help him vanquish the fiery dragon.

Japanese Pipe of Bamboo and Brass, Pipe-Case and Tobacco-Pouch.

Scientists have measured the thickness of the envelope of soapy water inclosing the air of a bubble, when it becomes so thin as to produce rainbow tints. At the appearance of the shade of violet it was one-fourth the thickness of light—1-60,000 of an inch—thus making the thickness equal to 1-240,000 of an inch. As the bubble continued to expand, a black patch formed adjacent to the pipe from which the bubble was being blown, and the thickness of such patch has been found to be only 1-40 of the thickness of the violet section, or about 1-1,000,000 of an inch.

HER SHAPE, HER FORTUNE

That Is Providing She Is a Model,

And Is Fair of Face and Figure.

Some Pose Draped and Others Are Well Satisfied If There's a Fire in the Room—Some Have Pretty Hair, Others Show Their Shoulders and Some Are All-Around Subjects.

There was a knock at the door of the studio. The artist opens it and a young girl fairly well dressed enters.

"What can I do for you, madamoiselle?" inquires the artist.

"Monsieur, I came to see if you wanted a model," replies the pretty girl.

"All right; come in."

The artist gazes at her attentively, and then asks: 'Do you pose for the head only?"

"I pose all, monsieur."

"Let us see," calmly continues the artist. And the young girl takes off her gloves, her hat—and the remainder of her costume. Then she gets up on the "model's table" and responds with great care to all the movements and positions that the artist demands of her.

"Lift up your arms. Show me your hips. Develop your torso a little more. What is your name?"

"Rachael."

"Are you punctual?"

"Yes, monsieur"

"Let me look at your back—ah! You are somewhat thin, not what you might be."

"Oh, monsieur! I am only 17—and I don't get too much to eat at home, either."

"Are you an only child?"

"No. I have three sisters."

"Do they pose?"

"They began by posing, but now——"

"Now——?"

"They don't pose any more."

"Show me your hands." After having examined them the artist appears very pleased and exclaims: "Superb! Beauti-

She Poses for Shoulders.

ful!" And then he goes on: "You will do, but if I begin a study with you you won't leave me in the lurch?"

Oh, monsieur! whom do you take me for?"

"Never mind whom I take you for. I don't wish to be left."

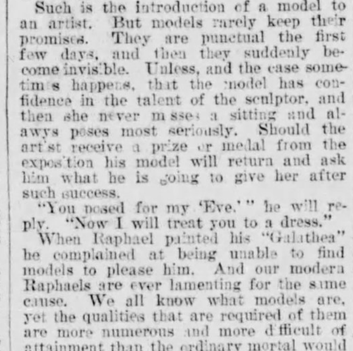
"Monsieur! Why, my sister Judith only consented to elope with a foreign count when she had finished posing for M. Gerome——"

"That decides me to try you. Dress yourself and come to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock."

Such is the introduction of a model to an artist. But models rarely keep their promises. They are punctual the first few days, and then they suddenly become invisible. Unless, and the case sometimes happens, that the model has confidence in the talent of the sculptor, and then she never misses a sitting and always poses most seriously. Should the artist receive a prize or medal from the exposition his model will return and ask him what he is going to give her after such success.

"You posed for my 'Eve,'" he will reply. "Now I will treat you to a dress."

When Raphael painted his "Galathea" he complained at being unable to find models to please him. And our modern Raphaels are ever lamenting for the same cause. We all know what models are, yet the qualities that are required of them are more numerous and more difficult of attainment than the ordinary mortal would suspect. A model is of course a person who poses for an artist or sculptor, so that he may reproduce or imitate his or her form or features. But the profession of model is most exacting, and demands an assembly of physical qualities that nature rarely accords to one and the same individual. A good model is supposed to show himself or herself intelligent, to understand the idea of the artist, and to be inspired with the object the painter or sculptor has in view. The model must be a mimic actor in the drama about to be traced on the canvas or worked out in the clay. The model must evoke by the play of his physiognomy, by his attitude, the person dreamed of by the artist. In a word, he must contribute toward the perfection of the work by facilitating its execution. All this is far from easy, and it is not to be wondered at that even the presence of a Raphael a model should dispense with some of the intellectual part of his labor and feel satisfied with the loan of his form and features. It may be said that models fulfill their duties somewhat after the same manner as a schoolboy takes his punishment. In Paris which has become now the great artistic center of the world, a large number of the



The Model Returns Again.

feminine models are Jewesses. Their perfection from a physical point of view and a certain scornful look of which they are possessed predisposes them naturally to figure with success in a crowd of goddesses whom the painter will render as mythological as they are faintly clad.

Everybody has heard of Pauline Borghese, who posed for Canova, naked, and who when one of her lady friends thus addressed her: "Naked! before a man! Oh! my dear, how could you?" replied: Oh! there was a fire!"

There was a fire! Therein lies the entire secret of the relation of model and artist. The feminine model seems to look for nothing else. She walks about the studio in the garb of Mother Eve, warms herself at the fire, and does not take any more notice of the painter as a man than the painter himself does of his female model, who, for him, is not a woman, but a model, solely.

Female models are growing scarcer and scarcer—that is to say, female models of any account. A pretty model, notwithstanding high wages, will always disappear. Many go onto the stage, and they say that the amateurs of the parquet appreciate lovely forms more than amateurs of painting and sculpture—that they find it even more profitable to figure as a fairy in a pantomime extravaganza, or burlesque than to stand still for hours together. And then they say: "I am an actress." Of that they are proud. Whereas never has a girl been found to frankly admit that she was a model, even had she been the owner of treasures such as would have made her envied of the haughtiest goddesses of antiquity.

All models do not pose "naked." There are many who pose only in costume. One will make a ravishing Parisienne of the present day, another will pose as Mary Stuart or as a Versailles noble lady of the epoch of the fourteenth or fifteenth Louis. This one will pose for her hair—she has three special ways of doing it, the Roman style, the Chinese, and the Louis XV. That one is celebrated for the way she wears a bonnet. Others pose for a hand, a foot, a leg, a shoulder, and it often happens that for one statue a sculptor employs seven or eight models.

If the models are so different from an artistic point of view they are equally so from a moral point of view. First, we have the serious model!—the one that the impressionable painter is apt to marry after a certain lapse of time. Then the sentimental model, who only likes the true artist and is sure to fall in love with him,

He Had Better Have Paid.

but not marry him. The non-sentimental model will do exactly the contrary—that is to say, she will hate the artist for whom she works and will amuse herself with young men of any other calling in preference. We must not forget the model who, in addition to the beauty of her form, can boast of an excellent domestic character. She will dust the studies, light the fire, and even condescend to do a little sewing when the artist asks her. She is what is termed bon garcon!—"a good girl"—and that has not the heart to refuse anything that the artist may ask of her. She is affectionate toward him because she does not wish to cause him any grief; his general servant, out of economy, and his model because she has all the necessary qualities for that calling. She is always exact—and when the artist is taking a nap she will darn a pair of his old socks. Lastly, we have the proud model, who only visits the most celebrated artists and those who have obtained medals. She not only poses but advises. Should there happen to be a pupil in the studio she will not hesitate to criticise his work, and should the pupil reply she will exclaim: "I know what I am saying. Bougereau's 'Virgin'—well, I posed for it!"

When a model is posing she is simply a model—third person-neuter gender. She lives, with the artist, in an ideal world, where the sexes do not exist, and where the charming limbs are revealed to the eyes of the soul rather than to the eyes of the body. If anybody knocks at the door the model hides herself behind a curtain. Pudicity, a virtue that exists in every woman in a latent state, awakes as soon as a "profane" person approaches. There are some who show themselves in naturalibus to artists and who are excellent mothers and would not allow an ordinary individual to gaze upon them in a state of nudity for all the money in the world. On the other hand, there are some who pose in costume and who would not show their shoulders at any prices, and yet in private life are anything but examples of virtue.

The swell model only poses for the fashionable painters and sculptors, who pay her a very high fee because they sell their works at exhorbitant prices. She will have a dressing-room, hot and cold water, plants, flowers, and a large mirror. She is a fortunate girl, and quite a rara avis. But she is not the happiest of them all. The model who enjoys life most, after her own fashion, is the "intermittent" model. She poses for a few days for anybody who may desire her services—be he sculptor, painter, or newspaper illustrator. Suddenly she will disappear—nobody knows where she has gone. A month or two later, when least expected, she will make a lively reappearance in one of her favorite garrets.

But one might continue forever on the chapter of models. Their lives and adventures would furnish material for any number of volumes. Whatever may be their shortcomings they are not to be despised, for he who disdains a model disdains at the same time, grace, symmetry, elegance, and beauty.

And what about the masculine model? Oh! Plato defined man: "a two-legged animal without feathers." All we can do is to add, like Diogenes Laertius, "with broad flat nails."—Chicago Times.

WILL POETRY PAY?

Will potery pay? Not in dollars and cents,
But it must be inferred there is some recompense
To the poet who revels in beautiful thought
And muses on fabrics his fancy has wrought
If he goes to the fountain whence issues the stream
Of beauty and truth to embellish his dream
He gathers bright jewels that glitter and shine
With a radiance and glory that make them divine.

Will poetry pay? If the truth must be told,
Its value is greater than silver and gold,
For metals will tarnish with mildew and rust,
And the showcase of wealth will crumble to dust;
But it gathers great truths from the wreckage of time,
And gilds them with luster that makes them sublime.

Will poetry pay? Is it bartered and sold
To the rich who have coffers of silver and gold?
Not so—it is free as the breezes that blow
And pure as the leaves that fall in the snow.
It is a rare jewel as fixed as a fate
That comes like a pilgrim and knocks at the gate.
Its garb is grotesque, but its wonderful fire
Gives voice to sweet music that hangs round the lyre.

Its numbers are written with stars in the sky,
And the strains of its melody never can die.
Its echoes have sounded for millions of years
Through the spaces that reach to the home of the spheres.
The sweet songs of David are balm to the soul,
And thrill it with rapture that brooks no control.
'Tis the song of the Savior that comes in its might,
To lift up the soul from the shadows of night,
To lead it through fields that the spirit doth know,
And divest our sad hearts of all sorrow and woe.

Will poetry pay? Never think of the cost;
It is something not doomed to be wasted and lost—
'Tis the fragrance of soul, 'tis the gift of a God
That comes like sweet sunshine to smile on the sod.
Will poetry pay? The question is vain;
Would you ask if the breezes, the sunshine, and rain
Will pay, when they come like sweet angels to bless
The spirit that struggles with pain and distress?

It sings of the heroes that fought for the cause
Of mankind and justice and God's equal laws;
It tells of the martyrs who stood in the flame
And died for the truth 'mid scoffing and shame.
Like thunder that's muffled and low in its tone,
It breathes every language on earth that is known.
It whispers in zephyrs, it sings in the breeze,
And murmurs in rivers that flow to the seas.
It speaks to the nations oppressed and enslaved,
And glorifies people that once were depraved.
It wanders and sings like the minstrels of old
And can not be purchased with silver or gold.
And I'm led to believe we might as well try
To buy with our dollars a home in the sky.
—A. P. Langley in the San Francisco News Letter.

BOUGHT THEIR LOTS.

"Why do you think that the seashore is an unhealthy place?"

"Because everybody bought a lot this summer, and declared it would certainly be their resting place in the future."—Yarmouth Register.

THE END OF THE VACATION.

Spoonson—When I go back to the city will you think of me?

Farmer's Daughter—Yes; every time I feed the calves.—Judge.

HOW TO ROLL AN UMBRELLA.

Almost Everybody Does It Wrong, Although the Right Way Is Simple.

"No, not that way! I never knew one man in a hundred to do it right," said the clerk in the umbrella store.

His remarks were directed at a customer, who had proceeded to roll up a recently purchased umbrella to return it to its case. He had done what 99 per cent. of persons who handle umbrellas do when they attempt to gather the folds of cloth in a neat roll around the stick. He had grasped the handle with his right hand, and was twisting the silk through with his left hand.

"That will spoil that umbrella when you have repeated the operation half a dozen times," the clerk continued, "and then you will be coming here and complaining that that $6 umbrella wasn't worth 50 cents.

"Now, see what you are doing! You were were making a pretty roll, but did you notice that you were twisting the ribs and braces in a spiral around that stick as well as the cloth? You may have noticed that your umbrella sticks and catches when you try to raise it.

"That's because you don't know how to roll it. You twist the joints of the ribs and braces all out of shape. There, you see, you have twisted the ends of those ribs all around in a bunch on one side of the handle. Now let me show you how an umbrella should be rolled."

The clerk took the maltreated article, shook out the folds of silk and worked the spiral out of the ribs and proceeded to demonstrate the proper methods of umbrella rolling. Grasping the handle in his right hand, he encircled the silk at the tip with his left, which he slipped down about half way of the cloth, pressing the ribs and braces firmly against the stick.

The right hand was then shifted to the tips of the ribs, which were held firmly against the stick, while the left hand adjusted the roll of cloth around them. By this method the ribs were kept straight along the stick and not partly twisted around it, as the customer's roll.—New York Sun.

BIG FARMS IN THE WEST.

One of Them Has Yielded a Half Million in Ten Years.

Senator Casey of North Dakota has 5,000 acres under cultivation. The Dalrymple farm in Dakota contains 30,000 acres. It is a genuine farm under perfect cultivation, and yields a heavy income. In the Red River valley lies the great Grandin farm. Here are found 15,000 acres under cultivation, and in the last 10 years it has yielded a profit of $480,000.

Farms ranging from 1,000 to 6,000 acres are not uncommon in the West. They represent the modern feudal estate, without the feudalism of baronial times. A small army of helpers are engaged in working agricultural machines, many of them driven by steam.

Senator Casey boasts that he can plant 250 acres of wheat per day with his drilling machines, and the Dalrymples have a machine which threshes from 1,200 to 2,000 bushels of wheat a day.

The fortunes of the Astors and Vanderbilts look immense to-day, but as the world's demand for wheat presses harder and harder upon the supply, and as the lands of those vast farming estates increase rapidly in value, who shall calculate the prospective fortunes of a family whose lands even to-day yield a profit of half a million in 10 years?

Out of the agricultural classes will rise the great American billionaires of the future. The influence of the farmer in American politics is already felt with ominous significance. Far more valuable to the world's progress is the man who cultivates 15,000 acres of land to feed the masses than the man who sits upon a great city with 2,100 tenement houses producing nothing, but profiting solely upon other people's industry and enterprise.—Minneapolis Times.

SOME TEXAS SIFTINGS.

Society gossip is only chin-deep.

The sky, unlike man, is most cheerful when bluest.

If you are afraid to use your bait do not go fishing.

One rent paid is worth a dozen on your trousers.

Where ignorance is bliss it is folly to know that you are a fool.

In waiting for rich relatives to die don't wait so long as to lose all your energy.

The religion of to-day is the pocketbook. The more there is in it the stronger the faith.

There are two things that only a fool will attempt to give advice to—a mule and a printer.

No, Harry, mustaches are not called mouth bangs, although perhaps they might be with propriety.

Don't be afraid to speak well of yourself; there are plenty who are only too anxious to speak ill of you.

There may be nothing witty in the wag of a dog's tail, yet it is the animal's way of expressing a smile.

Wanted—The man who can address a Sunday school without beginning his speech with, "When I was a little boy."

People who write poetry "just to kill time" will find that time will not be murdered by measure without retaliating.

Corn is a maize and a dance is a maze, which is pretty conclusive proof that there is a bond between dancing and corns.

A silk blanket for a respectable New York poodle cost $10. What a pity it is that the owner of the poodle can not go to a store and buy some brains.

THAT GIRL I USED TO KNOW.

When in a reverie serene,
I stray with willing feet
To the time when I was young and green,
And mighty in conceit,
There comes to me a memory
Of the days of long ago,
And the pretty, sun-browned face I see
Of that girl I used to know.

We "went together" moons and moons,
Together we rode and strolled;
Together we spent our afternoons,
And romanced in moonlight cold,
Till all the town had set it down
On the cards as a certain "go"
Between myself and that maiden brown—
That girl I used to know.

There are surprises in the years;
That girl and I, apart,
Forgot each other without tears
Or damage of the heart.
I met her once—the other day—
With another girl in tow.
"My daughter, sir," I heard her say—
That girl I used to know!

And so I wonder, as I see
Those pleasant yesterdays,
If yet it may not come to be,
In Time's uncertain ways,
That I may learn to fall in love,
As in the long ago,
But this time with the daughter of
That girl I used to know.
—Saturday Evening Gazette.

On the shield of Achilles, described by Homer, were represented the earth, sky, the sea, the sun, the moon, all the constellations, two cities with crowds filling the forums, and armies besieging a town besides battles, single combats, rural scenes, harvest scenes, vintage scenes, pictures of home life, dances, cattle herding, lion and bull fighting, and a vast variety of mythological subjects.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

512 Dillwyn St., Phila., Pa.
I have taken a great deal of medicine in my life, but no remedy ever helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I recommend to suffering mankind as the best blood purifier in the world.
E. Walz

CURES OTHERS, Will Cure You.

FIG. 1.

Showing the bronchi or wind pipe, with branches so delicate as to be invisible to the naked eye.

DAY'S Bronchial Cure

will restore and keep the bronchial tubes in healthy condition, and thus avert that dreadful disease, consumption, which is deplorably increasing, as mortality statistics show. Do not neglect a cold nor throat ailment, but go to Druggist for

DAY'S BRONCHIAL CURE.
CONTAINS NEITHER OPIUM NOR ALCOHOL.

TWO LETTERS FROM A LADY

Mrs. Burnside, Addison, N. Y., writes November 17. I received your medicine and it has relieved me of a long suffering. Enclosed find $2.00, please send me a bottle of Catholicon and Cleansing Wash. January 6th, she writes,

DR. MARCHISI: The two bottles have made me feel so well that I will not require any more. They cost me $2.00 but were worth $10.00. Many thanks and a Happy New Year to you. God bless you. You will hear from other ladies in this vicinity.
Yours truly, MRS. BURNSIDE.

Dr. Marchisi's UTERINE CATHOLICON and CLEANSING WASH cures every form of Female Complaints, Ovarian troubles, Organic Diseases of the Uterus or Womb, Leucorrhœa, Inflamation, Kidney Complaints, etc. On receipt of your Post Office and Express address, I will send (Two) trial bottles FREE and prove its great merits

Dr. J. B. MARCHISI,
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A Small Quantity of Liebig Company's Extract of Beef

Added to any Soup, Sauce or Gravy gives strength and fine flavor

Invaluable in Improved and Economic Cookery. Makes cheapest, purest and best Beef Tea.

INSIST on having POZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION POWDER

and do not let your dealer sell you any other. Pozzoni's is absolutely pure and contains no white lead or other injurious ingredients.

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BEST LINE CHICAGO TO Kansas City & Omaha

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We are selling at about half the regular price at the factory.
Our Sales Rooms will be open every Saturday night until 9:30 to accommodate those that cannot call during the day.
518 Superior Street.

ROYAL AND CHAMPION."

Ask your grocer for either of the above. If he does not keep it in stock tell him you must and will have it, for it is the

BEST FLOUR

in the market to-day. Manufactured by

McCONNELL & CO
ST. CLAIR STREET. 'PHONE 750.

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—AND—
Horse Furnishing Goods!
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MEALS 25c. LODGING 25c. THE ONLY $1 PER DAY HOUSE IN TOLEDO that is in direct connection with all Depots by the Street Railways.
J. J. O'Gorman, Proprietor

Having a Frontage

Of 40 feet on Superior St., adjoining the Hanner House, the property ought to be worth a great deal more than we ask for it. See it if you want it.

Also 80 feet on Water street, at the corner of Adams, for sale cheap.

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Of new goods are now in and ready for inspection.

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CURTAINS,
CARPETS,
SHADES,
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SWEEPERS.

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LOOK! W. L. & CO. LOOK!
It Wears, Sounds and Looks
LIKE GOLD
And Stands Gold Acid Test.
LADIES', MISSES' AND BABIES SIZES
25c EACH.

The Fair
323 Summit Street.

P. S.—Just received another shipment of those
CELLULOID FRAMES!
12c EACH.

Bile Beans Small.

Guaranteed to cure Bilious Attacks, Sick Headache and Constipation. 40 in each bottle. Price 25c. For sale by druggists.
Picture "7, 17, 70" and sample dose free.
(S. F. SMITH & CO., Proprietors, NEW YORK.)

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Are too valuable to experiment with. Gould Bros., Opticians, make a thorough diagnosis of your case and prescribe the proper spectacles. If you desire high class work call at 231 St. Clair street, Boody House Block.

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ALL IN A SPORTING WAY

What the Base Ball People Are Doing.

Gossip of the Diamond, Turf and Ring.

Closing of the Leauue Season—Miscellaneous General News for Bee Readers.

Glenview Farm has lost by death, a mare by Electioneer in foal to Baron Wilkes.

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Allerton is now being jogged. He will be all right in a short while and ready to take a crack at the champions in 1893.

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Electioneer now has twenty-six trotters in the 2:20 list.

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Somebody has plastered a nickname on Captain Comisky—"Squirrel Mouth." When "Commie" is losing he screws his face into a painful shape—hence thedesignation.

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The two-year-old filly Georgia Lee, by Gambetta Wilkes, has cut her record to 2:21 1-2.

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Shannon, the crack short stop of the Bocktons, in the New England league, may wear the toga.

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Captain Comiskey is much pleased with the new outfielder, Hoover. He likes his fielding and throwing. "He knows just what to do with the ball when he gets it," said Commie last night, "and he understands a few things about running the bases. He can make a good record in Cincinnati if he will put forth his best.

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The powerful drug which cost Sullivan the championship.—Chicago Mail.

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The youngsters by Sunolo brother to Sunol, are very promising.

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Down south they gave Billy Earle a new nickname. He was so spry on his feet that the cranks called him "the Contortionist."

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Redondo, by Stamboul, has cut his record to 2:26 1-2.

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Betsy and I, dam of Moquette, 2:10, will be bred to Wilton next season.

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Simmons is now represented by three with race records below 2:15.

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Judd's Baby, 2:19 1-4, had two foals before she saw a training stable.

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Czar can trot a mile in 2:10.

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Spanish Maiden, the dam of Margrave, is in training at Terre Haute.

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Four of Miss Russell's sons have sired performers that are found in the 2:15 list.

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Vitello paced the Meadville track in 2:10, last half in 1:02.

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When Martha Wilkes trotted in 2:08 1-4 at Evansville her only opponent was the Cyclone gelding, Gillette. She trotted in first and second heats close to 2:20.

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Jimmie Canavan isn't playing with the Chicagos. He is detailed to take tickets at the gate. Jimmy has fallen off considerably in his batting. Decker has taken his place at second base.

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Clay, 2:25, by Electioneer, was purchased for a party in France, Wednesday, the figure being $15,000.

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President Byrne, of the Brooklyn club, says that "base ball has been passing through a dark age caused by the business having been overdone. High salaries, war, and retaliation have all conspired to lessen the public interest in the game, and a natural revulsion has occurred. It will take more than a year to restore the game to its earnest popularity. Of course salaries are too high, yet the player cannot be made to understand that a reduction really works to his own benefit, as it will enable the moneyed men to continue their investment in the game and allow the player to continue at work."

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Oaky, by Mambrino King, has cut his record to 2:20 1-4.

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Horace Willis contemplates building a new set of stables and stands at Mystic Park, Boston, at a cost of $75,000.

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Amigo, 2:16 3-4, died at Palo Alto recently. He was got by Electioneer out of Nodine by Wildidle.

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Bow Bells is very apt to trot in 2:15 this year.

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Sweet Brier, 2:17 1-2, is now in foal to Alcantara.

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Dandy, by Atlantic, can trot in 2:10.

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Marona, by Goldbeater, a son of Alcantara, took a record of 2:29 1-4 at Providence, R. I.

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Griffin, of Brooklyn, has made but three errors in fifty games.

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Baron Hatch has sold his two-yearlease of the Minneapolis base ball franchise, and will quit the base ball business. Some people blame Hatch for wrecking the Western league.

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McGrillis, the Pennsylvania railroad's team's star third baseman, has been signed by St. Louis for next season.

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Dahlen, the minor, will have to disgorge the $500 he gobbled from Milwaukee last season. He has been called down by Judge Brentano.

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Kalamazoo Farm will sell Vassar, a brother to Belle Vara, 2:08 3-4, at Lexington.

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Mike Kelly talks of leaving Boston, but it is nothing but talk.

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The black stallion Rinaldo, by Reveille, is booked for the 2:20 class, as he stepped a half in 1:09 1-4, a few days ago.

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Jimmie Galvin is to be given a benefit at Pittsburg. Over $2,000 worth of tickets have already been sold and "The Old Sport" will have a lot of velvet. This has been a pretty tough year for Galvin. He lost his boy Gene and his position within the same month.

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The gray colt Blue Boy, by Bell Boy, has now a mark of 2:35 1-2.

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There is a brother to Hulda, 2:14 3-4, out in California that is said to be very fast.

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Manager Bancroft will winter in Cincinnati, and it need occasion no surprise if Bannie is identified with one of the local theaters. As a theatrical man he has much experience, and can fill any position from the office of treasurer to business manager. Sometime next week he will move his family to Cincinnati and he has rented a house on Walnut Hills.

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T. J. Byrne, who has been managing the Vicksburg, Mississippi, ball club this season, was in St. Louis this week on a pleasure trip. He says base ball is booming in Mississippi this year and that next season that state will have a state league of its own, including Greenville, Jackson, Vicksburg, Yazoo City, Meridian and Natchez.

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Tebeau has earned a name for himself this season that will endure as long as that of a Comiskey, an Anson, or a Kelly. As a base ball general he stands second to no person. As a controller of men he is more of a success than any man now upon the base diamond. Where he learned his remarkable methods of keeping players under control is not known. He simply has that knack. His methods are different than any other manager in the country. They are successful because they are common sense methods. Players are not treated like children as most managers treat them, but like men. The result is plain to be seen. It is shown in the work of the men that he manages.

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Green Mountain Maid has nine in the 2:30 list.

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"Tim" Keefe will likely coach the Yale college ball team next season.

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Monbars has cut his record to 2:11 3-4.

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A two-year-old brother of Mascot, 2:04, owned in Carthage, N. Y., is reported fast.

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Belle Vara, 2:08 3-4, has been shipped from Terre Haute to Kalamazoo Farm, where she will be given a let up until next season.

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Elyria's book for 1893 is half full. A successful sire soon earns recognition.

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Pittsburg club stock is quoted pretty well up on the list at present.

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Salisbury lost $2,000 on Directum at Independence.

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How would a race between Monbars Czar do for the admirers of three-year-olds to talk about?

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There will be a three-days meeting at Dayton, O., October 19 to 21.

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"Lum" Mohr has completed the work of rebuilding the Lagrange street road house and will open it to the public next Thursday. Lum has put in a great many dollars in making the place attractive and the place, under his charge, will be a credit to the city. Neat invitations have been issued for the opening.

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In the exhibition class at the Bowling Green fair, George H. Ketcham's Baronstein, by Baron Wilkes, was awarded first premium in the standard bred class and also first in the sweepstakes.—Sportsman.

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Riley Medium has cut his record to 2:10 1-2.

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The Southern league will meet on October 31, either at Nashville or at Atlanta. It is expected that Charleston, Savannah and Nashville will be admitted in place of Mobile, Montgomery and Birmingham, or any other city which proves weakkneed. It is said Kelly will desert Mobile for Charleston. It is proposed to organize a city league with the Zatarains, Pastimes, Kerns, Memorys and the Riversides, of Algiers, as members.

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Billy Wilson is now in charge of "the Cottage" and is making it pleasant for all of his friends. Billy is right in it in his newplace.

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Ed Wright, late of Princeton, and Boswell, who pitched for the Mt. Holly club last year, will play on the University of Pennsylvania base ball team next season.

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Rumor has it that John Ward and Dan Brouthers will neither one play at Brooklyn next season.

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Heir-at-Law, 2:20 1-4, has been sent home to the Village Farm, and he is not quite right. It is intended to start him in the Charter Oak $10,000 stake of 1893.

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The offer of President Robinson, of Cleveland, to wager $1,000 with the directors of the Boston club that his team could defeat Boston in a series of games this fall, after the regular season, was shown to President Soden, of the Boston club, to-day at the South End grounds. Mr. Soden doubted the authenticity of the report, and said:

"Mr. Robinson is aware that we do not countenance betting in the league. My reasons for not playing are, first, the players' contracts expire on October 22; second, there will be no money in the games this late in the season, and, third, the public would look on the series as a hippodrome. The members of the Boston team, however, would like nothing better than a chance to win Mr. Robinson's $1,000."

Captain Kelley said he was ready to put up $1,000 or $2,000 of the players' money and meet the Cleveland team in a series of gades on neutral grounds after October 22, or just as soon as their contract expired.

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The Cleveland team of 1893 will be exactly the Cleveland team of 1892. There will be no change whatever in the makeup of the Spiders. The management is entirely satisfied with the work of the team and will let well enough alone. Early this season there wasc onsiderable dissatisfaction with the work of Jake Virtue at first, but now Jake is considered to b one of the most valuable men on the team. Now, he is probably as timely a hitter as there is in the nine. He is a great deal stronger on low-thrown balls than he was, and his weakness in this particular is where the greatest fault lay. The Cleveland infielders, with the exception of Davis, are strong throwers, and it was thought impossible to get along with a man that was not strong on short-thrown balls. Virtue himself saw his weakness, and by constant study and practice, did away with most, or at least a great deal of the cause of complaint. His hitting is so valuable that he will be retained at any cost.

AS YOU GO THROUGH LIFE.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life;
And even when you find them,
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for the virtues behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a tint of light
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;
It is better by far to look for a star
Than the spot on the sun abiding.
The current of life runs ever away
To the bosom of God's great ocean;
Don't set your face 'gainst the river's course
And think to altar its motion.
Don't waste a curse on the universe—
Remember it lived before you;
Don't butt at the storm with your puny form,
But bend and let it go o'er you.
The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter;
Some things go wrong your whole life long,
And the sooner you know it the better.
It is folly to fight with the infinite,
And go under at last in the wrestle;
The wiser man shapes into God's plan
As water shapes into a vessel.

—Jewish Tidings.

FIREWORKS IN BILLIARDS

The Newest "Wing-Shots" That Kaarlus Touches Off.

Very Pretty Shots at the Two-Ball Game.

A Frenchman Who Believes in "Athletic Billiards," and So Carries a Hundred Pounds Around the Table With Him.

The ordinary billiard player chalks his cue knowingly, fiddles with it awhile, makes his shot and—misses. Then he swears at the cue tip. After awhile he learns not to swear and about the same time he finds he can make runs of 10 or 12 at the three-ball game. So gradually he rises—that is, his runs grow bigger—until, proud man, he reaches a point where Ives Slosson, Schaefer, Daly and the few other men who really understand billiards offer to play him a hundred or no count.

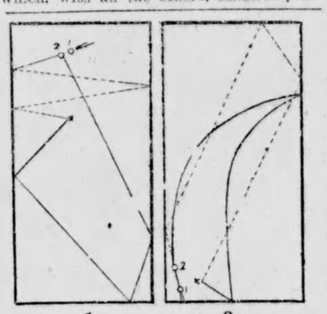
Ives, Slosson, Schaefer, Daly and that set are, everybody knows, the very best players. They make the biggest runs and make them oftenest. They know the angles of a billiard table as well as a mother knows her child or a girl her lover's handwriting. But everybody does not know, by a long shot, that there is a billiard player in New York who understands the game as well as the expertest of those experts and who can make shots of a brilliancy they never dreamed of, says the World. His name is Kaarlus—Prof. Kaarlus, for he teaches the game. New billard ideas are constantly coming to him and he invents new shots every other day. Kaarlus might be called the Edison of billiards.

In order to teach a man to play for position, that he may exactly know where the ball he first hits is going, Kaarlus invented the two-ball game of billiards. It is certainly artistic and ingenious. The object is to strike the red ball with the white and then catch the red a second time on the fly after the white ball has hit at least one cushion.

Prof. Kaarlus.

Some of the diagrams that adorn this column illustrate the best shots in the game. Diagram No. 1 shows a close draw. Ball 1 takes three cushions and strikes ball 2 again at the cross indicated on the table.

Diagram No. 2 illustrates a force-draw. By a vigorous force-draw ball 2 is driven around the table over the dotted line and ball 1 strikes it again, after taking two cushions, at the cross indicated. Diagram 3 shows a double cushion draw-shot. Ball 2 going around the table, meets at the cross ball 1 that has struck the cushion twice. In diagram 4 a close follow is shown. Ball 1 follows ball 2, and after taking two cushions strikes it again at the cross. When you try that shot be careful you don't push. Diagram No. 5 illustrates a very remarkable jump shot, which, with all the others, Kaarlus practically illustrated at a private billiard-room the other evening. Ball 1 kisses ball 2, curves around the table and again meets ball 2 at the cross. In diagram No. 6 a shot is shown in which by a little billiard jugglery a ball runs along the cushion awhile, drops to the table again, and goes on its unerring course. Ball 1, after striking ball 2, jumps upon the cushion, returns to the table, and having hit two more cushions, again meets ball 2 at the cross.



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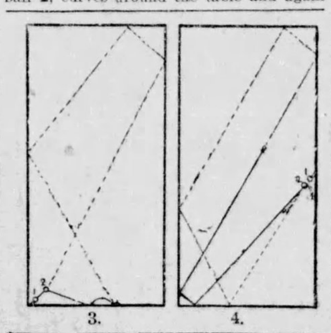

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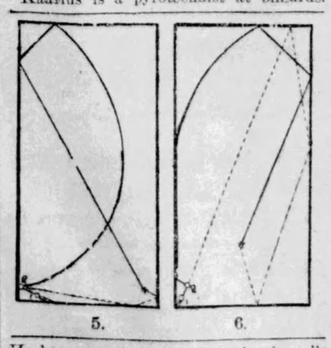
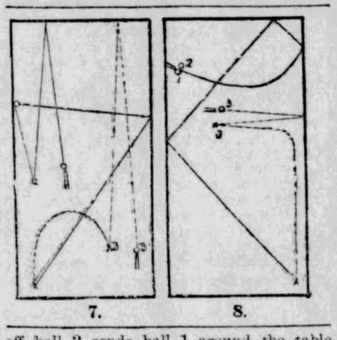


5. 6.

Kaarlus is a pyrotechnist at billiards. He has some skyrocket shots that he calls "wing-shots," because he brings down his bird as accurately as they pop pigeons at Monte Carlo. These shots are as much like ordinary billiard shots as Lottie Collins is like a Quaker maiden. They are executed with three balls, and all of them require three strokes of the cue, some of them four. Diagram No. 7 shows one that requires four strokes of the cue. It is a duplex, double cue draw. Ball 3 is first driven against the end cushion and is struck a second time when near the upper cushion and curves slowly towards the left-hand upper corner. While ball 3 is still rolling ball 1 is driven against the end cushion. As ball 1 returns it is struck again so that it hits ball 2. Ball 1 flies across the table to the right-hand cushion and there caroms on ball 3 at the cross.

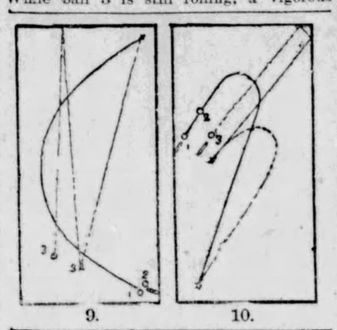
A double cue curve masse, as Kaarlus calls it, is illustrated in diagram No. 8. Ball 3 is first driven against the right-hand cushion and as it returns it is struck a second time when near the left-hand cushion, so that it curves gracefully to the right-hand corner of the upper cushion. While ball 3 is still rolling, a masse



7. 8.

off ball 2 sends ball 1 around the table in a combination of curved and straight angles to meet ball 3 at the cross.

A shot as easy as any of these "wing-shots" is pictured in diagram No. 9, a double cue follow masse. Ball 3 is first driven to the lower cushion and when back near the upper cushion is struck again to the lower right-hand corner. While ball 3 is still rolling, a vigorous masse off ball 2 sends ball 1 to carom on ball 3.



9. 10.

Diagram No. 10 shows a very beautiful shot as full of curves as a model's form. In it Kaarlus brings into play the force-draw, the most difficult shot on the table. Ball 3 is first driven against the end cushion. When near the middle of the table again ball 3 is struck a second time and curves to the upper left-hand corner. While it is still rolling a vigorous force-draw from ball 2 sends ball 1 to carom on ball 3 at the cross.

"The great force-draw shot" is the triumph of billiards. It is shown here in diagram No. 11; ball 1 follows ball 2 until near the lower cushion. Then, without touching the cushion, ball 1 returns on a curve and caroms on ball 3.

Kaarlus is a big muscular Frenchman, and he keeps himself in fine shape by playing billiards. But he plays "athletic billiards." He has an idea that the exercise afforded by an ordinary game of billiards is not enough to keep a man in training. He thinks the very best indoor

11.

recreation is enjoyed when the billiard player carries upon his shoulders a weight proportionate to his strength. He recommends the following scale of weights:

Forty pounds for feather weights, 60 pounds for light weights, 80 pounds for middle weights, 100 pounds for heavy weights.

Kaarlus carries 100 pounds and then touches off his pyrotechnics.

If any one thinks he can beat Kaarlus at these games he can find him and $10,000 at Maurice Daly's.

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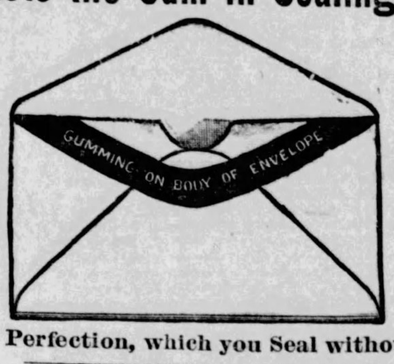

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No. 223 Michigan street, near Madison, 11 rooms, $40 per month.
No. 1017 Grand avenue, very nice modern residence, $40 per month.
No. 119 12th street, near Jefferson, modern brick, $35 per month.
No. 331 Batavia street, 10 rooms, all modern, $33.33 per month.
No. 329 Locust, corner Superior street, brick, $33.33 per month.
No. 314 Huron, near Madison, $30 per mo.
No. 626 Erie, near Cherry, $30 per month.
No. 1118 Adams street, new store and basement, $30 per month.
No. 207 Jarvis street, grocery, maket and living rooms, $25 per month.
No. 339 10th street, near Madison, 10-room modern brick, $25 per month.
No. 528 Broadway, new and modern frame, $25 per month.
No 1707 Adams, 3-story brick, 10 rooms, $25 per month.
No. 1420 Huron street, $25 per month.
No. 1815 Cherry, modern conveniences, vacant any time, $22 per month.
Dorr street, head of Heston street, (store), $20 per month.
New 9-room frame, Superior street, near Galena, $20 per month.
Batavia street, near Ashland avenue, $20 per month.
No. 814 Dorr street, very nice, vacant Oct. 20, $20 per month.
No. 725 East Bancroft street, vacant Oct. 1st, $18 per month.
No 813 Hicks, new and very nice, $18 per month.
No. 815 Hicks street, near Lawrence avenue, $18 per month.
No. 504 1-2 Superior street, near Oak, 8 rooms, $16.66 per month.
No. 319 Tecumseh street, new and modern, $16.50 per month.
Store, Dorr street, head of Division, $15 per month.
No. 139 East Franklin avenue, vacant Oct. 1st, $12 per month.
No. 1916 Erie street, 6-room cottage, $12.50 per month.
No. 3215 Cambridge street, near Cherry, $12 per month.
No. 625 Baker street, East Toledo, 2-story frame, $12 per month.
No. 1753 Superior, near Ash, $11 per month.
Hicks, near Hawthorne street, 8 rooms, $11 per month.
No. 2128 Broadway, near Water Works, $10 per month.
Bartlett, near Detroit avenue, $9 per month.
Spring street, near Mulberry, $9 per month.
No. 731 Nevada, near Euclid avenue, $8.50 per month.
No. 719 Missouri street, $6 per month.
Four new office rooms over No. 224 St. Clair street, next to postoffice, on first floor, for $10, $11, $12 and $15 per month.

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$2,600—Elegant new modern frame residence, with all modern conveniences, in first-class condition, with lot 33x150 to alley, fronting on Superior street, near Buckeye, price $2,600; terms, $400 cash, balance monthly, (707.)

$900 to $1,100—Four new cottages fronting on Lorain street, near Water Works; terms $85 cash, balance same as rent. We also have 5 new cottages on Mulberry, Spring and Noble streets, which we offer on same terms.

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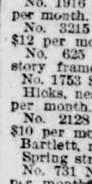

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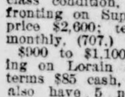

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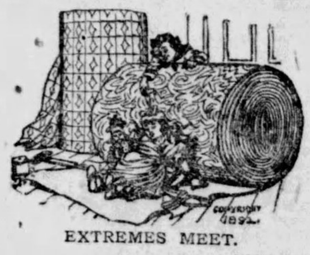

EXTREMES MEET.

AT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR

You are accustomed to sharp contrasts. Have you ever seen the very, very big, and the very, very little come together? Whatever your experiences in this direction have been, it is very likely that you may need something in our line to make your house look more cheerful and bright. Remember our business is selling CARPETS. Our prices are extremely low and will meet the approval of the most economical purchaser.

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THE POINT OF VIEW.

When I was in Antwerp a twelvemonth ago,
Where the roofs are all fluted and red,
I met this old lady in clattering shoes,
With this queer flapping cap on her head.
I was dressed up in my best Sunday clothes,
But I thought, from her stare, it was easy to see
That to her I looked just as outlandish and queer
As she looked old-fashioned and funny to me.
—St. Nicholas.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Fun and Frolic for the Little Ones.

A Boy's Interesting Adventure in London.

Wonderful Sights That He Saw—Some Good Stories and Puzzling Puzzles.

PUSSY'S QUEER KITTEN.

Once a tiny little rabbit strayed from home away,
Far from woodland haunts she wandered, little rabbit gray.
Our old Tabby-cat, while sitting by the kitchen door,
Thought she saw her long-lost kitten, home returned once more;
Gave a pounce, and quickly caught it with a happy mew,
Ere the frightened little wanderer quite knew what to do.
Gently Tabby brought her treasure to the old doormat,
Purred and rubbed and licked and smoothed it—motherly old cat.
But what puzzled Pussy, truly, and roused her fears,
Was the length to which had grown her kitty's once small ears;
Most amazing, most alarming, was the sight to her;
Green and round her eyes were swelling, stiff and straight her fur.
"Poor, weak kitty, what a pity you're deformed," thought she;
"Surely this has somehow happened since you were from me;
But you're welcome home, my kitten; mother's here to nurse you strong—
Though I will confess, I wish your ears were not so long."
So the tiny little rabbit grew contented quite,
And, my children, I can tell you 'twas a pretty sight
When nice old Tabby and her rabbit-kitty gray,
Would frolic in the sunshine and so merrily would play.
And when by and by it happened that some wee, new kittens came,
Dear old mother-cat, she loved her rabbit-kitten just the same.
But she's never yet discovered, spite of all her doubts and fears,
How it happened that one kitty had such extra lengthy ears.

TOM'S ADVENTURE.

Reading Club Story No. 14.

Tom was studying, yes, actually studying, genuine "digging," to use his own expressive phrase; and for car less, happy-go-lucky Tom this was something new indeed. But now he felt that he had something to work for, some good was now to be gained by study, for his father had promised to take him to England with him in a few weeks on condition that he would learn enough of English history and literature to understand and appreciate the sights that he would see.

The days finally did drag themselves around to the time for starting, although Tom was sure that they never would, and soon they found themselves in London, after a delightful voyage that had been all too short for the sea-loving Tom.

Tom's father had made the trip in order to attend personally to some very important business matter, so that Tom was left alone at the hotel for quite a good deal of the time. He was thirteen years of age, so of course was perfectly able to take care of himself, or at least he thought that he was.

Many a short walk did he take on the days when he was left to amuse himself and soon he felt quite independent.

In his reading he had been very much interested in London Tower and longed to pay it a visit, but as his father must go with him he must wait until he could spare the time from his business. Tom soon became weary, however, of waiting for him and determined to visit the Tower alone.

Their hotel was on High Holborn near the head of Chancery lane, so early in the forenoon of a beautiful day, Tom sat down with his red-covered London guide book in his hand to study out on the map the way to the noted London Tower. First, he found High Holborn and Chancery lane, then he located the tower and found that it was quite a long way from the hotel, and was built on the bank of the river Thames. He was fully decided to visit alone and made up his mind to try it that very same day.

He thought that he would go down Chancery lane to Fleet street, up Fleet street past the wonderful church called St. Paul's cathedral, to Cannon street, and follow Cannon street to Tower street, which would take him directly to that noted place.

So off he started as brave as brave could be, and on the first 'bus that came along. Wasn't he 13 years old, and an independent American boy with plenty of money in his pockets, which he gave an assuring jingle, and wasn't he perfectly able to take care of himself, he'd just like to know?

"Well, I should just say I am," thought Tom to himself.

By the time that the 'bus had reached the corner of Chancery lane and Fleet street, he had discovered that it was not going to the Tower, but in an entirely different direction, so he paid his fare and climbed down, to wait there for another 'bus to take him in the right way. At this corner Tom noticed something queer and that was, that the street called Chancery lane runs right through the building called the courts of chancery. The house is arched over the street, just high enough to be convenient, and right above the street and sidewalks are the rooms and halls of the court.

While he stood waiting he was watching the endless crowds that were passing back and forth on the two busy streets. He thought that it must be a terrible jam and blockade, yet every one seemed to be going rapidly on his way without paying attention to any one else. He drew back against a building and watched a big blue-coated policeman who seemed to be paying no attention to anything, yet every once in a while, when it looked as though the flying vehicles must surely crash together, he would step out, into the very center of the crowded street, and just by holding up his hand he would stop them all stock still, without saying one single word.

Tom saw something else, on the same corner, too, that awakened his warmest admiration. A boy, not a bit older or larger than himself, was standing near the curbstone with a brush and pan in his hand. He was dirty and ragged, but he wore a badge of some kind with a number on it. While Tom was watching him, he suddenly darted out into the street under the horses' feet, right among the hundreds of whirling wheels, and swept up a bit of dirt that had just fallen from a passing wagon. Then Tom knew that the boy was a street-sweeper, or "orderly," as they are called, and he made up his mind to get acquainted with him.

"Hey there, kid," he said, following him as best he could through the jam, to where the boy was emptying his pan into one of the big red "dust-boxes," that line the London curbs.

"What's your name, feller?" said Tom.

"'Arry, sir," said the boy, meaning Harry, of course. The "sir" made Tom feel very big and he put on a very patronizing manner.

"Do you like that work?" he said.

"Aye, well enough, sir. I hearns my living by it, sir," replied Harry.

"Where d' you live?" asked Tom.

"Hover in Coventry, with me mother and the four babies," said Harry.

"And don't you have to go to school nor learn lessons at all?" asked Tom, enviously.

Harry stared at him in surprise, then said sadly: "I, sir? I learn lessons? No, a London horderly never has time for lessons, sir, nor for school. We works all the day, hevery day, and keeps busy all the time, sir." And with that out he darted into the surging crowd again and began his dangerous work, leaving Tom with a growing idea that perhaps it wasn't such a terrible hardship to have to go to school, after all.

Tom stood watching him for a few moments longer, then started thoughtfully on his way. After walking for a few squares he began to wonder where he was, and looking around he could see nothing that he recognized from his reading. If he had only known it he had turned in the wrong direction after leaving Harry, and was going away from the Tower instead of going toward it. But he felt sure that he was right, so he walked on leisurely, waiting for a 'bus to overtake him, on its way to the Tower. He thought that he would read the sign on it this time before he got up to his seat and make sure that he was right. After a few moments longer spent in waiting, a 'bus came rattling down the street, carrying on its side the words "London Tower," in big letters. "That's my carriage," said Tom, as he hailed it and climbed up.

After riding for some distance Tom asked the driver:

"Is it much further to the Tower, now?"

"To the Tower, boy?" said the driver; "why, lad, the Tower lies in the hopposite direction. We're just returning from there."

Tom was dumbfounded at this, but he made up his mind that he would not be frightened, but would make the best of it and see all that he possibly could, feeling certain that he would come out all right.

By this time they had reached the end of the street which now opened out into a beautiful square. He got down and looked about him in astonishment, for he hadn't the least idea where he was, till it suddenly dawned upon him that this must be Trafalgar Square, about which he had been reading just before leaving home. He was glad now that he had studied his English History so hard, for it helped him to know where he was and to understand what he was looking at. He knew that that beautiful column with the figure on the top of it in the center of the square, was the monument to the brave Nelson, and that the figure was a statue, 17 feet high, of Lord Admiral Nelson himself, the hero of the naval battle of Trafalgar. Tom walked around the monument, looking at its many interesting points, when he suddenly remembered what he had read something about those four bronze lions that were lying there as if on guard.

"Oh, yes!" he said to himself, "I remember now what it was. Those lions were made of the cannon that Nelson captured from the French at the battle of Trafalgar."

Pretty soon Tom began to wonder what he had better do. He pulled out his red guide and tried to find out how far he was from his hotel on High Holborn. He gave up the idea of visiting the Tower on that day and finally decided to take a 'bus for the hotel. But here he found a new difficulty. He tried to ask the 'bus men where they were going, and not one of them could he understand. One said "Rinkbinkeitybinkbipciderbink," another "Simmeryax," which meant St. Mary's Axe, another "Igit Harchway," or Highgate Archway, and another "Ampstead," and so on until Tom began to think that they were all jabbering idiots. But soon he espied one rattling along with the sign "Whitehall, Westminster and Parliament Houses," and quick as a flash he decided to have another bus ride, a round trip one this time, all by himself. So he stopped the 'bus and climbed quickly to the top, where he had to hold on for dear life, for the driver kept his horses going on a dead run, and the big 'bus bounded from side to side.

But Tom could keep his eyes open and see the sights that they were whirling by, even though he was clutching his seat hard. The first thing he noticed was a statue of Charles I, which he remembered having read, marked the place where that king was beheaded. Soon they passed a place that was of intense interest to Tom, as it is to almost every boy, Scotland Yard, and which reminded him of so many detective stories that he had read on the sly. He made up his mind to see more of it before he went to America.

A little farther on he noticed a large building, in front of which was a large gate, with a very narrow gate on either side of it. In each of these narrow gates stood a horse with a soldier on his back. Both men were in glittering uniform and stood as still as though they were carved out of marble. Tom thought that they didn't even wink. The 'bus driver told him that this was the Horse-Guards, the queen's soldiers. He told him that a sentinel on horseback stands in each of those narrow gates day and night, year in and year out. "This is another place," said Tom to himself, "that I'm going to visit again."

Whitehall leads directly into Parliament street, and Tom saw, looming up grandly before him, the immense House of Parliament, the seat of the English government. He had often read that this was a large building, but never before had he had any idea of what an immense pile it was. He looked at the clock-tower with interest and then pulled out his guide book and read this about it:

"The clock-tower, which is nearest Parliament street, is 40 feet square and 320 feet high. The clock, which was made by Dent & Co., runs for eight days; the quarter hours are rung out upon a chime of eight bells and the hours are struck upon 'Big Ben,' the second largest bell in Great Britain, weighing 13 tons. It takes 10 minutes each week to wind up the going part, and five hours twice a week to wind up each of the striking works."

"Whew!" though Tom, "who'd ever have thought it was so much work just to wind up a clock?"

On the other side of Parliament street, opposite the Parliament building is Westminister Abbey and Tom tried to think of some of the famous people who are buried there. He named Livingstone, Goldsmith, Dickens, Longfellow, Shakespeare, Milton, and most of the kings and queens of England. Can you name any others? Tom also remembered another one of the hundreds of interesting things about this wonderful old building, and that was that in this church all the sovereigns of England from Edward the Confessor to Queen Victoria have been crowned. The Throne-chair, or Coronation chair, as it is called, stands in the abbey where all visitors can see it and may try sitting in it if they choose to do so.

By this time Tom's 'bus was ready to start on again, so up he clambered to his favorite seat and off they dashed, over the Westminster bridge and out the Westminster bridge road. While they were driving over the bridge Tom looked eagerly up and down the famous river Thames, with its immense ships and many fine stone bridges. He also noticed the magnificent Victoria embankment on the right hand bank.

Out the Westminster road they dashed till they came to Waterloo road, where the driver gave his horses a sharp turn and the 'bus jolted so hard that Tom thought he was a "goner sure" as he afterwards expressed it. But nothing serious happened and they bowled merrily along and soon came to the river again. They crossed it this time on the Waterloo bridge, passing by Somerset house on their way to the Strand. A few minutes' ride down the Strand and our adventurous Tom found himself once more in Trafalgar square from which he had started.

He was not sorry that he had taken his ride for he felt that he had seen the outside, at least, of many places that are very noted in both history and science. He was more than glad now, too, to think that he had "studied up" hard before he had left his home.

His long ride had sharpened up Tom's healthy boy-appetite and by this time he began to want to get back to the hotel very badly, so once more he began to search for a bus to take him back to High Holborn. He inquired of driver after driver but could not understand one of them until finally he was lucky enough to spy the word "Holborn" on the side of one and this helped him to know what the driver meant when he shouted "To'b'n" in answer to his signal. Tom climbed to the top, of course, and was soon bowling along out Broad street in the direction of High Holborn.

You may imagine how glad he was, when, on reaching the hotel, he saw his father just going in the door, for he felt sure then that Papa had not been anxious over his boy's absence. Tom was soon with him, relating his adventure, and what do you think, his father promised to take him to see the Tower, on the very next day.

Perhaps Tom will tell us something about this visit, in another story, in the near future. We hope so, don't we?

MRS. BLACQUE WILSON.

I WOULDN'T BE CROSS.

I wouldn't be cross, dear, it's never worth while;
Disarm the vexation by wearing a smile.
Let hap a disaster, a trouble, a loss,
Just meet the thing boldly, and never be cross.

I wouldn't be cross, dear, with people at home,
They love you so fondly; whatever may come,
You may count on the kinfolk around you to stand,
Oh, loyally true in a brotherly band!
So, since the fine gold far exceedeth the dross,
I wouldn't be cross, dear, I wouldn't be cross.

I wouldn't be cross with a stranger. Ah no!
To the pilgrims we meet on the life path we owe
This kindness, to give them good cheer as they pass,
To clear out the flint-stones, and plant the soft grass.
No, dear, with a stranger, in trial or loss,
I perchance might be silent; I wouldn't be cross.

No bitterness sweetens, no sharpness may heal,
The wound which the soul is too proud to reveal.
No envy hath peace; by a fret and a jar
The beautiful work of our hands we may mar.
Let happen what may, dear, of trouble and loss,
I wouldn't be cross, love, I wouldn't be cross.

—Margaret E. Sangster in Harper's Young People.

PUSS AND BUNNY.

I do not expect you to believe this story. I would not believe it myself, but the fact is the rabbits belonged to me. So did the kitten.

One rabbit was all black except for a white spot just under its chin. The other had white feet and white ears. I got the rabbits from a man who lived at the head of the street. He had as many as a dozen.

I carried an apronful of clover to his rabbits every morning for a week. Then he gave me mine. I was a little girl then.

I called the rabbits Dumnorix and Orgetorix. My big sister was reading Caesar's "Gallic War" and she picked out the Latin names. They seemed to me very grand. Orgetorix had the most white in his fur.

I put the rabbits into a barrel turned down upon its side, and because I didn't know how to make a proper sort of coop I took some brushwood sticks and sharpened the ends with a hatchet and drove them into the ground close together so as to form a kind of fence closing in the rabbits' playground.

The rabbits looked very cunning scampering about inside, and I pulled clover for them and brought them young lettuce leaves and carrots and gave them sweet apples I very much wanted to eat myself.

But Dumnorix and Orgetorix kept growing. They were wee mites of rabbits when I first had them, and when they stood on their hind legs their noses didn't reach anywhere near the top of the fence round the coop I had built for them. But day by day those noses stretched up higher, and before I knew it their big blue eyes—it's only white rabbits you know, that have pink eyes—and their long ears peeping over the stick fence were the first things I'd see when I came out at the kitchen door and they heard my step on the piazza under the woodbine.

One day Dumnorix gave one great jump and wriggled clean over my pickets. I was pulling dandelion blossoms and sticking the yellow heads in long lines through the cracks between the boards of the piazza, and so I saw him. I caught him by his long ears and cubbed him and dropped him back where he belonged. After that I had chases after him every day. I'd have lost both rabbits sure if it hadn't been for the kitten.

But I haven't told you about Dvitiacus. That was the gray kitten named, like the rabbits, out of "Caesar." Dvitiacus was always in the coop with the rabbits; I don't know why, but he seemed to like to sharpen his claws on top of the barrel and then jump down in.

One day, what do you think? I saw Orgetorix stand up on his hind feet and start to jump over the fence when Dvitiacus put up a paw and boxed his ears. I rolled out of the hammock with laughing. Orgetorix laid his ears down flat upon his back in a surprised sort of way and went to nibbling my luncheon apple peacefully. This is the part I don't expect you to believe, but it is true. I never told it to anybody who did believe it, but Dvitiacus kept those rabbits in the coop for me until I had time to get a lot of longer sticks and drive them down to make a taller fence outside the other to give the rabbits a bigger yard. Every time one of them would offer to stand up the kitten would stand up too and box him down. I never heard of any other kitten so smart, and if any of you have kittens that have done anything so clever as herding rabbits, I wish you would write and tell the Editor of the Children's Page.—Selected.

"A LIE IS A LIE."

"What! not tell an innocent fib to escape
From a harassing bore when you're busy,
Or to get yourself out of a troublesome scrape?"
"No, a lie is a lie," said Lizzie.

"But a little white lie now you wouldn't attack—
A rat's not an elephant, is he?"
"No, a rat is a rat, whether white, gray or black;
And a lie is a lie," said Lizzie.

"By subtle distinction some may be perplexed,
Some brains made by argument dizzy;
But I know I am right, and I'll stick to my text;
A lie is a lie," said Lizzie.

—Banner of Faith.

TOM'S BLUNDER.

A Deeply, Darkly, Weirdly Mysterious Detective Story.

Detective stories have always been my favorite form of literature. I have read many and have gained from them a thorough contempt for probability and the police. The first thing you should do when a crime has been committed, as I often said to Uncle Poffkins (in whose house, on the outskirts of London, I was then living), is to suspect the most unlikely man as being the criminal. That was the course I adopted when Aunt Poffkins' earrings were stolen. It was in the morning when the theft was discovered. Aunt come down late and ran into the room where Uncle Poffkins, Dora and I were breakfasting. My aunt bore traces of strong agitation and she had forgotten her cap.

"My earrings!" she cried. "They are gone—they are stolen!"

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed Uncle Poffkins, dropping his teacup as if he had been shot, and leaping up with a yell of pain. He said the yell was attributable to the heat of the tea, which was trickling down his legs.

My aunt explained. The earrings were kept wrapped in cotton wool in a jewel box on her dressing table. The box was never locked, and the housemaid had access to the room. The girl had only been in the house a week, and was known to have a beau. My aunt and cousin at once concluded she was the thief, and sent for a policeman, who searched her trunk and found nothing, of course. I could have told them that.

Meanwhile, I kept my eye on Uncle Poffkins. He was the one person who could have no motive whatever in stealing the earrings. He was very rich, most respectable and extremely slow and noisy in his movements; moreover, my aunt would have given him the earrings at any moment if he had asked for them. Evidently, he was the last man to attract suspicion. Accordingly, I watched Uncle Poffkins closely.

We passed a week of excitement. The police were running out and in. Dora cross-examined the housemaid incessantly. Aunt Poffkins went about weeping and reminding every one she met that the earrings were a present from Uncle Poffkins on the occasion of their engagement. My uncle himself affected to make light of the matter, and went so far as loudly and ostentatiously to curse the earrings. He was wrong if he thought he could put me off the scent by that clumsy maneuver. I never left him alone; I tracked him to the city, hung about all the morning, shadowed him when he went to lunch, when he returned, when he crossed over to the Stock Exchange. Unknown to him I was on his 'bus, inside if he rode on the top, and on the top when it rained and he stowed himself away inside. He never escaped me, except while he was in his office. At last, after ten days' weary chasing, I was rewarded. I need not say that the police had discovered nothing. The house was still topsy turvy and my aunt subject to intermittent hysterics. That wronged creature, the housemaid, did her work with a mop in one hand and in the other a handkerchief wet with innocent tears. But to return to Uncle Poffkins. The tenth day after the earrings had disappeared, as he was brushing his hat before leaving the house, and looking at my aunt's tear-bedewed visage, his conscience smote him, and he so far forgot himself as to exclaim audibly:

"I'm blamed if I can stand this any longer!" The folly of the man was incredible. I had him now! In an instant I was after him. He took a 'bus. I took a cab, and started for the city. Now came the odd thing—Uncle Poffkins disappeared. How it happened I do not know, but when the 'bus pulled up at the bank Uncle Poffkins was not to be seen. I questioned the conductor, but he had evidently been bribed, and told me very rudely that he had something better to do than answer my riddles. He drove on, and I was left for the first time at fault.

It was evening before I saw Uncle Poffkins. I was going home in a very disconsolate state, when, about 200 yards from our gate, I espied him ahead of me. Quickening my pace, I stealthily approached him. He opened the gate and passed in; noiselessly I followed. A little further on, sheltered by the shrubbery, he stopped and, after a stealthy glance toward the house, took from his coat pocket a small morocco case. I stood on tiptoe just behind, and, with mingled horror and satisfaction as I looked over his shoulder, I saw the earrings! I was right! Uncle Poffkins sighed. "Shall I give 'em to her or not?" he said to himself. "It's rank waste. Still, it will keep her quiet." I watched the struggle between his good and his evil angel. Clearly the good angel had triumphed so far as to bring the earrings within fifty yards of Aunt Poffkins; but now came the tug of war. It was severe, and it ended in the victory of evil. Uncle Poffkins, shutting the case with a snap, exclaimed:

"It's all blamed nonsense! I'll take 'em back to Abraham's to-morrow." Abraham, no doubt, was the receiver, for my Uncle went on in a satisfied tone:

"He'll make no trouble about taking 'em." He was putting the case into his pocket when my feelings overcame me. Respect for one's elderly relatives is a praiseworthy feeling, but it must not be allowed to override higher duties. I flung myself on Uncle Poffkins, crying:

"Surrender! You cannot escape me!" My uncle fell heavily on the gravel path. I fell heavily on the top of him and pinioned his arms to the ground.

"Tom!" he exclaimed, "what the mischief—are you drunk?"

"It is useless, sir," I began, "to affect ign"——I had reached this point when I was violently collared from behind, lifted bodily off my uncle's chest, where I had been sitting, and was deposited on a grass plat, while a deep voice said in my ear:

"Now, then, young man, turn it up. You're a lively one, you are. Bust yer aunt and now your uncle." The new comer was a policeman. From his pocket he produced a pair of handcuffs and put them on my unresisting wrists. Then I found my voice.

"What are you handcuffing me for?" I demanded. "There's the thief."

"Gammon!" said he, grinning.

"Why, you fool, there's the property," said I. He looked and saw the earrings lying on the ground by Uncle Poffkins. An expression of bewilderment overspread the officer's face as, groping again in his pocket, he brought forth a pair of earrings. Then, gazing from the pair in his hand to the other pair on the ground, he ejaculated softly and, to my ears, at least, mysteriously:

"These earrings in my 'and was found in your drawer young man, wrapped in cotton wool. How do you account for that?"

"Those on the ground," I retorted, "were found in Mr. Poffkins' pocket. How do you account for that?" He shook his head sadly. Then he suddenly brightened up. He had an idea. He produced another pair of handcuffs, clapped them on my uncle's hands, and cried cheerfully:

"We can't go wrong, now, can we? March?" So Uncle Poffkins and I marched, the policeman between us, with a hold on each of our collars, and in this predicament we were presented to Aunt Poffkins, to Dora and to the housemaid. The housemaid giggled consumedly, for which, under the circumstance, one could hardly blame her. Aunt Poffkins experienced a relapse, and Dora alone was equal to the situation. She made us sit down, and gave us each a glass of sherry. Then the recriminations began. Uncle Poffkins declared his earrings were not the stolen pair. Distressed at my aunt's sorrow, he had gone to the jeweler's and bought her a similar pair. They cost $400. The struggle I had witnessed was between love and economy, not honesty and crime.

I swore that the earrings found in my bureau had not been placed there by me.

"And you are both quite right," said Dora. "Uncle's earrings are not the stolen ones. Tom, do you remember having the toothache?" It was clear to me in a moment. I had asked for cotton wool, had been directed to my aunt's jewel box, and from it I grabbed a large handful and carried it to my room. Then, on reflection, I had tried brandy instead of laudanum, and the cotton wool was thrust into the drawer out of the way. The earrings had been buried in the cotton wool.

"So you were the thief yourself!" laughed Dora.

It was true. If I only had strictly followed what my reading had taught me. For improbable as it was that I should think Uncle Poffkins guilty, it would have been still more improbable had I fixed the crime on myself. I lacked the full courage of my principles, and the result is Uncle Poffkins and I do not speak.—World.

MASTER PIN AND LADY NEEDLE.

A pin and a needle, being neighbors in a work-basket, and both being idle folk, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do.

"I should like to know," said the pin, "what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a head."

"What is the use of your head," replied the needle, rather sharply, "if you have no eye?"

"What is the use of an eye," said the pin, "if there is always something in it?"

"I am more active, and can go through more work than you can," said the needle.

"Yes, but you will not live long, because you have always a stitch in the side," said the pin.

"You are a poor, crooked creature," said the needle.

"And you are so proud that you can't bend without breaking your back."

"I'll pull your head off if you insult me again."

"I'll pull your eye out if you touch me; remember, your life hangs on a single thread," said the pin.

While they were thus conversing a little girl entered, and, undertaking to sew, she very soon broke off the needle at the eye. She then tied the thread around the neck of the pin and attempted to sew with it, but pulled its head off and threw it into the dirt by the side of the broken needle.

"Well, here we are," said the needle.

"We have nothing to fight about now," said the pin. "It seems misfortune has brought us to our senses."

"A pity we had not come to them sooner," said the needle. "How much we resemble human beings, who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them, and never find out they are brothers till they lie down in the dust together, as we do."

BEE HIVE.

Greeting.

Dear Children—I was so sorry that the Reading Club story had to be left out last week but it could not be helped, so there was no use crying about it. "What can't be cured must be endured" you know. The story did not reach the office in time to be printed, so it had to wait until this week, and I fear there were many disappointed club members. But now that we finally have it we will all enjoy it, won't we? Wouldn't you like to have been with Tom on his exciting bus ride and to have seen so many wonderful sights? Perhaps you can some day, who knows?

Yours affectionately,
PETER BUZZER.

PUZZLER.

Drop Letter Proverb.

A—o—l—n—h—s—o—e—a—e—o—n—a—t—d.

Riddle.

I am to pour off carefully,
Light, fleecy clouds am I,
I am to torture; animals
Get food from me on high.

Diamond.

1. A letter. 2. A cover. 3. Mourns. 4. A care. 5. A letter.

Riddle.

I am weary and worn,
I am trod under foot,
I fly from aloft
Yet grow fast to a root.

Word Square.

1. A single time. 2. Close. 3. A Turkish judge. 4. Name of a country.

Answers to puzzles of Oct. 8th and 13th.

Numerical Enigma—"Penny wise and pound foolish."

Riddle—Punch.

Beheadings—1. S-and. 2. P-rice. 3. L-ark. 4. C-ream. 5. S-hoe. 6. F-reed. 5

Cross Word Enigma—World's Fair.

Deletions—1. Chore. 2. Chaps. 3. Bloom. 4. Draws. 5. Drone. 6. Draws.

Rhomboid—

C
A R T
D A R T
Y E A R
W R E N

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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Blood Tonic—The Best Spring Medicine in Use.

It will rebuild the run down system of the overworked business man. It will restore the appetite and the rosy hue of youth to the pale face over taxed school child.

It will give strength to mothers enabling them to care better for the nursing infant. It will cure boils and carbuncles.

Containing no harmful ingredients it may be given to children. Prepared only by

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NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Erie Street Paving.

Sealed proposals will be received by the undersigned up to 12 o'clock at noon of Monday,

THE 17TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1892.

for improving Erie street from the southwest gutter line of Logan street to the northeast gutter line of North Railroad avenue by paving the central thirty feet thereof with either Medina Stone, Cedar Blocks, Vitrified Bricks, Asphalt Blocks or Trinidad Asphalt laid on a foundation of hydraulic cement concrete, together with the necessary grading, curbing, gutters, crosswalks, drainage, etc.

The contractor or contractors who shall do the work herein provided for shall be paid in cash within ninety days after the completion of the work and acceptance thereof by the city.

All bids must be written with ink and the price of each item shall be written in full as well as in figures. Each bid must contain the full name of every person interested in the same. All parties filing bids for the matters specified in this notice must deposit with the city clerk on each bid the sum of Three Hundred Dollars. All deposits to be in cash or certified check on a bank doing a regular banking business in the city of Toledo, and accompanied by an agreement signed by the bidder and two disinterested persons, guaranteeing that, if the bid is accepted, a contract will be entered into—otherwise the amount deposited to be forfeited to the city; and in case a contract is entered into, said deposit to remain until the first estimate of work done, (or double the amount of deposit,) is reported to the common council.

Bidders will be required to indorse their names on the outside of the envelope containing their proposal, and what the bid is for, the same to be filed with the city clerk. Bids not filed in accordance with the above requirements will be rejected.

Blank bids and envelopes can be obtained of the undersigned or of the city civil engineer.

Bidders must specify the time within which they will commence and complete the work after the acceptance of their bid.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the city civil engineer.

The council reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the council.

SYLVESTER LAMB,
City Clerk.

17sept-e-o-d-4-wks

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Floyd Street Paving.

Sealed proposals will be received by the undersigned up to 12 o'clock at noon of Monday,

THE 17TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1892,

for improving Floyd street from the paving in Warren street to the paving in Fulton street by paving the central twenty-two feet thereof with Trinidad Asphalt, laid on a foundation of hydraulic cement concrete, together with the necessary grading, curbing, drainage, etc.

The contractor or contractors who shall do the work herein provided for shall be paid in cash within ninety days after the completion of the work and acceptance thereof by the city.

All bids must be written with ink and the price of each item shall be written in full as well as in figures. Each bid must contain the full name of every person interested in the same. All parties filing bids for the matters specified in this notice must deposit with the city clerk on each bid the sum of One Hundred and Fifty Dollars. All deposits to be in cash or certified check on a bank doing a regular banking business in the city of Toledo, and accompanied by an agreement signed by the bidder and two disinterested persons, guaranteeing that, if the bid is accepted, a contract will be entered into—otherwise the amount deposited to be forfeited to the city; and in case a contract is entered into, said deposit to remain until the first estimate of work done, (or double the amount of deposit,) is reported to the common council.

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The council reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the council.

SYLVESTER LAMB,
City Clerk.

17sept-e-o-d-4-wks

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Bartlett Street Paving.

Sealed proposals will be received by the undersigned, up to 12 o'clock at noon of Monday,

THE 17TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1892,

for improving Bartlett street from 22nd street to Lawrence avenue by paving the central thirty-two feet thereof with either Medina Stone, Cedar Blocks, Vitrified Bricks, Asphalt Blocks or Trinidad Asphalt, together with the necessary grading, curbing, gutters, crosswalks, drainage, etc.

The contractor or contractors who shall do the work herein provided for shall be paid in cash within ninety days after the completion of the work and acceptance thereof by the city.

All bids must be written with ink and the price of each item shall be written in full as well as in figures. Each bid must contain the full name of every person interested in the same. All parties filing bids for the matters specified in this notice, must deposit with the city clerk on each bid the sum of Five Hundred Dollars. All deposits to be in cash or certified check on a bank doing a regular banking business in the city of Toledo, and accompanied by an agreement signed by the bidder and two disinterested persons, guaranteeing that, if the bid is accepted, a contract will be entered into—otherwise the amount deposited to be forfeited to the city; and in case a contract is entered into, said deposit to remain until the first estimate of work done, (or double the amount of deposit,) is reported to the common council.

Bidders will be required to indorse their names on the outside of the envelope containing their proposal, and what the bid is for, the same to be filed with the city clerk. Bids not filed in accordance with the above requirements will be rejected.

Blank bids and envelopes can be obtained of the undersigned or of the city civil engineer.

Bidders must specify the time within which they will commence and complete the work after the acceptance of their bid.

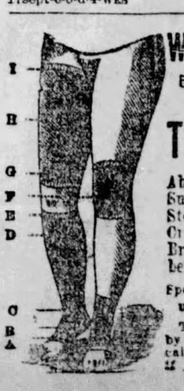
Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the city civil engineer.

The council reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the council.

SYLVESTER LAMB,
City Clerk.

17sept-e-o-d-4-wks



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NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Walnut Street Paving.

Sealed proposals will be received by the undersigned, up to 12 o'clock at noon of Monday,

THE 17TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1892,

for improving Walnut street from the paving in Bancroft street to the northwesterly gutter line of Seneca street by paving the central twenty-six feet thereof with either Medina Stone, Cedar Blocks, Vitrified Bricks, Asphalt Blocks or Trinidad Asphalt, together with the necessary grading, curbing, gutters, crosswalks, drainage, etc.

The contractor or contractors who shall do the work herein provided for shall be paid in cash within ninety days after the completion of the work and acceptance thereof by the city.

All bids must be written with ink and the price of each item shall be written in full as well as in figures. Each bid must contain the full name of every person interested in the same. All parties filing bids for the matters specified in this notice must deposit with the city clerk on each bid the sum of One Hundred and Fifty Dollars. All deposits to be in cash or certified check on a bank doing a regular banking business in the city of Toledo, and accompanied by an agreement signed by the bidder and two disinterested persons, guaranteeing that, if the bid is accepted, a contract will be entered into—otherwise the amount deposited to be forfeited to the city; and in case a contract is entered into, said deposit to remain until the first estimate of work done, (or double the amount of deposit,) is reported to the common council.

Bidders will be required to indorse their names on the outside of the envelope containing their proposal, and what the bid is for, the same to be filed with the city clerk. Bids not filed in accordance with the above requirements will be rejected.

Blank bids and envelopes can be obtained of the undersigned or of the city civil engineer.

Bidders must specify the time within which they will commence and complete the work after the acceptance of their bid.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the city civil engineer.

The council reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the council.

SYLVESTER LAMB,
City Clerk.

17sept-e-o-d-4-wks

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Dorr Street Paving.

Sealed proposals will be received by the undersigned up to 12 o'clock at noon of Monday,

THE 17TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1892,

for improving Dorr street from the westerly gutter line of Lenk street to the easterly gutter line of Walte avenue, by paving the central thirty-six feet thereof with either Medina Stone, Cedar Blocks, Vitrified Bricks, Asphalt Blocks or Trinidad Asphalt, together with the necessary grading, curbing, gutters, crosswalks, drainage, etc.

The contractor or contractors who shall do the work herein provided for shall be paid in cash within ninety days after the completion of the work and acceptance thereof by the city.

All bids must be written with ink and the price of each item shall be written in full as well as in figures. Each bid must contain the full name of every person interested in the same. All parties filing bids for the matters specified in this notice must deposit with the city clerk on each bid the sum of One Thousand Dollars. All deposits to be in cash or certified check on a bank doing a regular banking business in the city of Toledo, and accompanied by an agreement signed by the bidder and two disinterested persons, guaranteeing that, if the bid is accepted, a contract will be entered into—otherwise the amount deposited to be forfeited to the city; and in case a contract is entered into, said deposit to remain until the first estimate of work done, (or double the amount of deposit,) is reported to the common council.

Bidders will be required to indorse their names on the outside of the envelope containing their proposal, and what the bid is for, the same to be filed with the city clerk. Bids not filed in accordance with the above requirements will be rejected.

Blank bids and envelopes

FOREVER.

Two little streamlets leapt and flowed,
And sang their songs together;
They felt alike the summer rays,
And bore the stormy weather;
The selfsame blossoms decked them both
In colors rich and rare;
And in each stream the song-birds wooed
Their bright reflections there.
And on, and on, and on they danced,
Each leaping toward the river,
And then they met to kiss and part
Forever and forever.

Two human lives, two kindred hearts,
By destiny's decree,
Met in the spring of life, to learn
Its deepest mystery.
They dreamed their morning dreams of hope
Through fair unclouded weather;
They opened love's bewitching book,
And read it through together;
They saw in one another's eyes
A deep, unspoken bliss;
And from each other's lips they took
Love's ever-ready kiss.

And then the fate that crushes all
The sweetest pleasures here
Turned hope's glad music to a sigh,
Its glory to a tear.
It stepped between them: ah, it mocke
The love it could not kill;
It bade them in its fury live,
And love, and suffer still.
They tried with outstretched hands to span
Fate's wide, unyielding "Never."
The voice of destiny replied:
"Forever and forever."

Mine is no wild, imagined theme,
No idle fancy flight;
It lives through daylight's busy hours,
And haunts the silent night.
The wail of sorrow fills the air,
It rests, it ceases never;
It wrings some soul, it breaks some heart,
Forever and forever.
—Chambers' Journal.

Farm AND Garden

Raising Turkeys in Washington.

Mr. H. H. Fellows, Sidney, Washington, makes a success of raising turkeys in such a way that he thinks they have more claims for public favor than "chickens." In a recent Poultry Keeper he tells how he does it.

After they are six weeks old, they will go on the roosts under an open shed, and at 3 o'clock they are off catching the early worm, while their Superior is bearing a fat wallet at the end of the year, and the chicken rancher is growling at the fire not burning well that he may cook the morning food for his hens. I have at present 45 hen turkeys and three gobblers, of the Black variety. I have tried the Bronze variety, but did away with them, on account of their wild habits. They would steal their nests, and hide in the woods with their young, until their young were dead or old enough to take care of themselves.

I buy skimmed milk of a creamery, which I let clabber and keep before them at all times, which induces them to come home, which they do six or eight times a day for their favorite drink, and it is astonishing how young turkeys will grow after they are turned on unlimited range and clabbered milk; besides, the milk induces the old hen turkeys to lay in prepared nests, which are arranged close by, as otherwise they would steal their nests like the Bronze. I keep about half a dozen hen eggs in the nests which induce them to set after they have laid about fifteen eggs, as otherwise they would continue to lay until they had laid about thirty-five.

I have found that all eggs over fifteen laid by turkeys without rest, when hatched will not live, and those that do live will be weak and not reach ten pounds in the fall. My 45 turkeys average two dozen healthy turkeys apiece, which make in the fall about 1,000 turkeys to sell.

Here the price runs from 22 to 26 cents per pound, and their average weight is 12 pounds. They will be worth $2.64 apiece at 22 cents. Deduct the 64 cents for food, for old and young, leaves a profit of $2.00 apiece, or $2,000 a year for my labor. I let the turkeys do the incubation, but I take the turks from them as soon as hatched and put them in a brooder. I shut the hen in the barn one day and night, and she will not go back on the nest until she goes to laying again, which is in about six or seven days.

I think turkeys are easier to raise in a brooder than chicks, because they are tamer and will not touch old food which causes gapes. I feed them from the first day on hard boiled eggs and dry rolled oats, worked together with fine ground shells, a little salt and a pinch of ginger. The next morning and evening the same, with potatoes at 9 in the morning, and 3 in the afternoon, with a little scalded middlings, seasoned as mentioned above, and boiled rice for dinner, with a little piece of ham boiled in it for the grease and salt.

The third day their food is scalded middlings and corn meal, seasoned with salt, a pinch of red pepper, if the weather is cold, and some ground shell. This is fed twice a day, with all kinds of vegetables and with rice. Occasionally, after the fourth day, all kinds of tender green food, especially sheep sorrel, which is chiefly my food on the range for young and old, which they eat in preference to clover. After they are one week old I keep all kinds of small seeds before them, especially millet seed and wheat. This, with clabbered milk, is chiefly their diet until put on the roosts under the shed at six weeks old.

Care of the Teams.

Upon the care and management given largely depend the conditions of the teams. It is always an item to keep in a good condition, vigorous and thrifty, so they will be able to do the work required of them with the least trouble. Of course good feed and plenty of it at regular times is important, yet if condition and cost are considered, this is not all. One important item is good grooming. With many the practice is to groom in the morning before harnessing up to work, and while this is better than no grooming, yet it is not the best plan. The same work given after the day's work is done so that they will be more comfortable and better able to enjoy the night's rest, will give better results. To stand all night with the skin and hair covered with more or less dirt is uncomfortable, to say the least, and comfort is an important item in keeping in a good condition. The shoulders should be cleaned well, and at the start it would be a good plan to wash off carefully at night with salt water; this helps to toughen them. If the feet and legs are muddy, they should be washed off carefully and the limbs rubbed dry with a cloth. It is best not to groom until they are cooled off and dry, and then the brush will clean off the greater portion of the dirt, and is preferable to the curry-comb. Supply plenty of bedding, so as to keep clean and dry, as this will lessen the work of grooming in the morning. It is always best to water in the morning before feeding, and then again before starting to work. Feed a good ration, but never more than they will eat up clean, either of grain or roughness. Have the harness well fitted. When resting in the field take time to pull the collars away from the shoulders. At noon remove the harness; it takes but little time, while the horse will derive much more benefit from this removing. If green feed is given, commence with a small quantity at first and gradually increase as they become accustomed to it. Giving them too much at first induces undue perspiration, and this often causes weakness. Unless the pastures are convenient so they can be turned out for an hour or two and then be stabled, it will be best to cut off the green feed, as if they are turned into the pastures and left all night they will pick around more or less and fail to get the benefit of the night's rest. Little attentions thus given will add to their comfort and aid materially in keeping them in good condition.—Practical Farmer.

Composting.

I am very strongly of the opinion that most of the so-called composting is a pure waste of time and labor. If you are growing grass, you always have a place to put stable manure as fast as it is made. The barnyard is a poor place to keep manure, and my plan has always been to get it out as fast as possible and let it do its leaching where there is something to feed. Therefore, if there is any grass on the place, as there should be, put the home-made manure there as fast as you can get it. To supplement the home-made article, use acid phosphate and kainit or muriate of potash freely to get a good growth of clover or field peas, and then depend upon these to furnish nitrogen for your sub-crops. Concentrated fertilizers, but without nitrogen, used in connection with leguminous crops buried in the ground, are the nearest approach to the best stable manure from highly fed stock, and far better than nine-tenths of the stable manure made on southern farms. Haul out what manure you can make from well-fed and well-bedded animals, as fast as made, and spread it at once, where it can go to work for you. Don't try to dilute it with a great bulk of dirt, and then try to make it go over ten times the land it ought to cover. A few heavily manured acres each year are better than many scantily fed ones. Grow your composting material on the land, in the shape of peas, and save the expense of hauling and spreading it. I should like to see the word "compost" dropped out of the farmer's dictionary.—Louisville Home and Farm.

Preparing Land for Wheat.

After plowing thoroughly it is very important to have land intended to be sown to fall wheat that it be prepared in as good condition as possible. The soil to the depth of three or four inches should be in fine tilth as a seed bed for the wheat, and underneath this the earth should be reasonably solid. The kind of implement to properly fit the soil for the seed must be largely determined by the character of the soil and its conditions. When early and it is in a proper state, a good smoothing harrow is all that will be needed to properly fine it. Afterward, however, before the plowing can be done, the soil gets hard and may break up in hard lumps and the drag may be used to properly level and fine. Again, hard, beating rains after plowing will often run the soil together, and the hot sun will cause it to bake, and in this condition in the majority of cases it will be best to use the disk harrow.

What will be the best at one time or in one kind of soil will not be the most economical under other conditions, and, for this reason, the character of the soil and the kind of work to be done must always be considered. The one important item is to make sure of working enough, and then to use the implement that will do the work most thoroughly and economically. In many cases additional working, while adding but little to the cost of the crop, will help to materially improve the condition of the soil and in this way secure a better growth and yield.

With nearly all varieties of seeds, the more thorough the preparation of the soil, the better and thrifter the germination of the seed, and the better the start to grow of the plants. The thorough preparation of the soil is one of the essentials in securing a good yield, and while it is possible to go to an extreme, yet in a majority of cases the mistake is made the other way. Thus a better profit would be often realized with a less acreage, more thoroughly prepared, than with more labor in rough, cloddy land.—Prairie Farmer.

Oats Without Plowing.

I was taught to always plow the ground thoroughly for oats before sowing the seed, and it was only after a careful trial that I was willing to give it up. But three years of sowing part of the crop on land that was carefully plowed and the balance on land unplowed, and then cultivating it thoroughly, convinced me that the latter plan would give the best yield, while the cost of getting the crop seeded is considerably less than when plowing is done. I like to have oats follow corn, and then seed to wheat or grass afterward. The plan most generally followed here is to sow the oats broadcast by hand as early as the condition of the soil will admit, earliness always being an item in the growing of this crop. A good cultivator is used to work the seed into the soil, and then a thorough harrowing is given that fines the soil and leaves it in good tilth. Some use the disk harrow to work the seed into the soil. For the last two or three years a number have tried the plan of using a broadcast seeder, with either a disk harrow or a spring-tooth cultivator; the principal advantage with these is that the work can be done to a better advantage when the wind is blowing hard. But with two good teams and three men, a good cultivator and harrow, the work can be done very rapidly. I use a cultivator with a fifth-shovel attachment. Both my draw and shoveled and spring-tooth shovels have this attachment; the ground is stirred more thoroughly with them than without. I use a spike-tooth harrow, made so that it can be spread out until it covers 11 feet, or drawn together until it is only 7 feet wide; the advantage in this is that in some soils it is much less work to prepare in a proper tilth, and, of course, the work can be done faster. It is quite an item in finishing up the work to leave the soil in a good tilth.

I never tried the plan of sowing oats and depending upon the common spike-tooth harrow for working into the soil. A shallow stirring of the soil only is necessary with oats, but I use either a disk harrow or a cultivator to work into the soil, and then a spike-tooth harrow to properly fine. It is necessary to have the surface thoroughly fined in order to get the best growth and yield, and care in harrowing will always pay well, for this reason.—Practical Farmer.

The Leopard Moth.

The leopard moth is a new enemy that has come to pester the American fruit grower. It was first noticed in Brooklyn in 1887. It is now reaching out into adjoining towns. Of it the Orange Judd Farmer says: "Thus far its work has been chiefly upon the maples, but the elms, lindens, white oaks, mountain ash, hawthorne, mulberry, tulip and at least one variety of hickory have been damaged, as also have apples, pears and currants. They are liable to become as destructive as the gypsy moth and it is feared that they will become more difficult to eradicate, as they are not leaf-eaters and not easily reached with insecticides. The moth is readily recognized, being white with black dots and the larvae is also marked in the same way. She usually deposits her eggs in or near the crotch of a tree. The eggs hatch in June and the young then begin boring into the tree, usually at the crotch, going either upward or downward, but always toward the heart, so weakening it that the limbs are broken off by a slight wind, or even by their own weight. As many of the moth are attracted and killed by the electric lights, probably bonfires when they are flying during the evenings in May, would kill many. A careful rearching for and destroying the eggs a little later, or the young insects when they first hatch out, might further reduce their number, and the cutting off of all broken branches at a little distance below the break, so as to check those that are boring downward, and the burning of all affected branches as soon as cut would also help. The eggs are found in a group with a bite fluffy covering, and the young do not start out from the place where they hatch for some hours. The experience of Massachusetts with the gypsy moth should indicate to the authorities of the country or state the necessity of beginning soon to exterminate or check them.

Sowing Rye for Pasture.

A writer in the Farm and Fireside says: Permit me to call attention to the value of sowing rye in the corn in the fall, for pasture the following spring. It should be sown in the fields that are to be planted to corn again the following spring, and such fields may be left for the last planting—as late as the 15th or 20th of May.

Much of the corn is late this season and the rye can be sown the last time the corn is plowed, and it will cost nothing but the seed, which should not be less than one bushel per acre. The rye will not grow much until the corn is cut; but if the fall is favorable it will get a good growth in the fall, and will make good early pasture for spring, and when the corn is not cut, it will make good pasture, with the stalks during the winter.

The rye comes in the nick of time, early in the spring between feed and grass, and enables the farmer to keep his stock from pasture field until his clover gets in bloom; when it is worth much more than when pastured sooner.

When such fields are plowed up and the rye well turned under, it leaves the ground in very good shape for another corn crop. I have practiced this for years, and have never had anything pay me so well.

If the rye cannot be sown the last time to corn is plowed, it pays well to sow it in September. The sowing may be done on horseback, as it is slow work to sow in the corn on foot. If you sow on horseback, you want to cover your horse's ears to keep the rye from falling into them.

The next best paying thing is to drill oats among the wheat in March and April, when the wheat is very thin on the ground. You will have oats instead of weeds. Thousands of bushels of oats might have been raised this season where weeds now grow. There will be some wheat among the oats, as it is not nearly all destroyed if you drill the oats the same way the wheat was drilled in the fall. When wheat is not so very thin, what little there is cannot be gathered on account of weeds, which usually grow when the wheat is too thin.

Profit and Loss.

In a letter to Hoard's Dairyman, Mr. A. Devereaux, an extensive butter dairyman, of Deposit, N. Y., urges the importance of keeping correct records of the work of cows. It is through this source only that knowledge is obtained as to which animals are giving a profitable return, and which are running their owners in debt. His dairy consists of about 70 cows; 29 are what he calls "extra," and made an average of 364 pounds of butter during the year; 20 were "good," making an average of 260 pounds, and 23 "poor" ones which produced but 129 pounds each. The latter class, however, contains a number of heifers, which will eventually make good cows.

The best cow in the herd made 546 pounds of butter, the poorest 118 pounds, which being sold for 25 cents per pound, gives a gross income for the best of $136.50, and from the other $29.50, this being a clear loss over the cost of keep of $11.50. The keeping expenses are summed up thus: Two tons hay, with silage, $18; pasture, $9; feed, $14; total $41. The cows give milk nine or ten months in the year. It will be seen by this that the average profits on the 27 extra cows amounted to $50; the 20 good cows gave $24 each, while the 23 poor cows run him in debt $8.75 each. If no record had been kept the whole thing would have been guess work, and relative values would never have been known.

A PLUCKY GREYHOUND.

A circumstance which I should say was an uncommon one in the annals of shikas happened the other day. A gentleman while out shooting in Eastern Dun in a canebrake started a leopard and a cub. Among his dogs which were being beaten was a powerful English greyhound. This dog drove off the leopard and killed the cub. This same dog also killed a very powerful lungoor (gray monkey), one of the largest of its size, standing fully 3 feet 9 inches or 4 feet.

One of the spaniels had cut this lungoor off from the tree for which it was making, and it turned upon the dog and bit it in the neck very severely, its tusks being as large as a small leopard's. It then tried to strangle the dog, when the greyhound came to the rescue. It caught the lungoor by the nape of the neck, and with one crunch killed it.—Asian.

A HUMOROUS SNAKE.

In Marianne North's "Recollections of a Happy Life" is a description of a tame snake.

Its mistress would sometimes twist the pretty bronze creature in the great plait of hair she wore around her head, and once threatened to go down thus decorated to a dinner party of rather stiff people.

But one of the snake's own eccentricities serves to distinguish it among all other reptiles of a similar nature which have served as pets.

It was as fond of glittering things as its mistress herself, and when she took off her many rings and placed them on different parts of the table it would go about collecting them and stringing them on its lithe body. Then it would tie itself in a knot, so that the rings could not be taken off until it was pleased to untie itself again.

STREET-CAR COURTESY.

The electric car was very full; so was the little fellow who just got on. He caught a strap in front of a very pretty girl; the other strap in front of the girl was occupied by a young man. He seemed to belong to the girl; they seemed to belong to each other; they were on their wedding trip.

A disjointed umbrella happened to poke the drunkard, who began to let out a string of oaths.

The young man caught the fellow by the shoulder and shook him:

"How dare—you swear—before—before my wife?"

"How—how—di—did—I know—your wife wanted to—ker—swear first?" he said.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

A GROWING TOWN, THAT.

First passenger—Are you from Chicago?

Second ditto—Yes; I live in latitude 40 degrees 39 minutes 12 seconds north, longitude 87 degrees 14 minutes 6 seconds west.

F. P.—Ah, on the other side of the town. I'll take a week off and call upon you some evening.—Town Topics.

MEDICAL BOOKS FREE.

Valuable Information for the Invalid or Student.

Any one or more of the following described books will be sent free by the Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Co., Columbus, O., to any man or woman of family in the United States, Canada or Mexico during August, September and October, 1892. This offer has met with such an overwhelming demand for the books that it is extended to the first of December, when it will expire.

1. The Ills of Life.—Fourth Edition—A short, plain description of all diseases and the treatment for each. A complete home guide to health.

2. Family Physician No. 2.—Second Edition.—The best popular book on the prevention and treatment of catarrh and other diseases of cold weather in print.

3. A Treatise on Malaria.—This book contains the latest treatment for malaria, including nervous prostration. It is especially valuable to those interested in the treatment of malarial affections—fever and ague, chills and fever, ague cake, etc. It explains why it is that quinine fails to cure so many cases of malaria, and points out the superiority of Pe-ru-na in this class of affections. Pe-ru-na cures malaria—acute or chronic; but it is in old cases of malaria where it is especially happy in its results. Pe-ru-na, like quinine, can be obtained at any drug store. Address The Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Co., Columbus, O.

None Such CONDENSED Mince Meat

Makes an every-day convenience of an old-time luxury. Pure and wholesome. Prepared with scrupulous care. Highest award at all Pure Food Expositions. Each package makes two large pies. Avoid imitations—and insist on having the NONE SUCH brand.

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NEVER FAILS TO RELIEVE PAIN.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

It surpasses all other remedies in the wonderful power which it possesses of curing

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The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

For Sprains, Bruises, Backache, Pain in the Chest or Sides, Colds, Congestions, Inflammations, Lumbago, Sciatica, Headache, Toothache, or any other Pain, a few applications act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop.

Thirty to 60 drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomitting, Seasickness, Palpitation of the Heart, Chills and Fever.

SUMMER COMPLAINT,

Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Faintness, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Colic, Wind in the Bowels and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Price 50c per bottle. Sold by druggists.

The smallest Pill in the World!

Tutt's Tiny Pills

To purge the bowels does not make them regular; it leaves them in worse condition than before. The liver is the seat of trouble and the remedy must act on it. Tutt's Tiny Liver Pills act directly on that organ, causing a free flow of bile, without which the bowels are always constipated. Price, 25c.

USE TUTT'S HAIR DYE;

a perfect imitation of nature; impossible to detect it. Price, $1 per box. Office, 39 & 41 Park Place, New York.

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Fits, Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of Brain, causing insanity, misery, decay, death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Impotency, Leucorrhoea and all Female Weaknesses, Involuntary Losses, Spermatorrhoea caused by over-exertion of brain, Self-abuse, over-indulgence. A month's treatment, $1, 6 for $5, by mail. We guarantee six boxes to cure. Each order for 6 boxes, with $5, will send written guarantee to refund if not cured. Guarantees issued only by I. N. Reed's Son, Druggist and Sole Agent, Toledo, Ohio.

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Altering and repairing Silk, Stiff and Soft Hats a specialty.

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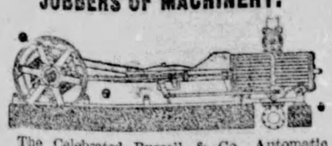

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Also Russell & Co.'s Celebrated Traction Farm Engines, Cyclone Threshers, Saw Mills, etc.

We have a variety of second-hand engines, boilers, etc., all carefully overhauled and in good order. Send for special list.

A special bargain on four 60-inch Tubular Boilers complete with Full Fronts and all fixtures. Send for special price and description.

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We have these goods in all colors. Our price for full suits either double or single breasted to order. Fit and Workmanship guaranteed for $15, $16, $18.

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Before and After.

Promptly and permanently cures all forms of Nervous Weakness, Emissions, Spermatorrhea, Impotency and all effects of Abuse or Excesses. Been prescribed over 35 years in thousands of cases; is the only Reliable and Honest Medicine known. Ask druggist for Wood's Phosphodine; if he offers some worthless medicine in place of this, leave his dishonest store, inclose price in letter, and we will send by return mail. Price, one package, $1; six, $5. One will please, six will cure. Pamphlet in plain sealed envelope, 2 stamps. Address THE WOOD CHEMICAL CO., 131 Woodward avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Sold in Toledo by all wholesale and retail druggists.

BUY DIAMONDS OF ROULET & TRONC 321 ARMSTRONG ADAMS ST. EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS

DRUNKENNESS

Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea, or in food, without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thousands of cases, and in every instance a perfect cure has followed. It never Fails. The system once impregnated with the Specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist.

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No Stain. No Pain. Prevents Stricture. Free Syringe. A Quick Cure for GONORRHŒA, GLEET and LEUCORRHŒA. At druggists or sent to any address for $1.00.

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NO ELECTRIC NONSENSE.

NO STOMACH DRUGGING.

Send at once for sealed directions FREE of The Common Sense Home Cure, for all weakness of men. A certain permanent cure for nervous debility, lost manhood, emissions and varicocele; WEAK ORGANS ENLARGED and complete cure guaranteed. We furnish the best of references. Address ALBION PHARMACY CO., Lock Box 69, ALBION, MICH.

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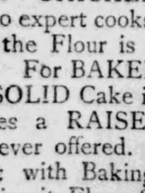
GOLDEN HAIR WASH, COOLAHLINE, FACE MASSAGE CREAM, FRECKLE PASTE, CUCUMBER CREAM, Mamma Dura, for developing the bust, Rusma, for removing superfluous hair, Bang Dressing. All goods wholesale and retail. Send 2 cts. for illustrated catalogue. Full line of fine hair goods. MRS. R. W. ALLEN, 219 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Mich. For Sale by all Druggists.



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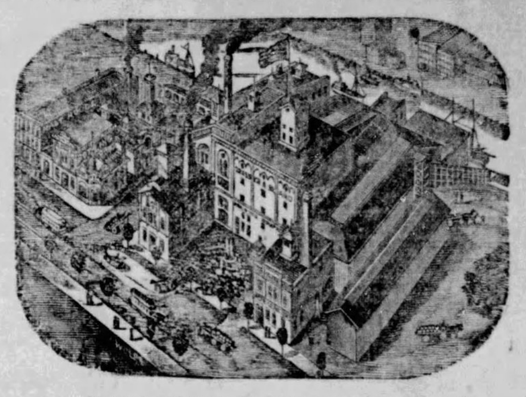

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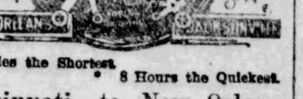

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Is simply a PERFECT FOOD in GRIDDLE CAKES, Waffles, Muffins or Gems. It is one of the BEST SUMMER foods ever originated for CHILDREN and WOMEN, it is NOURISHING and SATISFYING and is the QUICKEST and most EASILY served breakfast that a TIRED or HURRIED woman can get. Make a batter with COLD SWEET MILK, have your griddles hot and breakfast is ready. Use no EGGS, SALT, SODA, BAKING POWDER, YEAST, Cream Tartar or Sweetening of any kind. The MOST PERFECT food of this century for a DYSPEPTIC or DELICATE stomach. Ask your GROCER for LONG'S BREAKFAST FLOUR, RED LABEL, in TWO and FOUR POUND CARTONS.

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LONG'S BISCUIT FLOUR.

BLUE LABEL.

For the MOST DELICIOUS HOT BISCUIT at a MOMENTS NOTICE without the use of BAKING POWDER, SALT, SODA, YEAST, CREAM TARTAR, or sweeting of any kind, try LONG'S BISCUIT FLOUR. For STRAWBERRY SHORT CAKE, APPLE DUMPLING, or CHICKEN POT PIE DOUGH it is a revelation to expert cooks. No MEASURING, no GUESSING; the Flour is ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN in its work. For BAKED or STEAMED puddings, LAYER or SOLID Cake it is perfect, or for any baking that requires a RAISED or LIGHT dough it is the best Flour ever offered. If it has been your habit to make Biscuit with Baking Powder and Flour mixed, try Long's Biscuit Flour for Biscuit, the directions are very simple, make soft DOUGH with sweet milk rub in a little shortning, use no SALT, SODA, BAKING POWDER, YEAST, Cream Tar- or sweetening of any kind. Ask your GROCER for LONG'S BISCUIT FLOUR, BLUE LABEL, in two and four pound Cartons.

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LONG'S BEST BROWN BREAD FLOUR.

ORANGE LABEL.

We MILL the BEST BROWN BREAD Flour in the world; it is the CLEANEST, PUREST and BEST product of the WHOLE WHEAT. We pack this Flour in FIVE POUND CARTONS LABELED and SEALED under a UNITED STATES TRADE MARK, and consumers who buy this SEALED PACKAGE will know they are getting LONG'S BEST BROWN BREAD FLOUR. It is not PREPARED or LEAVENED, it is for making a PLAIN BROWN LOAF raised with yeast sponge, or BOSTON BROWN BREAD raised with sour milk and soda. We have no ELABORATE SCIENTIFIC reason why you should use our flour. You have your own reasons for wanting BROWN BREAD. Our business is to furnish LONG'S BEST BROWN BREAD Flour as an article of ABSOLUTE PERFECTION. WE DO THIS, and on our simple statement of the above facts ask for your patronage. Ask your GROCER for LONG'S BEST BROWN BREAD FLOUR, ORANGE LABEL, in FIVE POUND CARTONS.

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The Bee

The BEE will give the people all of the news and advertise their wants. Having a circulation much greater than any other Toledo daily paper it is much the best advertising medium. It secures quicker and better returns. Consult your interests by advertising in the BEE when you want anything or have anything to sell.

MALE HELP WANTED.

SALESMAN WANTED TO SELL TO THE country retailers, on commission, a good side line of Cottonades, Jeans, Dress Goods, Drills, and low-priced Cassimeres for the Spring season. Address X, Box 1341, Philadelphia P. O., Pa. oct15-22

$5 TO $15 PER DAY AT HOME SELLing Lightning Plater and plating jewelry, watches, tableware, etc. Plates the finest of jewelry good as new, on all kinds of metal with gold, silver or nickel; no experience; no capital; every house has goods needing plating. H. K. Debo & Co., Columbus, Ohio. 22sep10sats

WANTED—YOUNG MAN TO WORK meal hours in return for board. Model Dining Hall, 337 St. Clair street. 13oct2

WANTED—AN ACTIVE FIRE INSURance solicitor for city work. Apply at or address Room 14, Bee Building. 12oct-tf

WANTED—MAN WHO UNDERSTANDS care of horses. Inquire at Auburndale Livery, Auburndale, Ohio. 285

WANTED—A BOY TO RUN ELEVATOR; must be 16 years old or over. Apply at Lasalle & Koch's. 286

WANTED—GIRL OR BOY WHO UNDERstands tailoring. Apply 1120 Erie street. 11oct3

WANTED—AT HOTEL MADISON, ONE bell boy and one elevator boy. 19sept-tf

WANTED — FIFTY GENTLEMANLY clerks to sell clothing, etc., at the Great Railroad Wreck. Call from 8:30 a. m. to 12 m at 113 St. Clair street, next door to Wheeler Opera House. 12sept-tf

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

WANTED—A GIRL FOR GENERAL housework. Enquire 1712 Madison street. 12oct6

WANTED—A GIRL FOR GENERAL housework. 324 Michigan street. 13oct3

WANTED—A LAUNDRY WOMAN AT the Aubry House, 417-419 Oak street. 286

WANTED—GOOD GIRL FOR GENERAL housework; country girl preferred. Apply immediately at 1857 Superior street. 12oct3

WANTED — GIRL FOR GENERAL housework. Call at 809 Madison street. 13oct3

WANTED—A GOOD GIRL AT ONCE. 616 Madison. 285

WANTED—GOOD COAT MAKER. G. T. Cark, 406 Adams street. 285

WANTED—A GOOD DISHWASHER AT Covert House, corner Adams and Superior street. 12oct3

WANTED—GOOD COOK IN SMALL FAMily; German girl preferred. No. 913 Huron street. 285

CATHOLIC LADY WANTED—INTELLIgent, industrious lady to receive subscriptions, make collections, and attend to our business in her own locality; references required; $12 per week. Office of Catholic Publications, Fifth avenue and Madison St., Chicago, Ill. 1oct4sats

STONECUTTERS AND STONESETTERS —Wanted, six union stonecutters and one stonesetter; wages 50 cents per hour. Apply to R. Dall, corner Michigan and Jefferson streets. 1oct-tf

MONEY TO LOAN.

MONEY TO LOAN ON FARM AND CITY property at six, seven and eight per cent. R. G. Southard, Room 11, Gardner Place, corner Superior and Madison. 27feb1y

MONEY TO LOAN—ON HOUSEHOLD goods, pianos, organs, horses, cattle, wagons, etc., without removal and on satisfactory terms; partial payments received deducting cost pro rata. All business strictly confidential. Lucas Loan Co., Room 3, Trinity Block, corner Adams and St. Clair. Entrance on both streets. 27septim

MONEY TO LOAN IN AMOUNTS OF from $500 to $2,000, on approved improved Toledo property, at current rates of interest. J. P. Delphey & Co., corner Adams and St. Clair streets. 11oct6p

WANTED—GOOD RELIABLE GIRL WHO understands general housework, at 1218 Huron street. 285

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE, from one to ten years; interest payable annually, with privilege of paying any part or all of the principle at any time. For further information call on or address, L. Vanderburg, 37 Chamber of Commerce, Toledo, Ohio. 3oct1m-p

MONEY TO LOAN—IF YOU WANT $25 to $500 on chattel mortgage, I will negotiate such loans on fair terms. M. O. Waggoner, office and residence, 613 Madison street. 24octlyr

MONEY TO LOAN—IF YOU WANT money come direct to me. I will loan you money on household goods, pianos, organs, horses, etc., without removal, and on the most satisfactory terms. Partial payments received reducing cash pro rata. All business strictly confidential. C. R. Lee, 506 Cherry street. 11sep1lm-p

MONEY TO LOAN—ON REAL ESTATE only, in large or small amounts at low rate of interest; can arrange to make partial payments if desired. 512 Madison street. T. S. Merrill. 30augly

MONEY TO LOAN ON HOUSEHOLD goods, pianos, horses, wagons, etc., without removal; partial payments received reducing cost pro rata; all business strictly confidential. Croft, Room 2, Worthington Block, Adams and Superior streets. 16may-tf

WANTED—SITUATIONS.

WANTED—SET OF BOOKS TO KEEP evenings, or writing to do at home. Address E. M., 2333 Ashland avenue. 13oct3

WANTED—ALL KINDS OF SEWING TO do at home. No. 328 North Erie street. 285

WANTED—SITUATION AS HOUSEkeeper by an experienced lady in good family with no small children. Address L., care of Bee. 286

WANTED—SITUATION AS HOUSEkeeper for aged people and privilege of going to church. Mrs. M. L. S., 328 North Erie street. 285

WANTED—WASHING AND HOUSEcleaning to do. 1815 Locust street. 286

WANTED—SITUATION TAKING CARE horses for private family, or driving delivery wagon; am well acquainted in city; can give best of references. Address J. 101, care Bee. 11oct3

WANTED—POSITION BY YOUNG MAN 20 years of age, in city or country, in dry goods, clothing, or boot and shoe store; had 8 years experience. Address A. H., P. O. Box 66, Napoleon, Ohio. 285

SITUATION WANTED AS SALESMAN or to make himself generally useful in a furniture store; 15 years experience; best of references. Address A., care Bee. 285

SITUATION WANTED AS COMPANION for invalid by an elderly lady. Call at address, Lucy Miller, 1219 Summit street, Toledo, O. 285

WANTED—POSITION BY AN EXPERIenced lady bookkeeper to do bookkeeping, cashier work or collecting. Address J. 104, care Bee. 285

WANTED—SEWING, BY EXPERIENCED dressmaker; charges $1 per day. Call evenings or address Mary Hagerty, 823 Summit street, Toledo, O. 11oct3

WANTED—A SITUATION TO DO HOUSEwork or laundry work in a laundry. Address Mrs. L. S., 560 Plymouth street, East Toledo. 11oct3

WANTED—TO WASH BARBER TOWELS at the house. Apply 560 Plymouth street, East Toledo. Mrs. L. S. 11oct3

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS AT FAIRS, ETC., TO SELL A new watch at $1.50 each; warranted accurate time-keeper; gold-plated case and chain; sample delivered to any address, $1.50; circulars and terms free. Ingersoll & Bro., 65 Cortland street, New York. 24sept-oct-1-8-15

LADIES OR GENTS LOOKING FOR A pleasant occupation paying $15 to $20 a week, address with stamp, J. Mahlen & Co., Box 165, Boone, Iowa. 5oct6p

WE OFFER AGENTS BIG MONEY, IN exclusive territory. Our sales sell at sight in city or country. Agents first in field actually getting rich. One agent in one day cleared $91.50. So can you. Catalogue free. Address Alpinb Safe Co., No. 390-371 Clark Street, Cincinnati, O. 1oct13sats

AGENTS IN EVERY TOWN AND CITY, $40 to $100 and expenses earned monthly selling our warranted stock; steady work; experience not required; instructions and outfit free. R. G. Chase & Co., Geneva, N. Y. 27sep1lm

WANTED—LOCAL AND TRAVELING salesmen to sell our choice nursery stock. All stock guaranteed; good salaries paid weekly. Write for terms to G. L. Knight & Co., Rochester, N. Y. 15sep12m-p

WANTED—TWO ACTIVE, ENERGETIC female agents to sell an article that ladies need. You can make big pay for light work. Room 6, 419 Madison street, Dr. C. G. Clark. 12sept-tf

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—CHEAP—LOTS 34 FEET front, on Walbridge avenue, between Broadway and Canal, for from $250 to $350 each. Geo. C. Stahl, Room 1, Chamber of Commerce. 13oct12p

FOR SALE—CHEAP—DOUBLE BARREL shotgun, Chas. Daly, with all loading tools, belt 100 brass shells, coat and case. A No. 1; original price of gun $105; will take a light safety bicycle or small buggy or phaeton as part payment. Address 296 Broadway. 13oct3p

FOR SALE—A NEW HOUSE ON ACKlin avenue, just off of Collingwood; a new cottage on Third street, East Toledo. Both on easy payments. J. H. Bellows, Room 7, Drummond Block. 13oct6p

FOR SALE—BOOKCASE AND WRITING desk combined; also one cook stove, at 38 Michigan street, near Monroe. 12oct6

FOR SALE—ON TERMS TO SUIT PURchaser, two new story cottages all complete, half a block from street railway; good neighborhood, and lot 30x130; can be sold on monthly payments and 6 per cent. interest. Geo. E. Pomeroy & Son. 12oct4

AUCTION, MARKET SPACE, SATURDAY, Oct. 15, 11 a. m., one piano, one organ, one sewing machine, 20 Brussels carpets. W. G. Alexander, Auct. 8oct6

FOR SALE—GOOD FARM LANDS FOR $15 an acre, eleven miles from Toledo, in Michigan. B. E. Bullock, corner Oak and St. Clair streets. 6oct6p

FOR SALE—GOOD FAMILY HORSE 8 years old, phaeton, 2-seated open surrey, Cooney make; Portland cutter, harness, robes, etc. Call at 581 Oakwood ave. 8oct6p

FOR SALE—LOT 33x120 AND A NEW 2-story brick house and lot on Indiana avenue, near Lenk street; good facilities; will be sold cheap; terms to suit purchaser. For further particulars apply S. G. Van Buren, Room 3, Law Building. 11oct6p

SALOON FOR SALE—ENQUIRE 23 SUMmit street. Dailey Bros. 8oct6p

FOR SALE—CHEAP—MY 8 Room TWOstory frame dwelling on Oakwood avenue, near Collingwood; possession given immediately. H. Nellis, at The Model Clothing House. 7oct6p

FOR SALE—GOOD CASH BUSINESS—Teas, Coffees, Baking Powder, China, Glassware, Tinware, House Furnishings, etc., corner store; rent cheap. Enquire at once. 1214 Broadway. 8oct6p

SALOON FOR SALE—A FIRST-CLASS saloon in a flourishing village, within about 20 miles of Toledo, doing a good paying business, is, on account of sickness in the family, for sale. For particulars inquire of August F. Burde, 506 Monroe street, Toledo, O. 7oct1wp

FOR SALE—CISTERNS TO BE HAD AT low prices; washing machines for $3.50 of C. H. Atkinson, 448 Euclid avenue, East Toledo. 3oct1m-p

FOR SALE—A FINE KENTUCKY SADdle horse; good under saddle or in harness; can be seen at stable of A. W. Ballard, on Bancroft street, between Lawrence avenue and Monroe; price $250. Isaac D. Smead, owner. 30sept-tf

FOR SALE—$20,000 STOCK OF THE Findlay Brewing Co. Enquire of M. M. Eppstein, 1014 Superior street. 19aug-tf

FOR SALE—THREE LOTS ON MAPLEwood, on the west side, between Virginia street and Delaware avenue. Enquire B. F. Wade, St. Clair street. 20july-tf

FOR SALE—THE ELEGANT RESIdence on the corner of 22nd and Madison streets, lately the home of M. J. Enright. Enquire of Scribner & Hurd. 22aug-tf

FARM LANDS, IMPROVED AND UNimproved, for sale in Hancock, Wood, Ottawa and Henry counties, Ohio, and Lenawee county, Michigan, in lots to suit, and at reasonable terms. The Dewey Stave Company, Room 48, St. Clair Building, Toledo, Ohio. 6aprlyr

ROOMS FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—PART OF STORE. ENquire at Singer Mfg. Co., 506 Adams street. 4oct-tf

FOR RENT—FURNISHED ROOMS; NEW house and new furniture, with use of bath, on same floor; gas, light and furnace heat; few moments walk from postoffice. Inquire at 126 Tenth street, corner Jefferson. 13oct12

FOR RENT—ONE NICELY FURNISHED front room for one or two gentlemen. 2040 Union street, with or without board. 13oct2p

FOR RENT—ELEGANTLY FURNISHED rooms, also basement, at 712 Madison street, next to Hotel Madison. 12oct4p

FOR RENT—FURNISHED ROOMS FOR light housekeeping. Call at 116 North Erie street. 12oct3p

FOR RENT — NICELY FURNISHED room with all conveniences, in private family; short walk from postoffice; near electric cars. Address J. 103, Bee office. 12oct2p

ROOMS—A YOUNG LADY CAN HAVE a room cheap with a family of two, furnished or unfurnished, at 2256 Franklin avenue, half block from Belt Line cars; references required. 11oct6p

FOR RENT—FURNISHED FRONT ROOM for rent, with or without board. Enquire at 331 Huron street. 11oct6p

FOR RENT—OFFICE—HALF OF ROOM No. 15, second floor, Produce Exchange building. 10oct6p

FOR RENT—STORE NUMBER 320 MONroe street. Enquire at store. 28sept-tf

FOR RENT — NICELY FURNISHED room, bath, etc.; all modern conveniences, for gentleman only. Apply 917 Madison. 7sept-tf

MISCELLANEOUS.

EXCHANGE—A NEW COTTAGE, CENtrally located; will exchange for vacant lots or horse and carriage and give long time on the balance. Address J. 27, care of Bee. 13oct6p

WANTED TO BUY—GOOD SAFETY; will pay cash. Inquire at 38 Michigan st. 12oct6p

LADIES—I TAKE LADIES EXPECTING confinement; home comforts; privacy; five years' experience; homes for infants; all female troubles cured. Dr. Morey, 1014 Washington street, Toledo, O. 12oct6p

MILBURN WAGON STOCK—WE HAVE a buyer for 100 shares of Milburn Wagon stock. Geo. E. Pomeroy & Son. 12oct4

PERSONS OF BUSINESS, ARE YOU OUT of employment? in debt? or in need of money? If so you can obtain lucrative employment by addressing Frank D. Harpster, 136 Bridge street, Toledo, O. 12oct6p

WANTED—STUDENTS—ANYONE DESIRing to take private lessons in the English branches or shorthand and bookkeeping, will find a competent and low priced teacher by calling or addressing E. P., 654 Forrer street, Toledo, O. 12oct2p

WELLS! WELLS!! I WILL DIG AND complete a 20-foot well with chain pump and platform, in first-class shape, for twenty-two dollars ($22.) This offer is for one week only. Wm. Warren, 1207 Hoag street. 11oct6p

WANTED—ALL THE HOUSEHOLD FURniture, carpets, pianos, etc., you have for sale. Will sell at auction or pay you spot cash. W. G. Alexander, 218 Water street. Phone 600. 11oct6

GOING OUT OF BUSINESS—AUCTION sale of my stuff, boots and shoes and household furniture, October 27th; will continue to dispose of goods at retail at what they will bring till above date; $5 shoes at $1.89; $3 shoes at $1.25. Detroit Shoe House, 1635 Broadway. 10oct6p

NOTICE—PRACTICAL PAPER HANGER would like to exchange work with some reliable merchant tailor. Address J. 93, Bee office. 7oct6p

GUITAR AND BANJO TEACHER—MRS. R. Thompson, 1849 Erie street, between Ash and Buckeye streets. 8oct6p

NOTICE—PEOPLE IN THE VICINITY of Dorr street and Detroit avenue, you can buy your shoes as cheap of Mrs. M. Katzenmeyer, 1213 Dorr street, as you can down town. 8oct6p

STATES & THOMAN, ARCHITECTS, Room 13, Adams Block, corner Adams and St. Clair streets. Plans and specifications and details furnished on short notice. june-29-to-jan-15-'93

WANTED — COTTAGE OR SMALL house; must be in good repair and good neighborhood, not far from business center. Address V., care Bee. 10sept-tf

FIRE, ACCIDENT AND PLATE GLASS Insurance and real estate. Phone 1288. C. C. & H. H. ("Bert") Dawson, 2 New Bee Building, first floor. 3dec-tf

FOR RENT—FLATS.

FLATS FOR RENT—TWO NEW AND ths most complete in the city, on Eighteenth street, near Adams. For particulars inquire of J. T. Southard, 221 16th street. 10oct6p

FLATS TO RENT—IN "NORRIS FLATS," Ontario, near Monroe, one English basement, six rooms, $20, suitable for a physician; one main floor, independent porch and hall, six rooms, main floor, $30; one second floor, 7 rooms, $25. Bath rooms and halls to all, and all new and in perfect order. Apply to F. J. Scott, Hotel Madison. 12oct-tf

FOR RENT—HOUSES.

FOR RENT—FURNISHED OR UNFURnished house. Inquire at 834 Dorr street. 11oct6p

FOR RENT—A DESIRABLE TWO-STORY dwelling in good condition, 408 Wisconsin street, second door from Division; will rent reasonable to responsible parties. Enquire 436 11th street. 13oct3p

FOR RENT—NEW HOUSE; TEN ROOMS, furnace, laundry and bath; all conveniences; 1102 Collingwood avenue. Apply 1118 Collingwood avenue. 11oct6p

FOR RENT—EIGHT ROOM HOUSE; 455 Missouri street; modern conveniences; rent reasonable. Apply 1118 Collingwood avenue. 11oct6

FOR RENT—A HOUSE OF 10 ROOMS with furnace and all modern conveniences. Inquire 530 Magnolia street. 13oct6p

FOR RENT—HOUSE OF EIGHT ROOMS, besides bath room, pantry and cellar; all modern conveniences; everything nice. Call at residence, 2267 Fulton street; will be vacant about Oct. 10th. 11oct6p

FOR RENT—HOTEL AT PERRYSBURG, O., and furniture for sale; livery in connection with hotel; reason for selling, sickness. Address L. S. Dome, Perrysburg, Ohio. 30septlm

FOR RENT—TWO STORY BRICK house nine rooms, Indiana avenue, near Lenk street, with every facility, water, gas and street car service; rent low to a good and careful tenant. Apply 629 Indiana avenue, west of Lenk. 8sept-tf

FOR RENT—DESIRABLE HOUSE, NO. 1704 Monroe street; all modern improvements; possession Oct. 1st. Sam T. Fisk, 311 Madison street. 27sept-tf

FOR RENT—LARGE BRICK HOUSE OF ten rooms; water, gas, and natural gas connections, No. 1818 Adams street; rent $33.33 per month; key at Drug Store corner Adams and Warren streets. D. C. Hart, Agent. 30aug-tf

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST OR STOLEN—SMALL BLUE SKY terrier bitch; answers to name of Nellie; weighs about 4 pounds; head light color and legs tan color. Return to 533 Oliver street and receive reward $5. 10oct4p

LOST—ON MADISON STREET, A FUR boa. Finder will receive $5 reward for return to 2104 Collingwood avenue. 12oct3p

CLAIRVOYANT.

MADAM CATHARINE, CLAIRVOYANT, consulted on all matters; has no equal; will be at 618 Madison street a few days; ladies only; hours 9 a. m. to 12, and 1 p. m. to 6. 10oct4p

A FALL "POME."

Break, break, break,
On thy sandy beach, O sea!
But the "plunks" I blew in on my summer girl
Will never come back to me.

Oh, well for the landlord gay,
As he sits and counts his cash;
Oh, well for the waiter rich,
Who is able to cut a dash.

Broke, broke, broke!
It fills my soul with pain;
But when next summer comes, I suppose I'll do
The same thing over again.
—New York Herald.

IN DURANCE VILE.

NOTE—Whether what the following pages will disclose is simply the ghastly fancy of a madman's disordered brain, or whether it is the truthful record of an awful, incomprehensible psychological phenomenon, it is not the editor's province to discuss. Let each who reads judge of it for himself. Nor can it matter how, or under what strange circumstances, the story was brought to light, and whether much or little, must remain forever secret.)

"They say that I have been insane, but that my reason, which they once thought fled forever, is returning now and that soon I may leave this gloomy mad-house.

"In that I have been mad they are right; but not (as they, poor fools! believe) with the madness of a mind diseased. Mine was the madness of a soul in hell—a soul robbed of its identity here, without a mortal habitation of its own, yet chained, imprisoned in the earthly tenement of another! A proposition so horrible, so incomprehensible to the ordinary mind, that the lone statement of it was the evidence upon which these sagacious doctors proved my madness.

"Nor is my cure, as their vanity prompts them to assume, the result of their treatment; but is the reward of a final submission to the tremendous judgment that was visited upon me for presuming to thwart the will of a higher power than mine. And it is to warn others from the dangerous ground my feet have trod that these lines are penned.

"I had just graduated, not without honor, and had returned home for a long rest before commencing the career in life that had been planned for me.

"I sat with my parents in the cool, shaded old parlor, listening contentedly to their loving congratulations and expressions of pleasure. The air was fragrant with the scent of flowers, wafted in through the open windows on the soft breeze. From the garden came the sound of low voices like the distant murmur of running water, and I knew my sister and her betrothed were there.

"How she loved him—and how I loved them both!

"He was more than a friend to me already; he was a brother in all but the one tie of blood. And now my beautiful sister would be his wife within a month.

"He was the only child of an old physician of more than local fame in his profession, and an old friend of my father.

"His mother had long been dead, and we three, my sister, John and I, had grown up from infancy together.

"The time passed swiftly after my return from college, and I had been home for a week, when John was taken suddenly ill, and as the days went on the disease developed into a malady which baffled his father's skill, and other medical aid was summoned. They pronounced it a case of simple fever, which would run its course in a few days and leave the patient convalescent. The allotted time passed and there was no change. Then those wise physicians shook their heads, confessed themselves defeated and commended my friend to the care of Providence.

"One night the message came that my friend was dying. Imagine, if you can, my poor sister's anguish and my own unspeakable grief!

"I hastened to his side at once, resolved to be with him to the last, and found his father alone with him in the darkened chamber. He looked up as I entered and signed to me to be seated, but said nothing; and so, in silence, we waited.

"The time wore on. It was near midnight, and the hush of death was still unbroken, save for the loud ticking of the clock and the feeble, uncertain breathing of the dying man. The lamp burned low upon a table near the center of the room, and cast dim, wavering shadows around. The old man's head was lowered, and tears trickled slowly from between the thin fingers which covered his face. I sat quietly beside him, my mind engrossed with the ancient mystery being slowly solved before my very eyes, yet as inscrutable, as impenetrable still as when the grim angel claimed his first victim from the earth.

"Suddenly the old man's hands fell from his face; he roused himself to his feet and fixed his burning eyes upon mine, while a gleam of hope shone for an instant through his fast-drying tears.

"I met his gaze, and drank in the thoughts that lingered for a moment on his face. Then, springing forward, I grasped his hands, and whispered:

"'There is hope!'

"'Hope?' he muttered. 'No—not hope, but a chance, perhaps—if I dared—if I dared.'

"'Dared?' I cried eagerly. 'Dare anything—but save him.'

"'Dare you, then?' he cried, hoarsely, gripping my hands with all his strength. 'Dare you?'

"'Put me to the test,' I said.

"He paused a moment; then in a voice from which every trace of passion seemed to have fled, he answered:

"'Reflect, consider well before you take the risk. I tell you it is a matter of life and death and, it may be more, to you, with the chances greatly against you. Now choose.'

"A moment I was silent; then my eyes fell upon the pale face of my dying friend, and the picture of my dear sister's sorrowful face, her darkened future and my own great grief and loneliness without him so filled my soul, that I could not bear it and cried wildly:

"'I would brave the wrath of heaven to save him!'

"'I take you at your word,' he said. 'Come life come death, the reward, the punishment be mine!'

"Then, as he left the room he paused and said:

"'Be seated there, and remove your coat.'

"I took off my coat and sat down in the large reclining chair he had just vacated by the beds de.

"He turned in the space of a few minutes bearing a small medicine chest, an instrument case and some strips of linen, which he deposited upon the table. Then drawing the table near, he took a small syringe from the case, and drawing it full of some liquid from a vial, bade me roll up my sleeve, and injected the fluid into my arm.

"A feeling of drowsy langor instantly crept over me, but my brain remained normal and my senses as acute as ever.

"I watched the old man keenly, yet with not a particle of curosity, as he took a long, curious-looking tube from the table and with it a lance. I saw him bury the lance in my friends arm, and then insert the mouth piece on the tube into the incision and bind it securely there. I saw, but did not feel, the lance as the operation was repeated on my own arm.

"Then I watched the tube, which hung limp between us, gradually grow round and rigid, and I realized that life from my veins was flowing into his, and the thought filled me with triumphant joy, for I believed that death for once was to be defeated.

"Soon I grew faint and dizzy; the room became darker and the ticking of the clock sounded faint and far away; then I heard a cry from the bed, and at the same instant my whole being was engulfed in such an infinity of agony and horror as no mortal thing ever felt before, and darkness enveloped me.

* * * * * *

"Then, whether—in the space of an instant or an eternity, I could not tell, light came dimly to my eyes again, and I heard the old man's voice:

"'Dead!' he muttered. "Both dead, and I a murderer!'

"I followed the sound of his voice with my eyes, and saw him place a vial to his lips and drain its contents. A moment he stood there, then fell heavily to the floor.

"Gradually I felt my strength returning to me, and with it my sight and mind grew stronger. I raised my head and gazed around me and realized that I was on the bed. I saw the old man' lying where he had fallen, and then, oh, heaven! I saw my own face ghostly with the hue of death, the jaw fallen, the eyes upturned and rigid, and my own form lying limp and lifeless in the great chair by the bedside.

"I turned from the ghastly sight to control myself. Surely it was all an illusion. The ordeal had been too much for me. I must have help. I began to move, to get out of bed. My limbs had never seemed so heavy and awkward before; weakness, of course, I got onto the floor. I was stronger than I though. I would not look at that horrible vision by the bed again. But the old man! I approached him slowly, for I could scarcely control my limbs. Yes, he was real enough, at all events, and he was dead. I must get help at once.

"I stumbled to the door. It yielded readily to my touch, and I passed into the hall. There was a brilliant light there, and as I moved clumsily forward I passed before a large mirror, and gazing mechanically in it I saw—oh, God! I saw John Markham's face and form confronting me!

"Yes, it was I, my soul looking out of John Markham's eyes upon John Markham's face and form, while my body lay cold in death in the room behind me!

"For a moment I stood there, while my soul shuddered and grew sick as the whole awful truth was forced upon it, then with a strange, horrible cry I turned to fly when the darkness came upon me again.

"When life and reason returned again I found myself in bed in a darkened room, with two men always attending me. Later I discovered that the room was one in Dr. Markham's home. I had been familiar with it for years. It had been John's bedroom. The windows, I found, had iron bars across them behind the velvet curtains.

"With returning strength the memory of all that had passed, of the dreadful calamity that had befallen me, returned. I gave no sign—I waited.

"One day when the doctor was there, I asked to see Mary. I had not spoken before, and the doctor took it for a good sign, and sent for her.

"She came into the room, a shadow of her former self, and kneeling by the bed, laid her head upon my breast and sobbed:

"'Dear, dear John! you are better now?'

"'Oh, how I pitied my poor sister then and longed to embrace her and tell her all! But my soul shrank from the thought when I realized that even her woman's intuition had failed to penetrate the exterior substance of her lover to the real living—her brother's soul—beneath! And to know the awful truth would kill her.

"One day a thought struck me. Was it possible that my brain really was disordered and the doctor right? I resolved then, in order to set all doubt at rest forever, to be to them, to my friends and all, John Markham. To secure my liberty, and then to make assurance doubly sure.

"My plan succeeded and the time came when I was allowed to go out without an attendant, except my sister.

"One day when we were out walking I purposely led the way to the little church yard and when I moved to open the gate she read my thoughts and pleaded with me not to enter there.

"'Wait here if you are afraid,' said I, 'I shall not be long.'

"I entered while she waited at the gate.

"I wandered among the graves and presently saw a tombstone upon which read the name and age of 'Dr. John Markham.' The name almost froze the blood within me. Not far distant I saw another mound upon which the grass had hardly begun to grow as yet, and, hurrying there, I saw engraved upon the headstone these words, that burned into my sould like fire:

Sacred to the Memory of
RICHARD BERKELY,
Who Gave His Life for His Friend.

"In an instant all doubt had vanished, all hope had fled. I knew that beneath that stone my body lay, while my soul, imprisoned in the living, breathing body of my friend, stood there above it!

"Again my eyes sought the inscription on the tombstone, 'Who gave his life for his friend.'

"'His life!' I cried, 'aye, and his soul as well! But now—' snatching the long, keen knife I had concealed in my bosom— 'now he takes back the unnatural gift!'

"At that moment I heard a cry behind me, and I was borne struggling to the earth, disarmed and forced to return to the iron bound chamber.

"I begged them to hear me, and told them calmly and clearly what I have written here. They listened with horror and incredulity stamped plainly upon their faces, and when I saw how utterly useless the attempt to make them comprehend the awful truth, I tried again to free my soul from its hellish bondage by destroying its mortal prison house; but again they thwarted me. And many times I have tried since then, but their watchful cunning has always baffled me.

"I do not blame them now. How should they believe—how comprehend this dreadful incomprehensible thing?

"And so at last I have come to look upon it as a just retribution, and am resigned to await the time when my sin shall have been expiated, and my tortured soul shall be freed by the hand that bound it here."—Salt Lake Times.

But little mention is made of breakfast in ancient history, it being a simple meal, in striking contrast to the luxurious dinner. The Greeks ate but two meals; the first at mid-day, the second at evening. The first was generally composed of fruits and light wines, the heat of the climate rendering more hearty food distasteful.

Marme. Adam, editor of a Paris journal, says that there is an emancipation of the young women of France caused by their intercourse with English and American visitors. They are no longer chaperoned on every occasion, their manners and customs having undergone great changes, and they are Anglicized and Americanized to a great extent.

The earliest chest was simply the trunk of an oak tree scooped out and cut down the middle, one-half serving as a lid, which was at first kept closed by a strap of leather, and later by one made of iron. As late as the fourteenth century the oak chest, in addition to being a repository for valuables, served as a seat and sometimes also as a table.

The balance sheet of the French telephones for 1891 shows gross receipts amounting to £223,000, the length of line at the end of that year being nearly 1,200 miles, and the number of subscribers 18,-less than 9,965.

Short time only I will send my Electric Belts and Trusses

DR. JUDD'S ELECTRIC BELT

On 6 Months' Trial

If You Wish Health, Address DR. C. E. JUDD, Detroit, Mich.

On 6 Months Trial.

My Electric Belts are the lightest, simplest, most durable, and generate five times more Electricity than any other. Superior to any Box Battery and Belt combined, and produces sufficient Electricity to produce a shock, and should be used by male and female, old and young. As much of a household necessity as sugar, tea and coffee. Not only a cure of disease but also a preventive.

Butte City, Mont., Jan. 16, 1892.—Wit him the last eighteen months we have taken in over $1,000 for Judd's Electric Belts and Trusses, and have never had a single complaint, but have had many compliments passed upon them.
D. M. NEWBRO DRUG CO.

Druggist or local agents wanted.

WOMEN'S BLACK EYES

Not the Orbs That Poets Rave About,

But Those That Are Black and Blue.

A New York Man Who Makes a Business of Curing Them in Short Order.

Thomas Kean was in a happy mood last night. The season of his content is here. Thomas cures black eyes. He has an office, of course, where black eyes are plentiest on people who either dare not or will not show themselves with the disgraceful marks. Needless to say, his office is in the "Tenderloin" precinct, says the New York World.

Thomas Kean is the discreetest of men He never asks the name of a patron nor how a black eye—or a pair of them—was acquired. So, very many of of his clients, or his patients, or what ever you choose to call them, are women. But not all the women live in the "Tenderloin" precinct—not by a very large majority.

"The finest ladies in New York have driven up here in their carriages," said Thomas Kean last night. "They always tell me they have fallen down or walked into an open door in the dark, or some such yarn. Sometimes the yarn is true; oftener it isn't. I let 'em talk and sympathize with 'em, but, bless you! I haven't been at eyes all this time without learning the difference between an eye that come from a fist and an eye that comes from a fall."

Mr. Kean taboos the expression "black eye" as offensive. If the eye and the tissues around it have been very badly bruised Mr. Kean designates it a "beautiful eye."

"When an eye comes from a fall," he continued, "there is always an abrasion of the skin around it. In nineteen out of twenty eyes that come from a fist the skin is not broken. The ground does not 'give,' d'ye see? A fist does. So a woman talks away while I am curing her eye, explaining how she got it, and I think all the time, 'It's a pity a pretty woman like you can't tell the truth.' Why, only yesterday a woman was helped up the stairs from her carriage by her maid. She limped dreadfully; told me how she had slipped on a banana skin, sprained her ankle, fallen and got an eye. When I cured her eye she forgot all about her sprained ankle and walked out as straight as you or I can. Sometimes, though, as I said, they tell the truth. A lovely woman, half-Spanish, was in here the other day. She had a beautiful eye, and I told her so. She broke down and began to cry.

"'My husband,' she said, sobbing, 'is a very, very impatient man.'

"'He's a brute,' said I."

Kean was born in Manchester, England, and although he has been twenty-two years in this country his tongue has not lost its native twang. He does not know the use of the letter H, but he has a mighty close knowledge of human nature. Why not? He has certainly seen twice as much of his patrons as they have of him, for one of their eyes was nearly always closed.

"Of course," Kean went on," some women get eyes by accident. The season for eyes opens now, when families are coming back from the country to their town houses. The woman of the family—I don't care how rich she is if she's a good housekeeper—wants to superintend the arrangement of the house for the winter, and what with falling over chairs and trying to hang pictures and arranging curtains, they do get some beautiful eyes. Women who are stringers in town get eyes, too. They put up at hotels and, forgetting they are not at home, they often try to walk around their rooms in the dark. Bang! They bring up against the wall or over a table leg. Besides, of course, women get eyes in other ways. One may fall off a horse car or be in a runaway accident—there are a thousand different ways.

"Hot drinks and icy sidewalks cause more eyes than any other two things I can think of," Kean continued. "A presidential election is a fine time for eyes, but they only come to me after election. No one but hoodlums gets an eye before elections and hoodlums are proud of eyes. But during the week after election men meet and get shaffing each other, and one word leads to another, and first thing you know, biff! there's a beautiful eye. New Year's Day is the best day in the year for eyes, for young gentlemen go visiting and take a glass of wine here and a glass of wine there until they had too much. Next to hot drinks, champagne produces most eyes. Fourth of July, you would think, would be a splendid day for my business. It isn't. There no one in town who cares whether he has an eye or not."

Kean treats his customers in two ways. One is to paint a black eye. That is only a temporary expedient.

"An ordinary eye," said he, "lasts about three weeks. The tissues about the eye grow blacker and blacker for five days, and after that the discoloration spreads and takes on different hues—olive, drab, purple—almost all the colors of the rainbow. In painting an eye the upper eyelid needs two or three shades of paint to hide the bruise, and lower lid and cheeks two or three or half a dozen, according to the delicacy of the complexion and the thickness of the skin. Women, of course, need more.

Kean exhibited his palette covered with blotches of paint, gradually shading in color from pink to black.

"What do you do with the black paint?" asked the visitor.

"Oh," laughed Kean, "black is the 'skin color' of some of my visitors. They are all women. An eye on a woman whose skin is black becomes purple, livid—about the color of a birthmark. To make it take on its natural hue again I have to paint it black, of course."

To cure a black eye employs a root which he imports from England. Naturally he will not tell what the root is, but he declares the use of it, to promote the absorption of blood in a bruise, "is as old as Adam."

"It has been forgotten," said Kean, "and I happened to remember it, that's all. I keep the root moist, as you see, by burying it in damp earth. When a customer comes in, woman or man, who wants an eye cured, not painted, I scrape the root into a soft pulp and cover the eye with it. As soon as the pulp becomes dry I renew it. It's the juice that scatters the bruised blood, or causes it to be absorbed, as the doctors say. I never undertook to cure an eye unless it is at least 24 hours old. If I do the discoloration is certain to return. How long does it take to cure? Three hours is quick time; four hours is about the average, and if a woman or a man has been stamped on, seven or eight hours. It takes longer to cure a customer with black skin than with white. Young women and men are quicker cured than old, because their blood flows faster. If I give a customer a drink of liquor—and some of 'em want it bad—while I'm treating him, it will put off the cure for one or two hours.

"I have cured very many doctors and actors and actresses who meet with all sorts of accidents behind the scenes. But the actors and actress were well up in their profession; the cheap ones smear a little grease-paint over the eye and go about as if nothing had happened. I have customers from the athletic clubs, and I once cured a minister who was boxing for exercise and got an eye. Pugilists? No.

"The business pays well," concluded Kean, "and there's a good deal of fun in it. Sometimes a woman comes here with the man who has given her the eye. Before I begin to cure her he's so sorry—gracious, he can't tell how sorry he is. I understand perfectly why that is; he doesn't want the woman to get a warrant for his arrest. Gradually, as the eye gets nearer and nearer its natural color, the man grows less and less affectionate, until, in nine cases out of ten, he remembers he has an engagement, pays me my fee and hurries away."

DE BUGLE ON DE HILL.

I doan' like de noise, er de marchin' ob de boys,
An' I low I doan' s'spose I evah will—
Er de trampin' ob de feet to de drum's wild beat,
Er de blowin' ob de bugle on de hill.

Hit minds me ob de day when Gabe marched away
An' ole missus stood beside de cabin do';
Sumpin' whispahed in my ear 'bout my little volunteah
An' sade he nevah would come back no mo'.

I's thinkin' mos' to-day ob how he marched away.
Wid de bright sun a-climbin' up de sky;
Marched out an' down de street to de drum's wild beat,
An' den how they fotched 'im home to die.

Oh, de sad, mournful way missus bowed her head to pray,
When